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# COLLIER'S

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JANUARY 4, 1957 • FIFTEEN CENTS

## PRINCESS GRACE prepares for her baby

Complete American mystery novel:
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# 1957 Make this your LUCKY year 1957

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and special moments.

Perfect times . . .

to light up a Lucky!

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Outdoors . . .

or indoors . . .

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or takin' it easy . . .

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# LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

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**Helping to speed your telephone call.** Telephone man Byron Jensen tests the intricate equipment that gets your number quickly and accurately.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANSEL ADAMS

# He keeps an electric brain thinking clearly

## You benefit from skills like his whenever you use the telephone

**Instructing Boy Scouts.** Byron, a troop chairman, shows scouts how to orient themselves with a map and compass in the beautiful Wasatch Range near Provo, Utah.

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Such equipment is indeed remarkable. But with all its electronic magic, it still needs the help of people. Day and night, there is continuous checking and maintenance by telephone office craftsmen like Byron Jensen.

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"Not only personal calls, but fire alarms, burglar alarms, radio programs and even newspaper pictures go through this same equipment."

Each Sunday Byron teaches a class for boys. Many of his evenings and week ends are devoted to Boy Scout work.

For a person who enjoys helping others, he finds his telephone work particularly satisfying.

"Whenever I watch those dial switches work," he says, "I get the feeling I'm at the nerve center of the community."

*Working together to bring people together*

**BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

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# PICTURE OF THE MONTH

We've seen "The Teahouse of the August Moon" again—just for the fun and the magic of it! Last month we reviewed this rich M-G-M blending of hilarity and warm humanity. This month let's just view some of the wonderful things that happen.

Capt. Fisby (GLENN FORD) wants to arrive in Tobiki village with dignity. His plan backfires when native interpreter Sakini (MARLON BRANDO) freely interprets an order to "load" the Army jeep.

A jittery Capt. Fisby encounters his first real-life Geisha girl (lovely Japanese star, MACHIKO KYO). She is a gift from the villagers to divert the Occupation officer's mind from all the problems they expect to cause him.

EDDIE ALBERT, the Army psychiatrist, and GLENN FORD are caught carousing to the tune of "Deep in the Heart of Texas" in the ornate teahouse they have built instead of the schoolhouse they were supposed to!

Actually, this fabulous M-G-M filming of the distinguished Broadway comedy is *all* highlights. And in CinemaScope and MetroColor. As produced by Jack Cummings, directed by Daniel Mann, and written by John Patrick (from his own Pulitzer Prize play and the Vern J. Schneider novel) "The Teahouse of the August Moon" is *really* something to see.

Again and again!



January 4, 1957

# COLLIER'S

Vol. 139 No. 1

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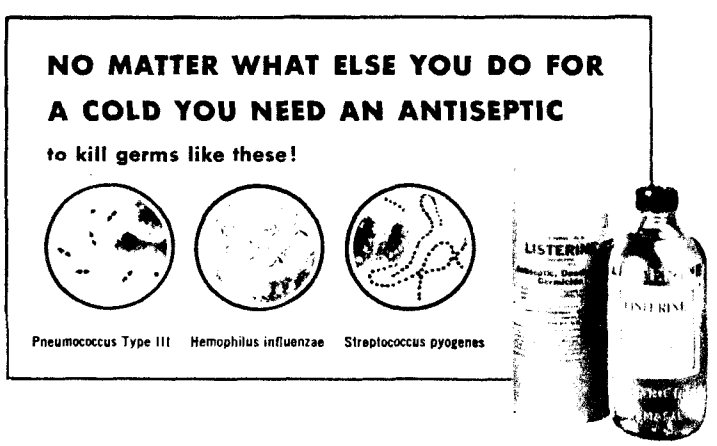
# How do you *fight a Cold?*

Nose drops often help relieve congestion . . . anti-histamines, aspirin, cough syrups can help. But remember . . . these non-antiseptic cold remedies don't kill germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does . . . and germs cause much of the misery of colds and the sore throats they bring. Listerine kills germs instantly . . . by millions. No matter what else you do for a cold—use Listerine Antiseptic! Use it full-strength!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to kill germs like these!
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LISTERINE

At the first sign of a cold . . .

## *Listerine Antiseptic—Quick!*



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# 48 states of mind

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

By WALTER DAVENPORT

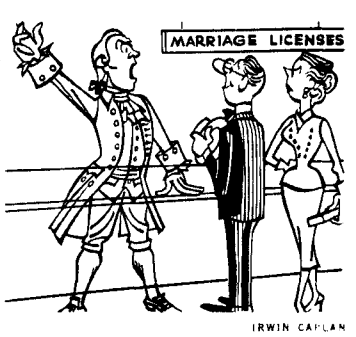
The way we get it is that the lads of Laguna Beach, California, were discussing women. Some liked them this way and some that. Finally Mr. Mike Jackson, of the Laguna Beach Post, rose, yawned and departed saying: "There's nothing so attractive in a woman as a little merry ignorance."

★ ★ ★

Mr. Eben Greenlegg, of Danbury Quarter, Connecticut, dropped in. He's been visiting his son, a chemical engineer, in Hartford. He said: "He's busy making a substitute for something. Been making substitutes for so many things he can't remember what they didn't have enough of in the first place."

★ ★ ★

On the eve of the Yule season we, too, strive to be merry. But things are as they are and we do not flinch from stern duty. Otherwise we might have neglected to tell you that in the marriage-license bureau in Seattle, Washington, there hangs a Patrick Henry




quotation: "Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

Friend of ours was telling us we were looking less harassed lately. We explained that a terrific load had been lifted from our mind. We had at last found out why there are no hitching posts in Axtell, Nebraska. Problems like that can shorten a guy's life. Well, some time ago the cops in Axtell wanted to get rid of those hitching posts and let it be known in that sly, roundabout way cops have that they hoped the kids wouldn't steal those hitching posts which would be left unguarded on Halloween. And that solves that mystery.

★ ★ ★

Trouble with this column is that we're typewriting with one hand. Too late we received word of an insurance survey which shows that 600,000 people are injured annually in do-it-yourself activities. Carpentry (that's us) leads with 115,000. Painting, repairing broken windows, putting up and taking down screens, painting chimneys, fixing TV aerials, all pile up disaster. Our left hand's mending nicely but hereafter we're leaving carpentry to the carpenter. Unpleasant character at next desk wants to know why not have him do our column while we're at it.

★ ★ ★

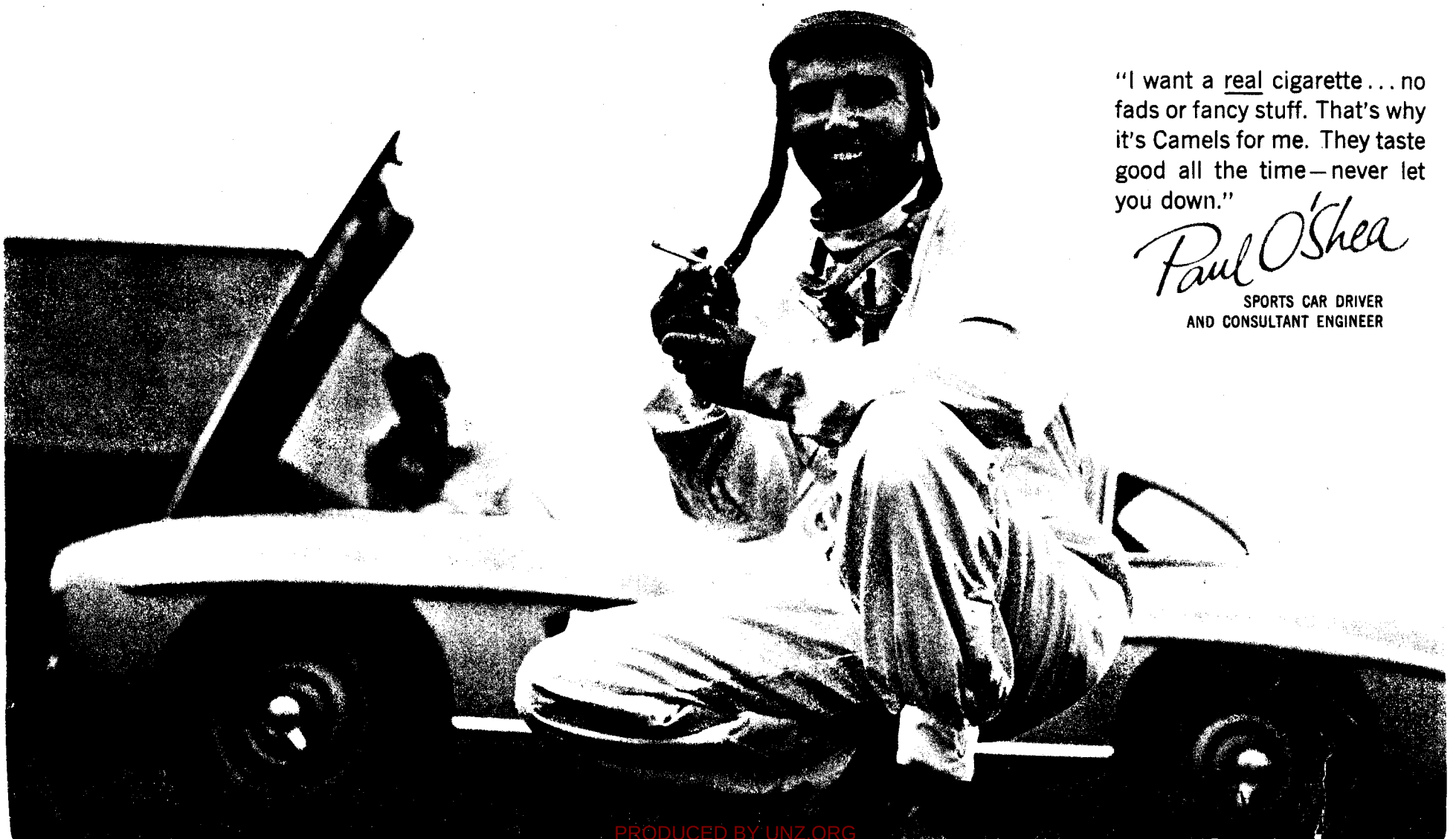
If our luck holds out, we'll get the Christmas issue of the Quitman County (Mississippi) Democrat this year. We've notified the editor, Mr. Henry Burns, that his 1955 job is by now just

about sniffed out. Last Christmas the Democrat exuded joy: Mr. Burns had not only mixed a gallon of bourbon into the ink but sprayed all copies with it as they rolled off the press. Thus, in a law-abiding dry state, Mississippi made merry through the nose.

★ ★ ★

If you young salesmen will stop popping your bubble gum for a few minutes, we will proceed with our usual class in customer hooking. In a Pasadena, California, candy shoppe there are two salesgirls. One outsells the other four or five to one. Please pay attention. The lesser always scoops up more than a pound of chocolates and has to subtract them one by one from the scales. The popular one always finds it necessary to add four or five candies before the machine registers one pound or, perhaps, a fraction over. We're sure you bright young men will get the point. Okay. Up and sell 'em.

HAVE A REAL CIGARETTE



"I want a real cigarette . . . no fads or fancy stuff. That's why it's Camels for me. They taste good all the time—never let you down."

Paul O'Shea

SPORTS CAR DRIVER
AND CONSULTANT ENGINEER

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WHEN FRED GLIDDEN started writing fiction some years ago, he chose a pen name—Luke Short—and it's been with him ever since. (There really was a Luke Short, a Western character of olden times, we are told. He more than likely toted a gun rather than a typewriter.) Doom Cliff, his three-part Western (part II in this issue) is about the stagecoach era.

Glidden tells Collier's Credits:

"Staging in bygone days has always interested me, and this yarn is the result of that interest. Like the railroading of a more recent yesterday and even today, staging had become a rigid caste system reaching from the lowly stocktender to the lordly division agent. There was a definite 'pecking order,' with the passenger usually on the bottom, below even the stocktender.

"Again like railroading, staging had its legendary characters and trouble shooters, its own slang, its infamous division, its storied holdups and all the problems peculiar to the mass moving of people within a promised time schedule."

Glidden became a writer during the depression, mainly because "paying jobs indoors and out of the weather were getting harder and harder to come by." Since then he's written more than 30 books, quite a few of them first serialized in Collier's. He has found small-town life to be the best life, and Aspen, Colorado, is the small town. There, with that community's fine combination of intellectual and outdoor attributes, he hunts, fishes, skis, reads and talks about good books, and listens to good music and musicians, "without stirring from this pleasant chunk of mountain country," he proudly reports. He leads this enviable existence with the rest of his family: wife Florence, sons Dan and Jim and daughter Kate.

"Writers do have families and own dogs," he says, "just like real people."

*The Gliddens at home in Aspen. Left to right: Dan, Jim, Florence, Fred and Kate*

★ ★ ★

HOWELL CONANT isn't the only one Grace Kelly has permitted to take pictures of her. There is one other fellow who seems to be able to get the princess to pose for him. That's the prince. Seems that he has spun quite a few rolls of both still and movie film through various cameras shooting his wife.

When the royal pair was in New York recently, Conant got the pictures on page 57. Back at their Fifth Avenue apartment, when Conant was taking some more formal shots of her for some charity promotion, Rainier whipped out his candid camera and began snapping a few himself.

Conant says, "I saw him over in the other corner of the room, and I told myself, 'Maybe he's got a good angle there.' I went right over, just in case."

Collier's, always on the spot at the right time, got a pictorial record of Grace getting the double-barreled shutterbug treatment.

★ ★ ★

LATE BULLETIN from our peripatetic travel expert, Norman Ford (see page 52 for his latest bargain): "Just passed through McAllen, Texas. All the relish, bread, fried chicken, shrimps and fish you can eat for $1.50. Complete Mexican dinner, 85 cents."

★ ★ ★

ILLUSTRATING our story on today's teen-agers, you'll see fine work by the following photographers: Dan Weiner, of New York, Wayne Miller, of Orinda, California, Cal Bernstein, of Denver, Archie Lieberman, of Evanston, Illinois, and Jay Leviton, of Atlanta.

They had some strange experiences. Bernstein, for example, tells us that when he went with the Colorado University law students (page 16) to watch them defend some prisoners at the Boulder City jailhouse, they found the hoosegow empty. "Boulder is a clean-living, law-abiding town," the fellows told Bernstein.

VINCENT

*Prince Rainier, left, shows Howell Conant an angle for photographing the princess*

"Undaunted," the photographer reports to us, "we proceeded to the county jail, where a dozen prisoners eagerly hailed the nascent lawyers, who provide legal aid as part of their study. Business was fine there; the boys picked up three new clients, prisoners who couldn't afford to hire their own attorneys."

Good thing for us the county of Boulder wasn't as clean-living as the town.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.


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**Taste** the difference! You'll find that Camels taste rich, full-flavored, and deeply satisfying — pack after pack.

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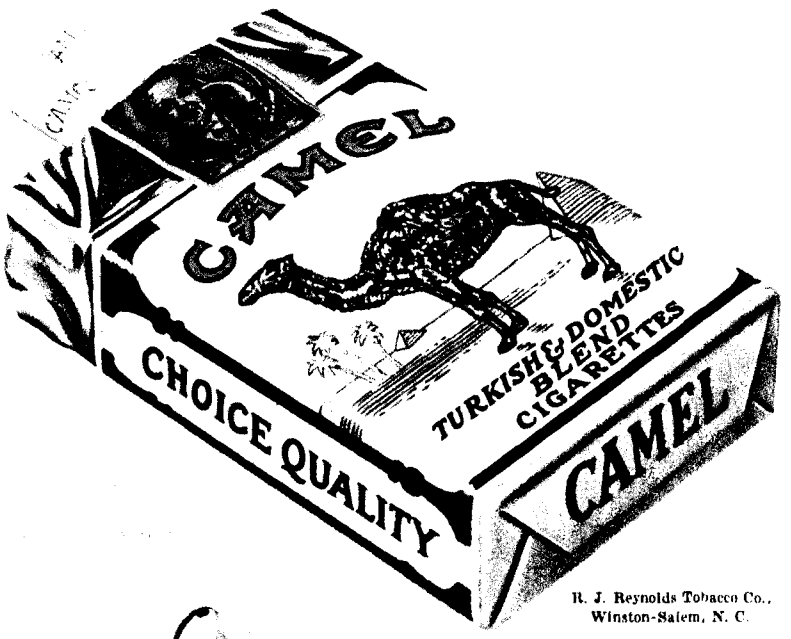
**Enjoy** the difference! More people smoke Camels, year after year, than any other brand. Try Camels — they've really got it!




R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

**Sheriff Carl McCoy,** Warren County, N.Y.: "It's Camels for me — a real smoke."

**Murray Golub,** civil engineer: "I've smoked Camels since college. Can't beat that flavor."

**Jack Bade,** jet test pilot for Republic, says: "Nothing like Camels for *real* smoking."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DENVER GILLEN

# Grandpa and the Iroquois

By A. A. DAVIDSON

IN LATE November of 1876 my grandfather left his job in a cider mill in Canarsie and started out to peddle notions up and down the Hudson Valley. His employer, a Dutchman with strong views on nearly everything, warned him most earnestly that he had picked a dangerous time to leave home.

Everyone knew, the cidermonger said, that the Republicans were trying to steal the American Presidency from the Democratic candidate, Samuel J. Tilden, and hand it over to their man, Rutherford B. Hayes. And the Democrats could hardly be expected to take the theft of a Presidential election lying down. Tammany Hall, the Dutchman averred, had formed a plot to cut the railroad line and prevent Hayes from reaching Washington in time for his inauguration. Bloody internal war was sure to result.

At this time my grandfather was only fourteen years old, and new in the country as well; it all sounded very probable to him, and for a moment he hesitated. But he then recalled that he had bought his stock and was thus committed to sell it. In addition, he wanted to see the country.

And he particularly wanted to see some Indians. He was then engaged in reading the works of Squire James Fenimore Cooper, of Cooperstown, New York; painted Indians padded through the wooded glades in novel after novel. And although there were at that time lots of wooded glades in Canarsie and the adjoining districts of Brooklyn, Indians painted or otherwise were no longer seen thereabout.

So he set off with his pack of notions and a cheap edition of The Deerslayer. The Dutchman gave him his gloomy Dutch blessings and a large cheese.

Grandfather said he remembered passing through Peekskill, Esopus and Albany; but after that he recalled only that business was very bad. Scarcely anybody in the Hudson Valley seemed to want ribbons, corset laces, pins or threads. Fortunately, though, he had no problem of food or lodging. The Yorkstatemen were so touched at the sight of a young boy so far from home so close to Christmas that they fed him and invited him to spend the night.

In this manner my grandfather passed through and out of the Hudson Valley, traveling toward the northwest. He still had the most of his stock, but he was eating well and he was seeing the country, too, before the predicted holocaust took place. He was also seeing Indians. . . .

The afternoon of the day before Christmas he knocked on the door of a small frame house and the door was opened by an Indian woman in a gingham dress. With a fast-thumping heart he accepted her invitation to come inside before they both froze to death. The house was packed with Indians and there wasn't more than just enough room for him to sit on the floor with his knees drawn up to his chin. The Indians glanced at him and then went on with their powwow. Not until he decided to leave did the Indians really take notice of him.

First they stopped talking and looked at him. Then they looked at one another and started talking *about* him (or so it seemed). Then one of them asked him who he was, where he came from and what he was doing among the Iroquois.

He told them, and offered to open his pack or to be on his way, whichever they pleased. Then there was some more aboriginal talk and they asked him to sit down again. They made him a proposition. The Six Nations of the Iroquois were divided into Christian and pagan, but the pagan religion, curiously enough, was newer on the Reservation, being based on the teachings of an Indian prophet called Handsome Lake who had died about sixty years previously. He had counseled the people of the Long House not to drink the white man's liquor nor to sell him their lands, both of which were very displeasing to the Great Spirit. The Christian Iroquois continued going to church, but the followers of the New Religion, as they called it, kept up a modified form of the ancient folkways. They did reverence to the Spirit of the Maize Crop, held masked dances, and so on.

Part of the "so on" was the burning of the body of the white dog. Just what the significance of the white dog was, my grandfather didn't know, but it was essential to the ceremonies of the New Religion. The animal was quickly and painlessly put to death, then tied to a stake and burned.

The time for this ritual was now at hand. The Long House people had got a white dog, paid three dollars for it—a lot of money in those days, and they poor people—and now the animal had disappeared and skulduggery was suspected. Not to bandy words, it was believed that the Methodist Indians, because they could not countenance such goings on—especially during the Christmas season—had been guilty of dognaping in order to prevent the heathen ceremony from taking place.

MY GRANDFATHER SAID he was in sympathy with them but did not see how he could help, being a peddler and not a dog fancier. It turned out that the Iroquois wanted him to make a tour of certain other houses in the Reservation and keep his eyes open for a white dog. That was all. He being a Caucasian, and a young boy as well, the Wesleyans wouldn't suspect anything. He had only to report his findings, if any. And—if he was successful—they would buy up his stock down to the last pin.

Moved partly by a perfectly natural desire to dispose of his stock, and partly by the sentiment that he could not show the white race up as being fearful, he agreed. And so, in full expectation that, if successful, he might risk having his scalp lifted by the Iroquois Methodists (of whose full and absolute conversion he was by no means sure), or, if he failed, of being immolated by the heathen Indians in place of the dog, he set off. . . .

By the time the brief wintry sun had begun to set on Christmas Eve, he found himself near a tiny shack from which came the sound of barking. Stirred by excitement, he forgot his fears and knocked on the door. As at the first house, an Indian woman answered, but where the first had been fat and good-natured, this one was thin and snappish. She said her name was Jennie Sourwoman (most appropriate, my grandfather thought), spoke perfectly good English, and expressed a willingness to see his wares. She handled everything in the pack, quarreled over the prices, and then said she figured she'd wait till spring before buying.

As soon as he came in he'd looked around for the dog, but it was out of sight. The barking, however, came from a turned-over basket in a corner of the room, on which a pair of broken flatirons were resting. After packing up his stock, he tried to prolong the conversation, but Mrs. Sourwoman began to hint she'd like to commence making supper and regretted there wasn't enough for two. My grandfather then unwrapped a johnnycake and said he had brought his own supper.

She could hardly ask him to go after that, so she said he might sit by the fire a bit and eat. Then she said she was going to the spring and get some water. And off she went, bucket in hand.

AS SOON as he felt safe (and he didn't feel very safe, because who knew how far the spring was?) he took off the flatirons and lifted the edge of the basket. The dog snuffled at him in a friendly way and started to lick his hand, so he lifted the basket still higher to see what color the dog was. It was black, the darkest and dirtiest black you ever saw.

He was so disappointed that he didn't even bother to stop the dog climbing all over him, and he even patted it in a kind of absentminded way. While he was brooding over his bad luck, and wondering where he would spend the night, he noticed that his hands were black; and then he saw that his clothes were black, too. At that moment the door blew open with a bang and a gust of wind, the dog flew out the door, and my grandfather grabbed hold of his pack and flew out after it; because he realized, of course, that this was *the* dog—the sacred white dog—only Mrs. Jennie Sourwoman had tried to disguise it with soot.

The dog led him a merry chase through the snow, during the course of which it rubbed off enough soot to regain its original color almost; but by and by it stopped and let my grandfather catch up. My grandfather seized it by the scruff of its neck and began groping around in his pack with his free hand to get a piece of cord to tie up his prize. He wondered what he should do with the money the Indians were going to give him.

The dog, meanwhile, had begun to lick him, and this brought to his mind that he had never had a dog. He stopped groping around in the pack and took hold of the dog with both hands to pull it away, and somehow—he wasn't quite sure how, not being familiar with the ways and habits of dogs—the little animal began to lick his face.

You will remember that he was still just a boy, and that it was Christmas, and that he was far from home and lonely. He began to laugh. The dog laughed back, as it were, and before long they were frolicking together in the snow.

Well, naturally, after that my grandfather couldn't have given that little dog over to be strangled, danced around and burned; no, not for any amount of money and not to please all the Indians in New York State. Would James Fenimore Cooper have surrendered it? Or would the Deerslayer? On the other hand, anyone who would coop a dog up under a basket weighted down with flatirons (Mrs. Jennie Sourwoman, for example) didn't deserve to have it either. So he put the dog under his coat and just walked off the Iroquois Reservation and never came back. The dog he named Injun, and it accompanied him on his travels until it died of old age many years later in Salt Lake City, Utah.

Rutherford B. Hayes, of course, was peacefully inaugurated President of the United States on schedule. There was no revolution after all. THE END



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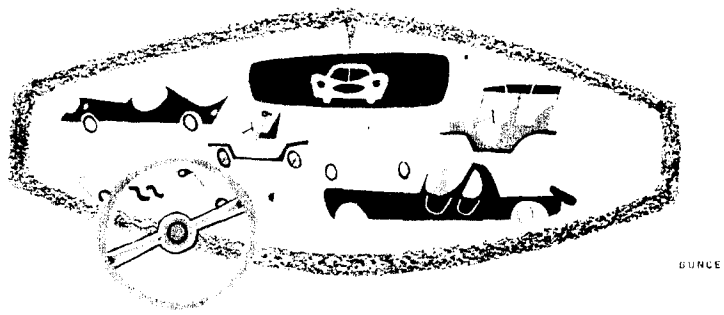
# Behind the wheel



By SILER FREEMAN

## How do you name a car? This quest took a year—and $200,000

Lewis D. Crusoe, executive vice-president of the Ford Motor Company, looked down the conference table at the weary faces of his colleagues. "It's settled, then," he said. "We'll call it the Edsel."

Thus ended a search that had lasted a full year and cost $200,000—a search for a name for Ford's new line of cars, to be introduced next fall. This final conference of Ford executives had been preceded by scores of others, and they had not always been smooth and peaceful. Men will fight hardest for the shimmering and elusive thing which always seems just beyond reach. Even Ernest R. Breech, chairman of the board, Henry Ford II, president, and his brothers Benson and William, both vice-presidents, had been drawn into the debate.

Selection of Edsel means that Ford's new line—to be sandwiched in between Ford and Mercury but overlapping both in price range—will bear the name of the late Edsel Ford, only son of Henry Ford and father of Henry II. Interestingly enough, the name was Breech's first nomination as well as his last.

Edsel's sons modestly stayed away from the final selection meeting because they did not want to influence the choice. But to them fell the job of overcoming the last obstacle to use of the name—getting the consent of their mother, now by seniority the head of the family. Mrs. Ford had always refused to permit any commercializing of her husband's name, but she finally gave in to the pleading of her sons.

Altogether, nearly 20,000 names were suggested for the new line. Ford employees had proposed more than 600, and the company's advertising agency (which sponsored contests in its offices from Chicago to London) contributed 18,000 more. Hundreds of additional names were sent in by the public. Richard E. Krafve, general manager of what formerly had been the Special Products Division but now is the Edsel Division, received more than 300 letters at his home. (Only one person asked for a reward, and she, a modest housewife, requested $100 to help send her son through college. None of her names got on the final list.)

After numerous conferences and street interviews in New York, Chicago and Ann Arbor, Michigan, to test public reaction, the Ford people and the advertising agency executives eliminated all but ten names from their respective lists. When the lists were compared, five names were found to be duplicated on each—among them, Edsel.

In making the final choice, the Ford panel sought a name that had a crisp and pleasant sound, was of only two or three syllables, would identify the product instantly, would create a degree of excitement, would be distinctive visually. While Edsel may not be exciting, it does meet most of the other requirements—and the advertising agency employee who suggested it will receive as a prize one of the first Edsels to roll off the production line. The number two choice was Corsair, which although more romantic is not quite as distinctive. The Edsel Division plans to call one of its series the Corsair, however.

In a way, the name Edsel is a throwback to the old system of naming a car for the founder of the company manufacturing it, for Edsel succeeded his father as president of the Ford Motor Company. It is only in comparatively recent years that the car makers have been embarking on wild flights of imagination and fancy in seeking names for their models—and most of the names have been suggested by people within their own organizations.

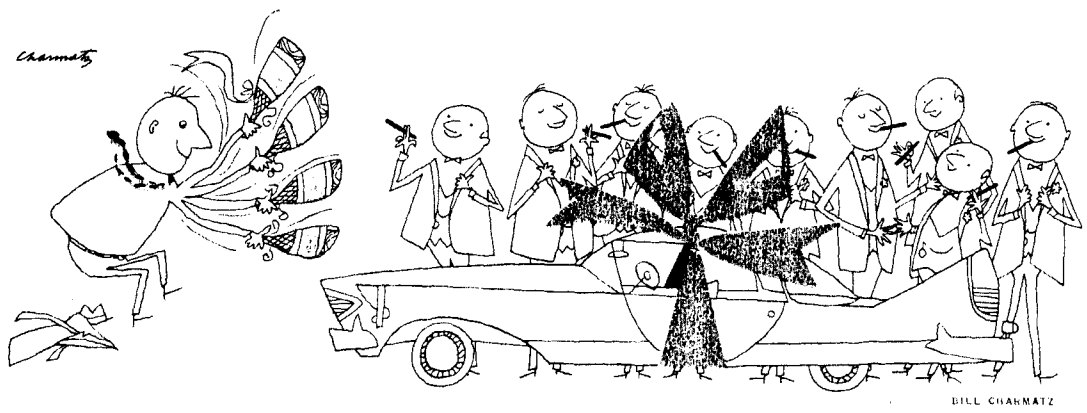
An obscure General Motors designer was responsible for naming the Pontiac Safari station wagon, while an advertising man tagged Chevrolet's Deauville wagon. The De Soto Adventurer series was christened by a public-relations man. A merchandising man, lolling on the French seacoast, suggested Cadillac's Biarritz. Lewis Crusoe himself, inspired by a sign on an Arizona inn, named Ford's Thunderbird.

The patent office of the Automobile Manufacturers Association in Detroit keeps a staff of three busy checking names for its members. Some 5,000 designations which are or have been in use are in AMA files, and there is another list of 3,000 names for series and models.

Despite all precautions, duplications do crop up. Recently both Dodge and Cadillac brought out a Seville model, but since yearly model names are not registered in Washington there was no lawsuit. However, Willys is now being sued by Pierce-Arrow, last made in 1938. Someone who retained rights in the company alleged that the Willys Aero, no longer in production itself, had infringed on a registration. And Packard is being sued by Pan American Airways over use of the name Clipper. (Pan American's airliners are called Clippers.)

A bright young man with a sixth sense registered the name Edsel in all South American countries. He stands to get some royalties when Ford's new car is exported and sold there. Obviously, Ford preferred Edsel—royalties and all—to such names as Centipede, Ford-I-Lux, Moonraker, Zoom and Zip, all submitted for the new line.

But some kind of prize in the car-naming derby probably should go to a distinguished woman poet who, asked by the Ford people for a suggestion, offered: Turtle-Topper.

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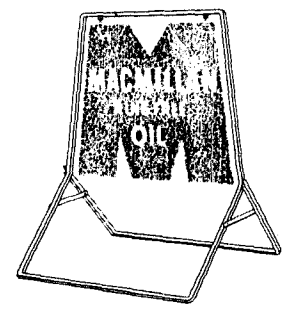


AT CAR DEALERS AND INDEPENDENT SERVICE STATIONS



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# LETTERS

## *Bobby's Ordeal*

EDITOR: George McMillan should receive the Pulitzer prize for The Ordeal of Bobby Cain (Nov. 23d). America should refrain from preaching to other countries while such a mockery of Christianity is allowed to flourish here —and not in the South alone.

MRS. FORD W. GILLELO,
Newburgh, N.Y.

. . . Not for the first time am I glad we subscribe to Collier's. I wondered myself how the children would feel when they had to go to a place where they were not wanted. I have only praise for those who walked the gantlet of perverted thought and for the mother of Bobby Cain who sent him through fire to make him realize his responsibility to the future. This is an inspiring story. It has given me a fierce determination that my own two youngsters shall not smugly accept their privileges.
MRS. LOUIS B. RALL, Oakland, Calif.

. . . I am a young Negro. We are supposed to have sprung from a savage race but, after reading that "an elderly Negro woman was tripped and struck in the face by a white man" I wonder who is savage? I also wonder why the Southerners resist integration so strongly. You say that John Kasper "stirred people up" by showing pictures of a Negro male kissing a white female. Do these so-superior white Southern gentlemen have confidence in their women or don't they?

BOB MILLS, Kansas City, Mo.

JAY LEVITON

*Bobby Cain walks down Foley Hill to Clinton High School*

. . . Did the eminent jurists who make up our Supreme Court . . . have any idea of the human suffering that would result from their decision? The Negro must now see his children thrust by law into a group that resents their coming.

G. E. JOHNSON, Richmond, Mo.

. . . Why do Americans sing "the land of the free and the home of the brave"? Two little Negro boys being pushed around by 200 white men: bravery?

MRS. RUTH ASHTON,
Verdun, Quebec, Can.

## ". . . *Let's Go to Press!*"

EDITOR: I read the article on Walter Winchell (Prowling the Night Beat with Walter Winchell, by Peter Maas and Gene Cook, Nov. 23d) with a great deal of interest. The reference to the Buchalter surrender brought back memories of a difficult period. There

GENE COOK

can be no question that Winchell has sought in an effective manner to aid law enforcement whenever he could, and I was glad to see him get the credit which he so richly deserves.

J. EDGAR HOOVER,
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
Washington, D.C.

. . . Winchell is quoted as saying of Senator Joe McCarthy: "Who else was fighting the Commies? Name me one!" Well, for one, there was his friend J. Edgar Hoover, who was doing it through due process of law. This is not to belittle Winchell, an extraordinary man who, like all men, can make mistakes; or your text and pix men, Maas and Cook, who did an excellent job.

PAUL A. GARDNER, Ottawa, Can.

. . . you say that Winchell arrived one night at the scene of a crime "pistol in hand." Why is this man allowed to run around town with a gun just for thrills, while store owners who have been held up several times are denied a pistol permit? . . .

SAUL PAGE, Littleton, Mass.

*Winchell carries a .38, not for thrills, but for protection. Following police radio calls in his own car, he often is glad to have the gun along. One night recently he arrived ahead of the police and found himself alone confronting an armed bandit. The .38, he says, acted as an "equalizer."*

. . . I guess it's the nicest piece I've ever had written about me—and it seemed very strange . . . I'm not sure I like nice pieces. The knockers (the guys waiting for you to flop, the guy who doesn't like you because you were for F.D.R., against the Commies, and others who are sore because you are no longer on their team . . .) won't read this piece about me without the barb, the rap, the slanted version of some story. But my children will read it, so the hell with the others. They will say: "The Collier's crowd liked my father."

What I enjoyed about the whole thing was seeing Peter Maas, a kid, and Gene Cook, who thinks he isn't a kid, get knocked out trying to keep up with Kid Winchell. One night Mr. Maas and Mr. Cook actually begged me to take them home. This was after several fires and chasing with the cops—guns in hand—after a very frightened woman-beater-upper down the lower East Side. Don't forget I am fifty-nine. But I only feel fifty-eight . . . Thanks. . . .

WALTER WINCHELL, New York, N.Y.

*Maas and Cook, now rested and in condition, challenge Winchell to a race from the Copacabana to El Morocco; Winchell on foot, Maas and Cook riding in a new 1957 taxicab.*

## *A Side Order of Ball Bearings*

EDITOR: The article about Frederick Hoelzel (The World's Worst Diet, by Harry Henderson, Nov. 9th) was fascinating. I was particularly interested in his difficulties in obtaining small ball bearings because miniature bearings are our meat. We don't ever eat them although a few of our customers have tried to make us do so. Accordingly, we are not familiar with the taste of steel, but would imagine that the flavor could be altered by application of various greases and oils . . . our equivalents of chef's sauces and spreads . . . if Mr. Hoelzel is satisfied with a hamburger in a one-armed joint he should stick with BB's.

If, however, he is a true connoisseur and wants only the best, please inform him that we cater to such trade . . . our menus and prices are enclosed.

GEORGE HAMPSON,
New Hampshire Ball Bearings, Inc.,
Peterborough, N.H.

## *Collier's Election Night Scoreboard*

EDITOR: As a graduate student in political science I want to thank you for your excellent presentation of the election returns this year (TV Game for Election Night, by Louis Harris, Nov. 9th). Both you and ABC are to be congratulated. . . . I realize that the trend of the election was clear very early in the evening (6:30 P.M. on the Pacific Coast) but I'm sure that many others besides myself would be interested in seeing what did actually happen in Mr. Harris's 54 key districts . . .

CHARLES G. BELL, University of California

The 54 Election Indicator Districts selected for Collier's (Nov. 9th) by analyst Louis Harris handsomely fulfilled his prediction that they would spot key voting trends "well in advance" of the tidal wave of statistics on election night. Reports from these districts by direct wire to Harris at ABC headquarters enabled him to call the shot on the Eisenhower landslide in the Northeast (Republicans up 11 per cent in Bridgeport, Conn., Democrats down 6 per cent in Sandusky, Ohio) even before the polls had closed in most of the country. On the basis of early returns from specially selected precincts in New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kentucky and Texas, Harris predicted over ABC that the President would carry these key states long before the massive returns were available. The Collier's Election Indicator was right on the nose in spotting G.O.P. inroads among Negro and labor voters and banner Republican totals in the suburbs and the deep South. It also called the turn on the Democratic resurgence in the farm belt and Far West which enabled the Democrats to hold Congress. Of 27 Collier's "Swing Districts" which voted Democratic in 1948 and Republican in 1952, all but four registered G.O.P. majorities in 1956. The four exceptions (in Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Idaho and California) correctly indicated strong runs made by local Democratic candidates in those areas.

For those who would like to make a permanent record of their Collier's chart, the final 1956 percentages are printed below:

| | *1st Report* | *2d Report* | *3d Report* | *4th Report* | *5th Report* | *6th Report* |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| *Normally Democratic* | 57 D | 63 D | 76 D | 52 R | 73 D | 57 D |
| | 62 D | 59 D | 76 D | 65 D | 54 R | 60 D |
| | 50 D-R | 65 D | 53 R | 51 D | 51 D | 60 D |
| *Normally Republican* | 66 R | 85 R | 69 R | 72 R | 72 R | 63 R |
| | 66 R | 75 R | 71 R | 79 R | 69 R | 56 R |
| | 59 R | 60 R | 78 R | 71 R | 72 R | 70 R |
| *Swing Districts* | 62 R | 72 R | 50 R-D | 56 R | 71 R | 54 D |
| | 62 R | 57 R | 56 R | 64 R | 56 R | 52 D |
| | 62 R | 58 R | 61 R | 51 D | 55 R | 57 R |

**The Cover** — **Howell Conant**

**This is the third time Conant has photographed Grace Kelly for our cover. Once (June 24, 1955) he caught her swimming in Jamaica, B.W.I. March 2, 1956, we had the first color pictures of Grace and Prince Rainier. Here we find her at a baby-care course (page 57). Since her wedding, Conant has called his friend "Princess," though she never indicated a preference. While taking these photographs, he inadvertently addressed her as "Grace." He paused and said, "Let's settle it once and for all. Shall it be 'Grace' or 'Princess'?" She smiled at him, "Just say, 'Hey, you.'"**

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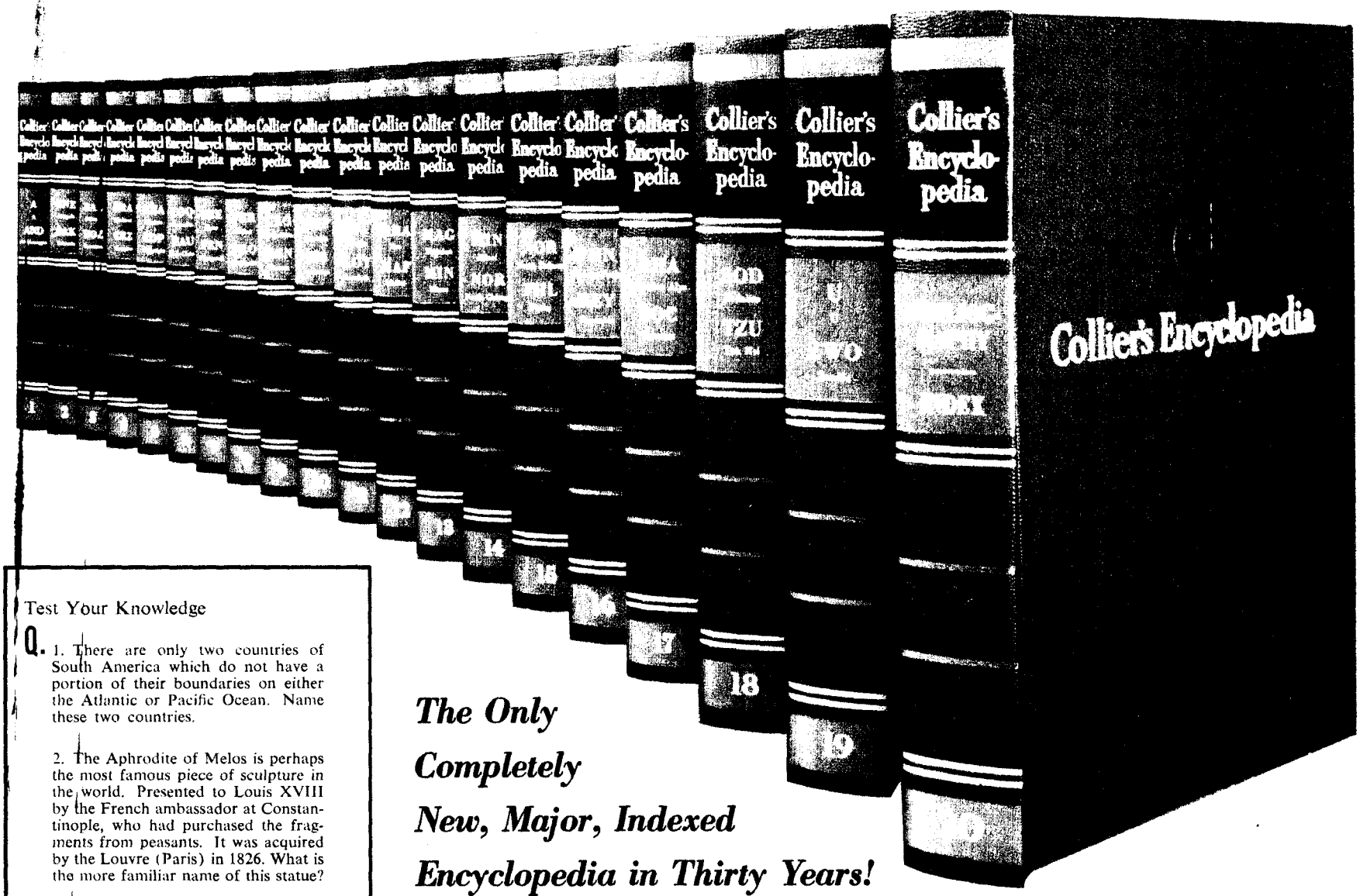


Test Your Knowledge

**Q.** 1. There are only two countries of South America which do not have a portion of their boundaries on either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Name these two countries.

2. The Aphrodite of Melos is perhaps the most famous piece of sculpture in the world. Presented to Louis XVIII by the French ambassador at Constantinople, who had purchased the fragments from peasants. It was acquired by the Louvre (Paris) in 1826. What is the more familiar name of this statue?

3. While a student of Oberlin College, Charles Martin Hall formulated an electrolytic method of producing large amounts of a now vital material. It is used in cooking utensils, furniture, shingles, and building facings. It is essential in airplanes, and automobiles. It is a fine insulating material and a useful wrapper for foods. It is used in paints and incendiary bombs. It is used for a great variety of purposes where lightness, strength, and durability are desired. Name this material.

4. What is the name of the largest of sea birds? Its wing span has been measured at over eleven feet. This bird is mentioned often in the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

**A.** 1. Bolivia and Paraguay. 2. Venus de Milo. 3. Aluminum. 4. Albatross.

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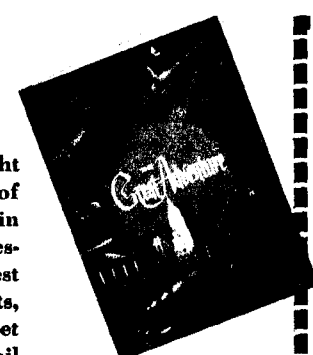


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# 18,000,000 teen-agers can't be wrong

*What makes one teen-ager turn to violence, another be an inspiration to his family and his community? This report on a nationwide survey of "a terribly maligned generation" presents a key answer to this question*

PRODUCED AND WRITTEN BY BILL DAVIDSON

Never in our 180-year history has the United States been so aware of—or confused about—its teen-agers. In his successful books, the late Baltimore psychiatrist, Dr. Robert Lindner, declared that a revolt of the young is taking place which "is not an ordinary social ailment, but a virulent epidemic affecting the race of man." He envisioned a continuing downward progression in which an increasing number of our youth would move into violence and gang activity. On the other hand, Heman G. Stark, director of the State of California Youth Authority (which deals with wayward juveniles), says, "On the basis of my 30 years' experience, I'd say this is a terribly maligned generation. The teen-agers of today are stronger, smarter, more self-sufficient and more constructive than any other generation of teen-agers in history." And Judge Philip B. Gilliam of Denver Juvenile Court declares: "No other generation has performed more service for its communities than today's youth."

After a 20,000-mile, 25-city survey, I can only agree that America's most exasperating, most unpredictable, most inspiring group of citizens is today's youth.

Two boys stand out in my mind of all the thousands who were interviewed in my six-month nationwide study. The first of the two youngsters lives in Los Angeles. He is the son of a Mexican prostitute. His father was an Oriental dope peddler, whom his mother has not seen since shortly after the boy was born. He lives with his mother in a slum dwelling in one of the most gang-ridden areas in Los Angeles.

The second boy lives in Seattle. His father is a $50,000-a-year executive for a big manufacturing concern. His mother is a leader of local society. They have three cars and a 12-room house in a swank section of the city.

What have these two boys done with their lives?

The Los Angeles youth is a Boy Scout, is doing well in school and is leading a constructive life, well above the mire of his environment. Because of him, his mother gave up her life of prostitution and is working as a waitress. His best friends are the sons of a Los Angeles policeman, and the boy spends so much time at the latter's house that the officer thinks of him as one of his own children.

The Seattle youth, on the other hand, was recently committed to the Luther Burbank School, a correctional institution, and then put on probation. He and 15 companions, also from privileged homes, had stolen cars and forged licenses for two years before they were caught.

With the nation reeling from an increase of nearly 100 per cent in juvenile delinquency since World War II, the strange turn of events in these two cases highlights a key question in America today: What makes one youngster remain good while another turns bad? And there is a key answer to that question.

These two cases also point up one of the great mysteries of our times—that is, why *more* of them don't turn bad. Today's teen-agers were born during World War II. They are living in an age in which the constant threat of annihilation and violence hangs over them. Their early lives often were disrupted by family moves made necessary by the defense effort. Now they face *certain* disruption in the period of military service that must be completed by all of our young men before they settle down to adulthood. With so many uncertainties gnawing at them, it's a wonder that only 3 per cent of our youth turn bad. And it makes their record of achievement, as recorded in the photographs on the following pages, all the more miraculous.

In a dozen communities—including San Francisco, Newnan, Georgia, and Boulder, Colorado—I saw them seize civic responsibility in areas where adults had avoided or neglected it. In Atlanta, Georgia, and Evanston, Illinois, I saw them make a determined effort to solve the problems and help the wayward members of their own age group. In many a city and hamlet, I saw them reach out into unknown areas of science to blaze pioneer paths for adults to follow.



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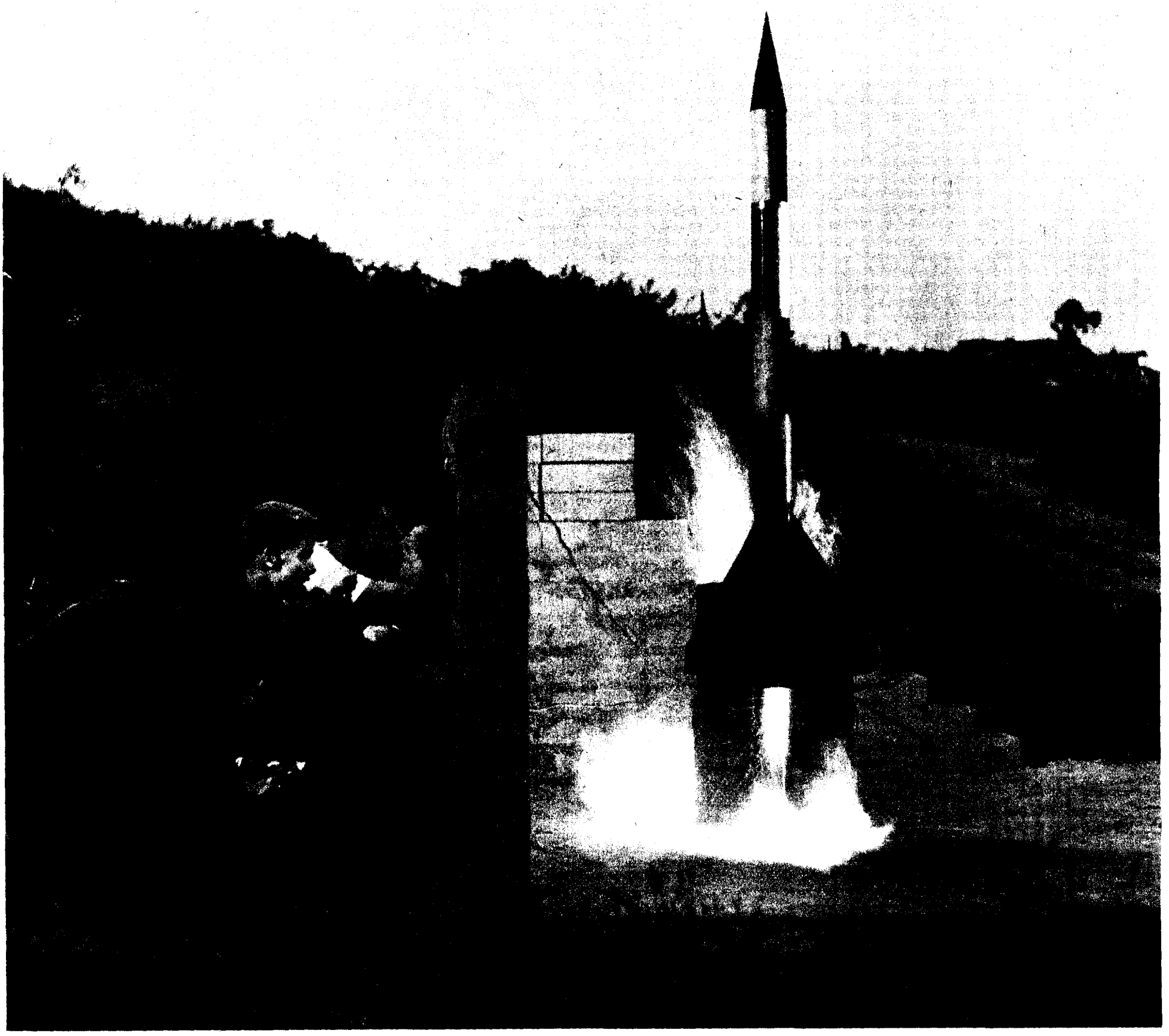
*"The teen-agers of today are smarter, more self-sufficient and more constructive th*



*In El Cajon, Calif., Tom Odom, Ronnie Angione and Leonard Patzer, all 16, have built their own rocket-test stand and a rocket with a 10-mile range. The rocket is described by amazed Convair technicians as "the same as we are working on here." Boys' other interests are ham radio and basketball*

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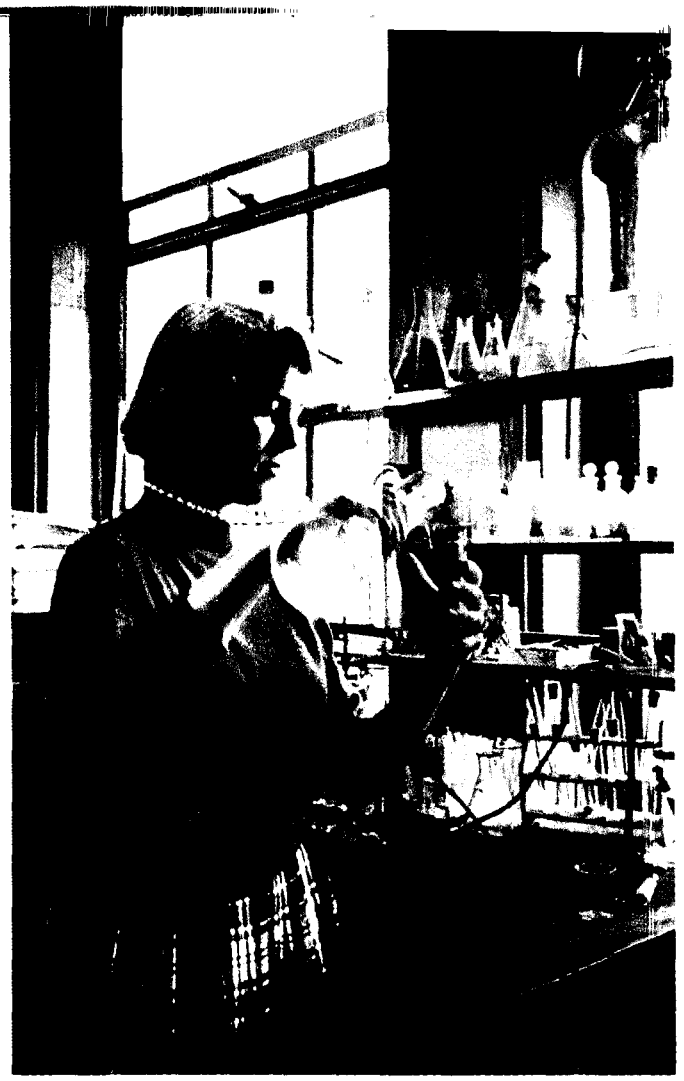
*ny other generation of teen-agers in history"*

*Youth makes successful excursions into adult endeavors in entertainment. The top disk jockey in Salt Lake City is KDYL's 19-year-old Paul Smith, who became the nation's youngest FCC-licensed radio engineer at the age of 13*



*Youth matches—and outdoes—adults in science. Sandra Davis, Evanston, Ill., high-school senior, synthesized perfumes from organic material, a feat which had stumped commercial chemists*

*Jimmy Durante is interviewed by Sue Berkland (center) of Los Angeles. Sue, 15 years old, is founder and editor of the Junior Journal, a 15-cent tabloid printed every other month which has a circulation of 40,000 all over the globe. It gives adolescents news of their world*

*Margot Hatcher, of San Diego, 17 years old, a premed student, works at Scripps Institute of Oceanography during vacations. She is only woman in the entire U.S. to be licensed by the institute as a scientific skin-diver*

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*Youths at Colorado Law School have a legal aid society, representing poor people for 50-cent fee. Here, three students interview a client in Boulder County Jail*

## *"No generation has performed more service for its communities than today's youth"*

***Left:** In Seattle, Junior Mountaineers train for avalanche or plane-crash rescue missions. Climber at top is Don Grimlund, now 20, who has already saved three lives*

*Top left: One of the finest amateur Negro ballet troupes in the world oper at Rosenwald Houses in heart of worst delinquency area of Chicago. And in of New York City's worst neighborhoods, Puerto Rican-born José Ramirez (above), lives with ill mother. A language expert, he translates at United Nati*

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## *Kids are attracted by a "glow"—leading them over the bridge into the adult world*

What *are* the magic factors that make most kids good while others of the same environment turn bad? This question is answered by Dr. William H. Kiser, Jr., a pediatric psychiatrist of Atlanta, with these words: "An adolescent often is a segregated individual. He needs a bridge to the adult world. The best way to provide that bridge is through the father and mother. I like to explain it as if these kids are like moths attracted to something that glows. If the father 'glows,' a boy attaches himself to him and is guided by him. If the father doesn't 'glow,' the youngster will attach himself to someone else—sometimes to a psychopathic teen-ager who 'glows' in an evil way by committing crimes. That's how teen-age gangs are formed."

And so, the number one factor in the miracle of the *non*delinquency of 97 per cent of our teen-agers in the turbulent 1950s is the relationship they have with intelligent, sensible parents. Such a relationship has been established in the Carriedo family, of National City, California. Marcos Carriedo is fourteen years old. He was raised in the Logan Heights section of San Diego, a slum trouble spot fought over by other Mexican-American kids like himself. When he was eleven, Marcos saw some boys playing tennis at a neighborhood house near the Our Lady of Guadalupe parochial school which he attends. "That looks easy," he said to himself, and he borrowed a racket and began to whack the ball lustily over the net. He was spotted by Frank Kinne, city editor of the San Diego Evening Tribune. Kinne, impressed by the boy's natural talent, said, "Why don't you come down to a tennis clinic I run at Balboa Park?" Marcos thought about that invitation for days. It troubled him. For one thing, Balboa Park was far away on the other side of San Diego. It was for rich Anglo-American kids, he thought. So, he reasoned, was the game of tennis.

That's where the parental "glow" came in.

Marcos's father, Lorenzo, works from 4:00 A.M. to noon delivering fruits and vegetables from a produce market. As a boy he had played some sand-lot baseball. To him, tennis was "a sissy sport." But he had done a good job of raising his three boys (now there are four)—teaching them right from wrong, sending them to church regularly, planning afternoon and Sunday activities with them. And when Marcos came to him for advice, he said, "Sure you're going to play tennis. It'll be good for you." So he loaded Marcos and his other sons and Mrs. Carriedo into the prewar family jalopy—and off they went to the posh surroundings of Balboa Park. The father has done that every afternoon since.

A year ago Marcos was ranked ninth in southern California among all the tennis players of his age. His thirteen-year-old brother Ruben plays regularly; and eight-year-old brother Carlos (only three feet 11 inches tall) is ranked third among the *eleven*-year-olds and already has beaten some of the best fifteen-year-old high-school players in San Diego. Ralph Trembley, athletic director of the San Diego Recreation Department, says that Carlos "is future Davis Cup material."

Marcos, who has all A's and B's in his studies at the Our Lady of Guadalupe school, probably will go to college on a scholarship. A visit with the Carriedos makes it easy to see why all the boys have turned out so well in an environment that has produced many tough, emotionally disturbed kids.

Love and care, combined with necessary firmness, were apparent in all of Mr. and Mrs. Carriedo's dealings with the children—from letting them practice their tennis in the back yard, just so long as they did not disturb the family wash, to driving Marcos downtown so he would not be late for his afternoon newspaper-delivering job.

About 25 miles away, in one of the better residential suburbs of San Diego, is another good illustration of the importance of the family relationship in preventing juvenile delinquency. The San Diego Youth Symphony recently held a competition to find a piano soloist to play a concerto with the orchestra. Virginia Rubottom, a fifteen-year-old high-school girl, won the assignment over a dozen other young musicians. Virginia is the first cellist with the orchestra. And when the orchestra needed a French horn player, this pretty blonde took over the spot and soon became the first French horn player. The same thing happened when a viola player was needed. She also is a language whiz in school; she already has qualified for the equivalent of a bachelor's degree from the Trinity College of Music in London, England; and she is the regular organist at the Presbyterian Church in El Cajon.

The reason for Virginia's well-balanced drives becomes apparent during a visit to her home. Her father, an executive at the Convair Division of General Dynamics Corporation, and her mother, an ex-newspaperwoman, are magnificent parents. The center of the house is a huge room called "the Brattery." It is equipped with piano, organ, drums, marimba, pinball machine, Ping-pong table, punching bag, fine caricatures on the walls, a case filled with trophies for judo and Little League baseball, a first-aid chart, busts of Beethoven and Brahms, and a stuffed burro. It is easy to see that a full life might be lived here.

*In "the Brattery" at the Rubottom house in San Diego, Mrs. Rubottom hears string quartet concert by daughter, Virginia, and sons, Al, Sam and Mike*

And so it is. Virginia and her three brothers—Mike, thirteen, Sam, twelve, and Al, nine—have a family string quartet. They also have a New Orleans jazz combination in which their father plays the banjo and their mother the drums. The Rubottoms show their children educational films in "the Brattery," and the family regularly goes out together.

But the family "glow" also seems to work under the most adverse circumstances.

In Chicago, there is the example of the Negro woman who has 13 children—all of them as a result of liaisons with various men. According to the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago, all 13 of the children are growing up fine.

Robert McRae, director of the council, says, "There's only one reason for that. Despite her own moral laxity, the mother is a wonderful parent. She bestows sincere affection on all of her children—and she makes use of all the services of the schools and social welfare agencies to make sure they'll grow up to be good citizens."

There is no better case to illustrate the importance of the parent than the boy in Los Angeles who is the son of the ex-prostitute and the dope peddler. The mother is almost fiercely maternal. She spends practically every waking moment seeing that her son gets the proper guidance. She constantly visits the boy's school and his scoutmaster to make sure that he is doing all right. In this instance, too, the policeman with whom the boy spends so much time has become a sort of substitute father for the boy.

But there is the negative side of parenthood—the case of the youth from the wealthy Seattle family who became a car thief. As probation officer Carl B. Erickson explained, "This boy is not the child of poverty or neglect. His parents read all the right books on how to bring up children. But the youngster seemed to have a need for status and approval which he got by being a 'big shot' among his car-stealing cronies. His father is a busy man, with little time for his family. His mother is much occupied with younger children and with her social activities. The house is so large that they didn't even know when the boy had stolen the family car to go out on escapades at one o'clock in the morning."



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*At the Pioneer Craft House in Salt Lake City, Utah, young people learn how to use looms, spinning wheels, foot-driven potter's wheel and pioneer crafts of all sorts*

*Too many parents cannot provide th*

*Seattle youths learn responsibility by having own traffic courts where student judges and lawyers try and sentence other students for auto violations. Court scene above is at Highline High School*

*Santa Barbara, Calif., keeps kids out of trouble by letting them work at future chosen professions. At left, would-be doctors and nurses observe an operation at the Lompoc District Hospital*

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*Only honor students can belong to the Rhythmettes in Las Vegas, Nev., a precision dance group rated by Ed Sullivan as "second only to the Radio City Rockettes"*

*glow." Where then can it come from? An intelligent community program is one source*

Unfortunately, too many American parents are too preoccupied with their own problems to "glow" for their children. How then explain that remarkable figure of 97 kids out of every 100 who never get into trouble? The answer, says psychiatrist Kiser, is that something else provides the right kind of love and guidance to supplement what might be missing in the father and mother. "There are many kinds of substitute 'glows' that keep a youngster on the right path," says Dr. Kiser, "but perhaps the most heartening has been that provided by intelligent community programing."

Of the many ways in which intelligent American communities have guided their children, here is one of the best:

In the heart of the worst juvenile delinquency area of Chicago is an all-Negro private housing project, the Michigan Boulevard Garden Apartments, more popularly known as the Rosenwald Houses. It is in the teeming South Side of the city, just two blocks from the 48th Street Police Station, which has been described as the busiest in the world. The juvenile crime rate in that section is the highest in the city of Chicago, and yet a check of police records, Juvenile Court statistics and children's welfare agencies reveals that *there has not been a single recorded case of juvenile delinquency* among the more than 8,000 youngsters born and raised in the Rosenwald Houses. "It is," says Robert McRae of the Welfare Council of Metropolitan Chicago, "an island in a sea of troubles."

True, the residents of the Rosenwald Houses are screened and are of a slightly higher economic level than the people of the surrounding neighborhood—but that isn't enough to explain "the island." It was good common sense and hard work that did it.

Soon after the housing project was built, manager Robert H. Taylor established a nursery school for tenants in the basement of one of the buildings, under the direction of Mrs. Anita Cockrell, a member of the faculty at the University of Chicago. The theory behind the school, as Mrs. Cockrell explained it, is this: "If you get the kids when they're young enough, it's easy to keep them on the right path." In the school, neglected children are given affection and overprotected children are taught self-reliance. The parents, moreover, are urged to participate. They are given lectures on how to raise children properly, and trained professional workers help correct their children's emotional problems in the formative stage.

Next, Taylor established a "Field House" for older children. There the teen-agers play basketball, learn ballet and belong to Boy and Girl Scout troops. There is something interesting for them to do from the moment they get out of school. Also, there are dedicated adults and outstanding teen-agers who lead the younger kids. There are Halloween parties and square dances and visits to the Home for Aged Colored People (to teach them community responsibility). The result? The Rosenwald "island" has produced several top college basketball players, the city's finest amateur ballet company, a dozen graduates of MIT, Sarah Lawrence and other fine universities, a Korean war hero in Earl Renfroe, and a top industry physicist in Otho Kerr, Jr.

But the Rosenwald Houses program has reached out *beyond* its own limited area to affect the surrounding slum neighborhoods, too. The Field House is open to all kids who want to use it. A few years ago, for instance, a bitter twelve-year-old boy (who lived in a nearby tenement) threw a stone through a window of the Field House. The athletic director, Walter Farmer, a former college pole vaulter, ran out and caught the frightened youngster. Instead of turning him over to the police, he invited him inside. The boy—whose father had just died and whose mother was away at work every day—hasn't missed an afternoon at the Field House since.

Today this youth is nineteen. He joined the Boy Scout troop at the Field House, and he learned how to play basketball. Farmer helped him work out his problems at home and at school. The boy became an all-city basketball player at Du Sable High School and is the idol of a dozen younger kids who are learning the fine points of the game from him.

When asked recently what he wanted to be when he graduated from college, he replied: "I want to go into settlement work, like Mr. Farmer."



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# *Teen-age toughs terrorized this community—till it tried the local-leader program*

Nearly all sociologists agree that the most effective way of preventing juvenile delinquency is for the parents of a small neighborhood or community to organize and run programs for their kids. The New York City Youth Board, perhaps the most advanced agency of its kind in the country, recently embraced that axiom. The Youth Board has been concentrating its efforts in sending more than 50 professionally trained "gang workers" to make contact with juvenile gangs and divert their energies into constructive channels; but now the board has received a big new appropriation to set up neighborhood organizations in which the local citizens themselves will provide a "glow" for teen-agers.

The board's director, Ralph Whelan, says, "People must learn to understand their own problems and take action."

An excellent example of the New York board's new program can be seen on Chicago's Near West Side—the area of the notorious "42 Gang" of the Al Capone period. For years, this had been one of the toughest neighborhoods in Chicago.

The neighborhood had quieted down after the end of the Capone era, but in 1952 a new menace appeared—a teen-age menace. A group of fourteen- and fifteen-year-old boys calling themselves "the Barons" began to terrorize the area around the Jane Addams Housing Project where they lived. Older residents of the neighborhood knew, with alarm, that if the Barons were allowed to develop unchecked, they would grow up to give the section another dose of mob rule, as in the old Capone days.

But in the meantime, an organization called the West Side Community Committee had been formed. It included all the leaders of the neighborhood—engineers, doctors, merchants, undertakers, bartenders, even reformed criminals. It was one of 11 such community committees set up by a remarkable sociologist named Clifford Shaw, director of the State of Illinois's Institute for Juvenile Research, and the head of a private organization known as Chicago Area Projects.

Shaw is the apostle of neighborhood self-help. "Where you have a neighborhood in which people are bound together by common interests," he says, "you don't have much delinquency. Thus, in our program, we try to use ordinary human beings, from their own localities, who speak the kids' language —not college graduates coming from the middle-class with which they are in conflict.

*John Giampa, 26, is an example of local-leader system which has won over boy gangs in Chicago*

"Kids in conflict with society set their own standards—expertness in delinquency, opposition to the police and so on. There are no systems of values to which these boys belong. They drift. Theirs is a psychology of despair. There is a wide separation between them and the adult world. The key to our setup is that it brings each kid back into contact with the kind of adult world he knows and understands. The motivation is that the youngster wants to grow up to be like one of the indigenous leaders of his neighborhood—even though it's a grocer or a bartender."

That's exactly the technique the West Side Community Committee decided to use when they were confronted with the problem of the Barons. They selected a young mailman named Frank Malito, who was born and raised in the neighborhood and was respected by the kids as a prodigious local sand-lot athlete. One day, Frank showed up in the basement room which the Barons used as their clubhouse. He said, "How would you fellows like me to be your sponsor so you can get into the Boys' Club?" (The Jane Addams Extension of the Old Town Boys' Club had excluded them for general hell-raising. It would only let them come back if they had a responsible adult sponsor.) The Barons were suspicious, but they accepted Malito just so they could use the pool tables at the Boys' Club. From then on, Malito was with them practically every day.

The leader of the Barons was a boy whom we'll call Angelo. Angelo was reminiscing recently. "I guess we were pretty tough," he said. "We didn't want no one to boss us around. When Frank came around, we didn't trust him. We pegged him like being kind of a preacher because we couldn't feel our way around him at first. But he acted like one of the guys. He liked to do the same things we did—fool around and wrestle—and when he knocked a couple of us flat while we were fooling around, we knew he was rougher than us."

At that point, Frank began to "glow" for the boys. He became the father that most of them didn't have in real life (nearly all were products of broken homes, living with their mothers). He played baseball and basketball and football with them. He went swimming with them and got tickets to take them to the stock-car races, which they loved.

One day, in the club headquarters, he decided to try an experiment. He asked the boys to tell him everything they had done wrong—from vandalism to robbery. It was a remarkable ceremony—a sort of mass confessional. There was a tense period after that while the boys waited to see if Malito would turn them in to the police on the basis of the stark confessions they had poured out in an almost uncontrollable catharsis. When he didn't, they were his completely.

Gradually, Malito began to teach the boys right from wrong. He told them they should accept girls into the club, and the Baronettes were formed. The club membership grew from 12 to 42. At the Boys' Club, he weaned them away from the pool tables and got them interested in leathercraft and plaster molds. Next, he talked them into going to the Catholic Youth Organization building about two blocks away, for athletic activity and dances. At first a few of the boys protested because they had always rebelled against supervision. He finally induced them to go by saying, "Most of you guys are skinny runts and you can get built up there by practicing weight-lifting. Let's try it, and if you don't like it, we'll quit." They tried it, and liked it.

Once he got them into the CYO building, Malito said, "We ought to start out every day with a prayer because this is a religious joint." The boys, who had drifted away from church, soon were attending services as a group, aided a bit by the luncheon and ball game which Malito arranged after each Sunday Mass.

By this time, there was no more window-breaking or trouble of any kind at the Jane Addams Houses. Malito had only one backslider, a youth who stole a car and was sentenced to the reformatory at Saint Charles. The others were doing well at school or at jobs. There was only one more crisis. Frank Malito decided to become a policeman. He fretted about this for days, not knowing what the reaction of the Barons would be. Seeing him as their natural enemy, the cop, would they turn on him and undo all the precious three years' work? He decided he had to put it to the test. He donned his policeman's uniform and walked into the clubhouse. There was a stunned silence for a minute. Then the boys sprang forward. "Gee, that's great, Frank," they shouted. "How old do we have to be before we can join the cops?" At that point, Frank Malito knew he had won his long battle.

Today, the Barons have disappeared as a menace to the neighborhood. Four of the boys are now going to college, and the others have settled down to good jobs. Angelo, the leader, who almost certainly would have ended up dead or in prison, is working steadily as a plumber's helper and is married to one of the Baronettes.

And now an amazing cycle is being repeated. *Another* group of fourteen-year-olds had sprung up to steal auto hubcaps and break windows at the Jane Addams Houses. The new gang called itself "the Dukes." *Again* the community decided to rely on the local-leader system to try to reduce the new menace. A sturdy local youth named John Giampa was appointed to play the same role Frank Malito had played with the Barons. One of two assistants chosen to help Giampa with the new gang—which already is well on the way to being eliminated—is nineteen-year-old Angelo, the toughest of the tough former Barons.



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*Giampa wins boys' confidence by joining in games*

***Then Giampa wins boys' respect by proving he is tougher than the toughest of their gang***

*Soon, as a substitute father, he is teaching them right from wrong, and he has them engaging in normal teen-age activities like the beach picnic, below*

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*Wayne Cochrane, student at Westminster College in Salt Lake City, fills in often as preacher in churches where regular minister is ill or forced to be absent*

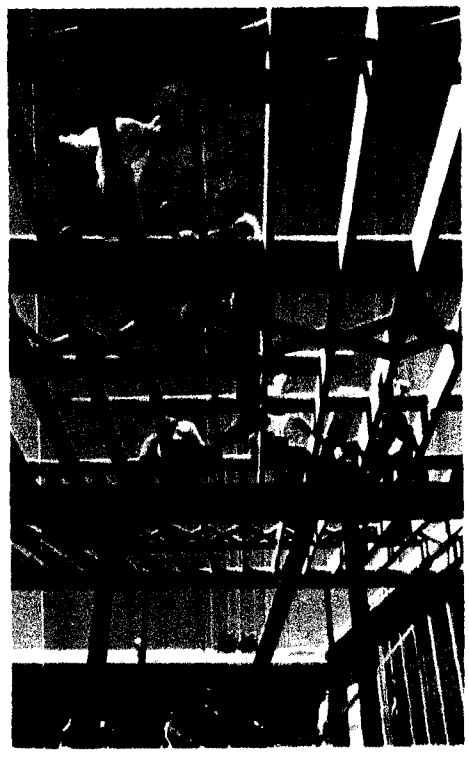
# *"Young people search for something stab*

A community with a low juvenile delinquency rate very often has one other salient characteristic—a strong, imaginative church organization. A good case in point is Tulsa, Oklahoma, the only city in the United States in which the number of Juvenile Court cases has declined progressively every year for the past five years.

Tulsa Juvenile Court Judge Dorothy Young gives numerous reasons for this decline—a young, relatively stable community; a good school system and so on—but one principal factor stood out in her mind. She said, "This is a strong church town. Instead of the big, impersonal, downtown church, we have returned to the tradition of the small, neighborhood church, which is like the old, rural center of activity. There are hundreds of these neighborhood churches. Many of them have dynamic, young pastors, and the

*Boys and girls of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints do "welfare w*

*Problems they won't discuss with parents are threshed out by teen-agers at talk sessions run by Rev. Roy O. McClain at First Baptist Church in Atlanta*



*Young volunteers from the Garden Heights Ward House in Salt Lake City help build a church. The teen-agers work during the early morning hours before they go to school*

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*'e faith, to hold onto." A "glowing," dynamic neighborhood church can provide it*

kids flock to them for organized activity in the after-school and weekend hours. A typical case is a recently constructed church in which, from the very beginning, the building plans called for a 'Hot-Rod Barn.' When you see the kids and a minister in overalls tinkering with their cars there every afternoon, you realize why our teen-agers don't have the time or inclination to get into trouble."

The Catholic Church plays a similar role in many cities; and Jewish temples often are forward-thinking in this regard. In no community, however, is there a stronger church influence on youth than in Salt Lake City. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints keeps kids busy all day. Every boy and girl, for example, is required to put in so many hours of "welfare work" for the church every month. So, when a new "ward house" (church) is being built, dozens of teen-agers report to work as carpenters, plasterers or laborers in the early-morning hours, before they go to school. The same thing happens when a crop must be planted or harvested on one of the many church farms. But there's fun for these young people, too. After school, there are athletic leagues, scout activities, vaudeville shows, dance festivals and movies, in each of the "ward houses."

As the Reverend Roy O. McClain, who has similar programs for the youth of his First Baptist Church in Atlanta, says, "One of the most surprising developments of this uncertain postwar era is the return of our young people to church as they search desperately for something stable, like faith, to hold onto. There is no question that this has had a definite effect in keeping juvenile delinquency in check."

*heir church. They work at sunrise before school and after classes when the sun is setting. Below, Jordan Valley Region teen-agers gather hay in field of church farm*

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*As Four-H Club project, Daniel Davis, 17, of Cleveland, Tenn., raised 6,000 chickens in this unused shed on his father's farm. Club work helped Daniel go to college*

## *"The Four-H Club taught them to think of other folks and to take care of themselves"*

In many areas, private organizations—such as the Boy Scouts, Junior Achievement and Junior Red Cross—take over the same function as the church or community in fighting juvenile delinquency. In rural Tennessee, for example, the lives of the kids revolve completely around the local Four-H organization. In many 20- or 30-family hamlets, it's the only organized activity they have—and, again, it's a sugar-coated way of receiving guidance, because wise, dedicated parents are the adult leaders of the clubs. Typical are the cases of Daniel Davis and Bobby Everett, pictured on this page.

Another good case is sixteen-year-old Lois Jeter, who lives in the tiny village of Church Hill, Tennessee. Lois's family came down from the mountains just a few years ago. In the past, it was not uncommon for girls from such underprivileged families to get into trouble or drift off to the slums of nearby industrial areas; but Mrs. Jeter became a Four-H Club leader and induced her daughters, Rubynell, Lois and Mary Carol, to be members.

Lois soon became the *most* active member of the group. Through the club, she obtained some chicks on credit and had a thriving poultry business going before she was eleven years old. With the money, she bought a cow named Fairy. She won a state prize for drawing up a plan to improve the electrification of her father's farmhouse. In addition, she has crammed her life with dances and dramatics at Four-H Club functions.

The payoff is that whereas Mr. and Mrs. Jeter never finished high school, all three of their daughters will go to college through the earnings from their Four-H Club projects (Rubynell already is at the University of Tennessee). Mrs. Jeter says, "The club opened up a new life for them. It taught them how to think about other folks and how to take care of themselves."

*Bobby Everett, 15 years old, learned scientific farming from Four-H Club work and now leads all the adults in Brown's Community, Tenn., in adopting modern methods like hillside strip-cropping*



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When you really come down to it, a "glow" is a *someone*, an adult who cares —whether it be a parent, a neighbor, a clergyman, a teacher, a youth leader. Call it the "father image," if you will, or give it any other name from the psychiatrist's jargon, but if you have a man or a woman who can command a teen-ager's affection, who can return the affection and give the youngster guidance, recognition and status, that child rarely, if ever, will rebel by turning to juvenile delinquency.

One of America's great treasures is that it has a wealth of such dedicated adults who "glow" for our kids. In Seattle, tough old mountain-climbing experts are training some 400 Explorer Scouts, who recently volunteered to form a special search-and-rescue team for victims lost in the Puget Sound wilderness. In Santa Barbara, California, it was felt that what the city's youth needed was job opportunities. So the school system got local business and professional people to co-operate. Today, 504 Santa Barbara high-school students work at part-time jobs. In Vicksburg, Mississippi, a handful of Red Cross officials gave guidance and affection to Junior Red Cross members, hundreds of whom responded by working day and night to save lives and comfort victims of the terrible Vicksburg tornado of 1953.

There are "glows" in the San Francisco Boys Club, in the Catholic Youth Organization in Chicago, in New York City's Hudson Guild Neighborhood House in the polyglot Chelsea section. One of the factors which helped give Tulsa its remarkable decline in juvenile delinquency—in addition to its church organizations—is the enthusiastic, imaginative work of its service organizations. Tulsa's Black Gold Optimist Club, for example, seeks out boys in trouble, discovers what interests them, and then talks adults in those fields into giving them after-school jobs and guidance.

But too often the "glows" are darkened by adults participating in youth work simply as a means of promoting themselves and satisfying their own egos. At a science fair in California this year adults fought for honors on the speaker's platform—while the youngsters (who had spent backbreaking months working on their exhibits) were largely ignored.

Also, many adults tend to deal with teen-agers much in the manner of a hard-boiled sergeant leading a squad of soldiers in close-order marching drill. They give them no sense of participation in the planning of their own programs. As a sensible adult leader like A. P. Cederlof, a Mormon Church official in Salt Lake City, puts it: "The most dangerous age for our boys is when they become Explorer Scouts in the fourteen- to eighteen-year-old bracket. That's when they're most restless. The problem is that many adults working with these kids try to predigest everything for them. That's when the boys lose interest and start looking out the window. Another mistake adults make is losing patience almost immediately with troublemaking boys and throwing them out of the troop. But I've learned that if you can chip off such lively kids, win them over to your side and develop their energy, you've found a natural leader and acquired a great asset."

Unfortunately, the failures have been better publicized than the successes, and this has led to skepticism among many experts. For instance, Father Robert E. Gallagher of Catholic Charities in New York observed, "There is no substitute for parental responsibility, love and guidance. It is better for a little boy to visit the Statue of Liberty with his father than with his teacher and 30 classmates."

But after my 20,000-mile trip around the country, I firmly believe that many forward-looking Americans *have* forged a chain of acceptable, workable substitutes. The statistics are beginning to prove it. In the Near West Side community of Chicago, for example, there were 15 boys in reformatories only five years ago. Today there are none. Similar records of achievement can be found in dozens of other neighborhoods and cities.

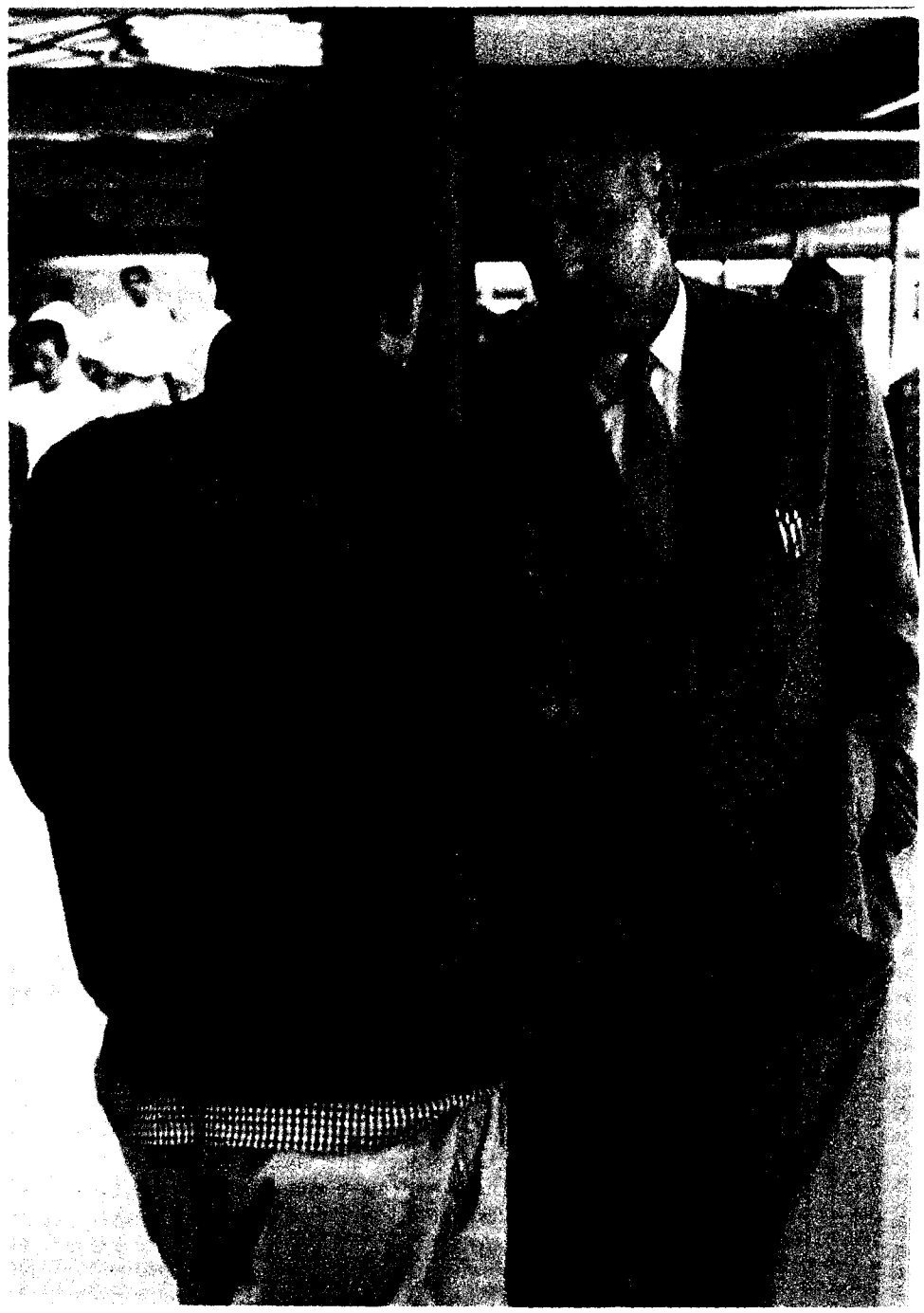
In other words, I agree with sociologist Clifford Shaw of Illinois, who says, "There is no easy answer to delinquency. Society wants a simple, harmless cure that doesn't cost too much. Unfortunately, such a panacea doesn't exist. But by dint of sheer hard work, ordinary citizens all over the country are beginning to turn the tide. It could be one of the brightest pages in the recent history of our nation."

And concerning the over-all evaluation of "this century's most controversial generation," I agree with the Reverend Roy O. McClain of Atlanta, who begins every sermon on juvenile delinquency with the following anonymous poem:

*"My grandfather in his house of logs*
*Said the young folks are going to the dogs.*
His *grandfather in the Flemish bogs*
*Said the young folks are going to the dogs.*
*And* his *grandfather in his long, skin togs*
*Said the young folks are going to the dogs.*
*There is but one thing I have to state:*
*The dogs are having a mighty long wait."*

THE END

*But always, the "glow" is someone, a man or woman who cares, who guides, who gives the child status and recognition. Fortunately America is rich in such dedicated adults*



*An adult who provided "glow" for youth—teacher Ed Solomon, of Napa, California, who won the confidence of the "Earth Angels," a gang of troublemakers, converted them to town's most useful junior citizens*



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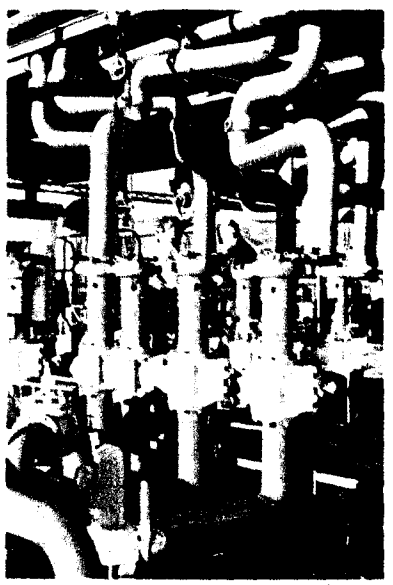

MASON WEYMOUTH

*Gene Burt (l.), Moroni Lazenby (r.) couple storage-tank line to oil pipeline in Salt Lake City*

Coal slurry

Wood pulp

Tomato pulp

Refined petroleum produ

Citrus fruit jui

Natural gas

Milk

## Look what's

# MOVING BY PIPE!

*Just about everything is—from food to fuel, whisky to wood pulp, chemicals to perfume. And in some cases a single pipeline carries as many as 25 items at once*

By ALFRED LANSING

One afternoon not long ago Rollie A. Bayless, a slight, hushed-voice man of fifty, rose from his desk in an office 35 floors above Rockefeller Plaza, in the heart of mid-town Manhattan, glanced at a paper in his hand, then walked over to a bank of five Teletype machines and sat down in a chair in front of the first printer. On the right side of the machine was a dial such as switchboard operators use. Bayless dialed—1 . . . 7 . . . 7 . . . 2 . . . 6 . . . 1.

A moment later the Teletype came to life, typing out "SSSSSSSSS . . .", 17 times in all. A pause, then the machine shifted up a line and pounded out "DDDDDDDDDDD . . .", again 17 times, followed by the letters "ND."

Bayless bent forward and dialed another number—1 . . . 7 . . . 7 . . . 2 . . . 0 . . . 1—then stood up and walked back to his desk.

In the tiny southern Illinois town of New Douglas, a powerful 575-horsepower centrifugal pump slowly picked up speed, to add its thrust to the stream of petroleum products flowing through the Shell Oil Company's eight-inch East Line products pipeline.

Bayless is an assistant chief dispatcher on the pipeline, and Room 3530 at 30 Rockefeller Plaza is the dispatching room. From there are controlled not only the East Line, but six other pipelines as well, extending from the St. Louis area north to Chicago and Detroit and east past Indianapolis to Dayton and Columbus and Toledo.

New Douglas, Illinois, happens to be a pump station on the East Line. It is unattended except for a maintenance man on 24-hour duty to keep the place clean and attend to routine repairs. Operationally, New Douglas takes its every cue from the men in Rockefeller Center, 941 miles away.

When Bayless dialed his two numbers, here's what happened:

First, he electronically asked New Douglas, "How much pressure is coming into the station, and how much is going out?" Completely automatically, the station read its incoming pressure and teletyped back with the proper number of S's (for "suction"), then measured its outgoing pressure and supplied that figure with the appropriate number of D's (for "discharge"). In this case, the 17 S's and 17 D's decoded out to 580 pounds for both functions. When Bayless dialed his second number, he threw the switch to start the pump. The entire operation required less man-energy than it takes to dial two standard telephone numbers.

The whole pipeline industry, in fact, is something of a marvel. It is an industry predicated on bigness—huge volumes, long distances, vast sums of money—and thus peculiarly suited to American talents.

As a mover of freight, pipelines now rank as third largest transporters in the U.S. Since the end of World War II, our pipeline mileage has increased from 355,000 miles to more than 635,000. That's close to three times the total U.S. railroad trackage, or enough pipe to go around the equator 25 times.

What accounts for the big boom in pipelines? The answer is simple enough. They're economical—once you've satisfied the three prerequisites: a commodity that can be sent through a pipeline; an assured, immense source of supply of that commodity, and a long-term market for it.

There are no empties to return, no unloaded vehicles to deadhead back. Pipeline transportation often means cheaper transportation that ultimately finds its way down to the consumer in savings. To ship a barrel (42 gallons) of gasoline from Tulsa to Chicago costs $1.66 by rail, 58 cents by pipeline; from Philadelphia to New York, $1.05 by rail, eight cents by pipeline.

A pipeline is a one-way thoroughfare that operates around the clock, every day of the year, and almost always at peak capacity. It can get into—and out of—places that stop most other conveyances. The maximum grade on freight-carrying railroads is three per cent. State and federal highways are designed for maximum inclines of six per cent, and rarely exceed 12. But for a pipeline, a 45-per-cent grade is commonplace, and 70 per cent is not considered startling



ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL CALLE

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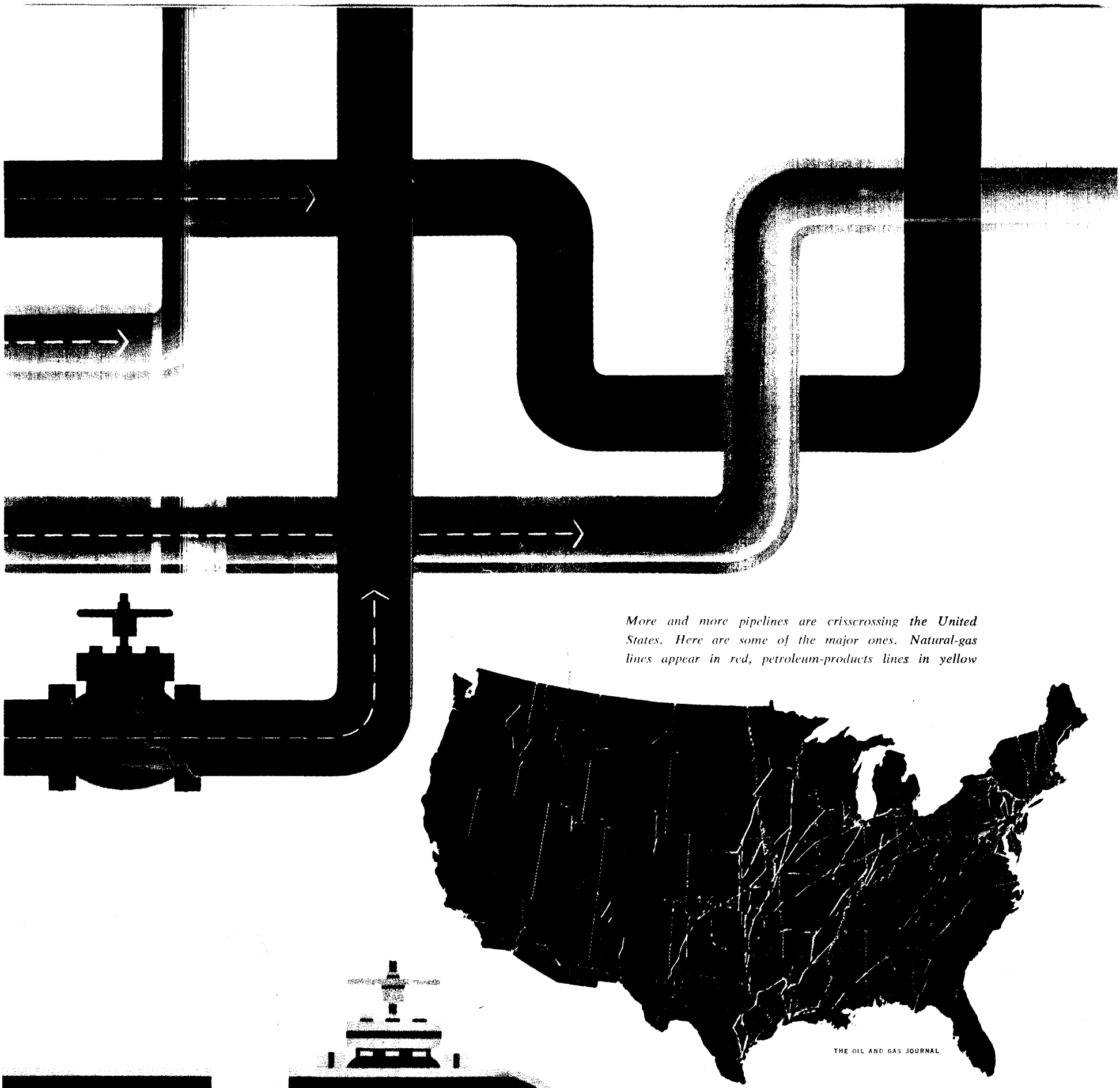

*More and more pipelines are crisscrossing* ***the United*** *States. Here are some of the major ones.* ***Natural-gas*** *lines appear in red, petroleum-products lines* ***in yellow***



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MARTIN IGER

Dispatcher **R. A.** Bayless at control board of **Shell** pipeline, New York

(that's about the angle of a ladder leaning against a house).

We can't, of course, get along without railroads and trucks; there are some products pipes simply can't carry. Still, it is now almost impossible for a day to go by without your making use of something that was, at least at one point, transported by pipeline: your drinking water, the gasoline that powers your car; your cigarette lighter fluid; natural gas that cooks your supper; the fuel oil that heats your house; the naphtha that cleans your suit.

And the list doesn't end there by any means. There are pipelines that carry tomatoes (from cannery to catsup bottling plant), antibiotics, brake fluid, whisky, wood pulp, ether, fruit juice, ammonia, antifreeze, phosphorus, sulphuric acid and even perfume. Milk bottling plants also use pipeline systems carrying more than 40,000 gallons of milk a day; to keep the milk absolutely fresh, the pipelines are generally cleaned once daily.

Such pipelines hardly rank in size and length with the petroleum or natural-gas pipelines. They range from one to 16 inches in diameter, travel anywhere from a few hundred feet to 50 miles or more. Many a hard-bitten veteran would wince to have them classified with the Big and Little Inch giants; nevertheless, they are bona fide pipelines in that they transport liquids over a respectable distance on a regular basis.

THE WORLD'S FIRST commercial coal-carrying pipeline has just been completed across northern Ohio, stretching 108 miles from the Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Company's strip mining fields near Georgetown to the steam plant of the Cleveland Electric Illuminating Company at Eastlake. The line is scheduled to be in operation in February, delivering a minimum of 3,400 tons of coal a day—or about the same amount as could be hauled by two 100-car trainloads. The coal, ranging from BB-sized pellets down to talcumlike dust, will be mixed about half and half with water and a secret agent to keep it from forming sulphuric acid (which coal normally does when it comes into contact with water). The resulting gravylike liquid is called a "slurry," and it is every bit as pumpable as crude oil. Before the coal is fired, the water is drawn off. Pipeline experts point to the Ohio coal line as the forerunner of a long list of pipelines that will transport solids, most by the slurry method.

Herbert E. Fisher, president of Pipe Line Technologists, of Houston, Texas, says: "Practically any commodity that can be put into a gaseous or fluid form can be handled through a pipeline, provided it's not too viscous, abrasive or corrosive. We have the engineering know-how; it is strictly a question of economics."

The next solid-carrying pipelines in the cards are limestone slurry lines. Williams Brothers Company, the giant Tulsa construction outfit that built the Ohio coal line, is currently considering the feasibility of such pipeline transportation in this country between quarries and cement plants.

Fascinating as are the new uses for pipelines, however, they cannot yet approach in drama the story of the Big Boys of the pipeline industry—the natural-gas lines, the crude-oil lines and, most of all, the so-called products lines carrying the finished petroleum products from the refinery.

Self-assurance on a grand scale surrounds a pipeline construction outfit like Williams Brothers or the Bechtel Corporation of San Francisco or the H. C. Price Company of Bartlesville, Oklahoma. Watching these pipe liners at work, seeing their colossal tractors crunch forward, effortlessly picking up huge sections of pipe weighing many tons, advancing over hills and through swamps and across rivers, you get a feeling that nothing could stop them.

The groundwork is laid long before the first tractor arrives on the scene. First come aerial surveys and ground inspection and from them the general route of the line is determined. Wherever possible, it is put through rural areas, skirting towns. Otherwise, all sorts of difficulties would occur in the next step—acquiring the right of way.

Obtaining the right of way is a subject you just don't mention while a pipeliner is eating. Here is the A-number-one, first-class, gold-plated, why-did-I-ever-get-into-this-business headache of the industry. For example, a pipeline running from Texas to Ohio might cross 3,000 separate pieces of land, some of which might have as many as 25 owners. From every last one of them, written approval is necessary before the pipeline can proceed. Right-of-way experts are employed whose only duty is to get the landowner's signature on the dotted line for as reasonable a sum as they can.

If they can possibly avoid it, pipeliners steer clear of buying land. They seek only the permission to enter upon the property within the confines of the agreed-to right of way (usually 30 to 60 feet wide), and subsequent permission to operate the pipeline across the property, with access to the line should a broken pipe or other emergency arise. Often, a year after a pipeline is laid and the ditch filled in again you'd never know it was there.

The acquisition of rights of way has brought about more snafus than pipeliners care to remember. Recently an Ohio farmer signed up to let a line go through his property. The right-of-way gang drove stakes into the ground to mark the placement of the line, but after they left, the farmer moved the stakes to lead into a heavy thicket about 300 feet away. Two weeks later the clearing crew arrived. They took one look at the thicket and called up additional bulldozers. Hours later, when they pushed through it to the other side, they saw something was wrong. The farmer smugly explained that he had been trying to clear that particular thicket for years.

Clearing the land also can cause trouble in the form of crop damage. In Mexico, a few years ago, the right-of-way crew was at work on a particularly barren, desertlike section of country, bulldozing the boulders and cacti out of the way, when suddenly a little man in a serape and sandals came running up, holding his sombrero on his head.

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted in Spanish at the foreman of the crew. "You are ruining my crop."

The foreman looked around in amazement at the desolate countryside.

"What crop?" he asked.

"My pulque crop! My pulque crop!" the little man exclaimed. He pointed to the cactus from which the Mexican peons ferment a sudsy, beerlike drink called pulque.

For the next several days, a pipeline employee had to precede the bulldozers, counting the cactus plants that were destined for destruction. The landowner was compensated to the tune of 15 pesos' crop damage per plant.

After the right of way is cleared and graded, the ditching machine moves in to bite a neat trench in which the pipe is to be laid. Then the pipe-stringing gangs move in, laying down joints of pipe alongside the ditch. From here on, the line is built with amazing speed.

Behind the stringing gangs come the pipe-benders, using immense, hydraulically operated machines to bend the cold pipe into the curves prescribed by the engineers. The pipe may whine and squeal—but it bends.

Next comes the first of three teams of welders, collectively called the pipe gang. Near Opelousas, Louisiana, I watched an expert pipe gang at work with relentless professionalism. Derrick-equipped tractors lifted the pipe into position. Two line-up men adjusted an internal clamp which exactly centered the 30-foot section of pipe with the one before. Then the welders moved up, tractors dragging along their tread-equipped electric welding machines.

These welders who put the initial weld around the pipe joints are known in the industry as stringer bead welders; they're probably the most expert at their trade in the world. They can usually count on an annual income of $10,000 or more. But perfectionism is demanded of them, and the work is rough, hot and exhausting. The welding operation I watched moved ahead at the rate of one 30-foot section every 110 seconds—and that's considered routine.

Close on the heels of the stringer bead welders comes a second group called the hot pass welders because they strike their arcs while the joint is still hot from the original pass. A third weld completes that part of the operation.

Next down the right of way, throwing up a cloud of smoke and rust-colored dust, comes the cleaning and priming machine, a self-propelled contrivance that creeps along the pipe scouring it clean of rust and dirt with steel brushes and knives, then immediately applying a coat of primer.

THE SCHEDULE NOW CALLS for the coating and wrapping machine, which also arrives under its own power. It pours a pitchlike coating on the pipe, then wraps it with Fiberglas, felt impregnated with asphalt, or a combination of any of these. The rear end of the machine revolves completely around the pipe, laying on the wide band of wrapping materials that are carried on huge revolving spindles.

Cleaning, priming, coating and wrapping are vital because once the pipe has been laid to rest the hope is that it will not need to be exhumed for repairs for at least 30 years. During its long interment, the pipe's greatest enemy is corrosion. Thus, the tiniest pinhole through which water or air might sneak in must be detected and sealed up.

Here the electronics industry has come to the aid of the pipeliner with a device called a holiday detector—a battery-energized, hoselike electric wire which encircles the pipe and which the operator pushes along as he walks behind the coating and wrapping machine. The wire is rolled down the pipe much as you might push a tightly wound rubber band off your finger. Whenever the machine encounters a thin or bald spot in the coating it buzzes and blinks. The operator marks the spot. In his wake a man with a bucket of "dope" (hot paint) covers up the flaw with a hand mop.

Next, the lowering-in crew gently places the pipe in the ditch, followed by the back fillers who move along covering the pipe with earth. The job is just about done. The cleanup gang tidies up the right of way.

Once the pumping or compressor stations are built and the necessary



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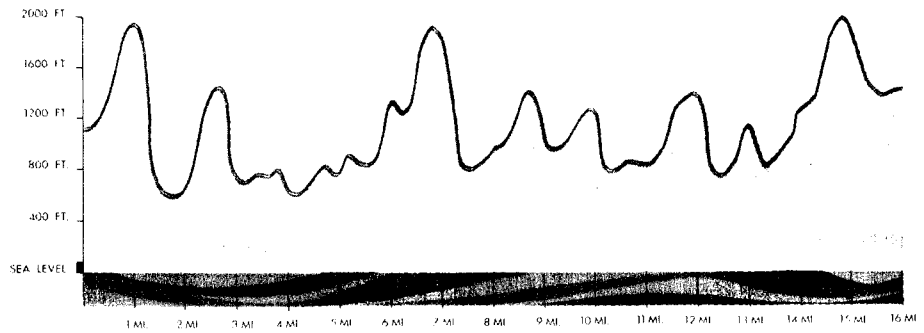
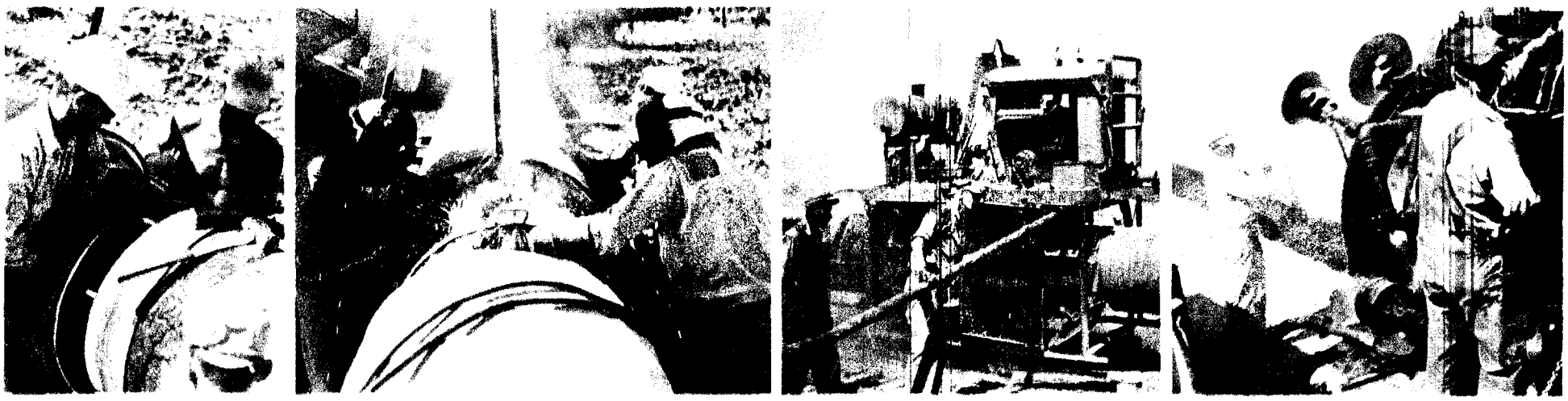



Contrary to general belief, pipelines don't just travel along ground that is level. They climb hills, descend into valleys. Diagram indicates part of Pennsylvania's Tuscarora line

# UNIQUE MACHINERY SPEEDS THE LAYING OF PIPES

Left: Mammoth, hydraulically operated pipe-bending machine forces curve into 30-inch natural-gas pipe. Bending, which may require angle up to 25 degrees, is done soon after ditch is dug. Operation shown is near Opelousas, Louisiana

Right: Four side-boom tractors hoist sections of concrete-coated pipe into place for welding. Pipe here is being laid in bayou, and concrete jacket adds weight necessary to make pipe sink in water. Umbrellas protect against sun



Above (left to right): Line-up men match butt ends of pipe together. Next, a team of "stringer bead" welders moves in to put all-important initial bead on joint. These men are said to be the most expert welders in world and can earn $10,000 or more a year, but their work must be absolutely faultless. Third picture shows self-propelled cleaning and priming machine scouring rust and scale off uncoated pipe with revolving brushes and knives before applying coat of primer. Balance bar emerging from side enables operator to keep machine on top of pipe. Coating and wrapping machine (fourth picture) winds layers of paper and Fiberglas onto pipe. Left: Finally comes lowering-in operation. Foreman with white flag signals bulldozers to shove pipe into water of bayou. Construction is by Williams Brothers Co., of Tulsa

PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR



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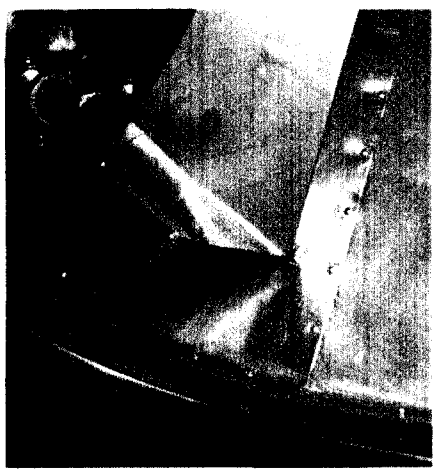
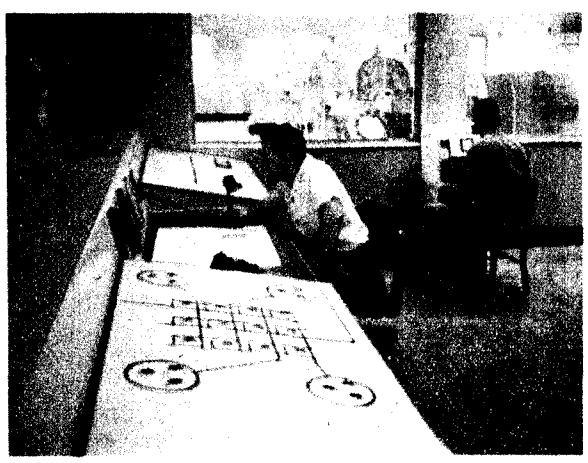
Coal pipeline—world's first—waits to be put in place near Alliance, Ohio. Just completed, 108-mile line will carry 3,400 tons of coal, mixed with water, every day



MASON WEYMOUTH

LARRY FRIED

Among unusual pipelines are these carrying tomatoes and milk. At left, tomato pulp is directed from pipeline into catsup-cooking kettle at Hunt Foods plant, Fullerton, California. At right, milk flows from Sheffield Farms pipeline in Jamaica, New York



At the Clearbrook control station, Webb Hart (left) speaks over a Minnesota Pipe Line radio hookup, as Vern Larson teletypes

**Besides big pipelines, there are specialized smaller ones to carry coal, brake fluid, ammonia, phosphorus—even perfume**

tanks are up—and after a great deal of elaborate testing—the pipeline is ready to go to work.

The actual operation of the line is probably the greatest wonder of all.

Few laymen realize that most pipelines in the United States are "common carriers," licensed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, just like a railroad or a bus line or a truck route or an airline. If, so to speak, you buy a ticket on the pipeline, it is obligated to carry you. If you present yourself at a pipeline terminal with, say, 50,000 barrels of gasoline you want shipped, the commercial pipeline has no choice but to pump the gasoline for you—provided, of course, you've got some means to receive it at the other end.

The comparison of a petroleum pipeline with a railroad is not stretching a point, by any means. Just as a railroad makes up a train consisting of numerous cars loaded with a variety of products, so do pipelines. Obviously, pipelines transporting such items as milk, coal, sulphuric acid or wood pulp carry only those products; to send them through together would risk tainting, among other things. But most crude-oil and all refined-petroleum-products pipelines normally will have a number of different items in transit at one time.

To operate properly, a pipeline must be completely full all the time, from one end to the other. In a crude-oil pipeline extending 1,000 miles, even a shipment of 100,000 barrels would occupy only a small portion of the pipeline's total length.

So one consignment of oil is pumped into the line and started on its way, followed by a second batch and a third—maybe a half dozen or more, all moving at the same time, pushing one another along. Furthermore, they may be of entirely different types. There are waxy crude oils and "high sulphur" crudes and lube crudes—a score or so. Generally speaking, it is the job of the pipeline to preserve the identity of the individual batches in its custody. If you consign to a pipeline a shipment of valuable lube crude (the kind that's made into motor oil), you'll be mighty fussy about having that same lube crude delivered uncontaminated at the other end.



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How are the batches kept apart? Some pipelines, like the spanking new one of the Minnesota Pipe Line Company that runs from Clearbrook, Minnesota, to Saint Paul, insert between the batches what is known as a scraper —two or more round rubber disks a bit larger than the inside diameter of the pipe, connected by a rod, and propelled through the pipe by the pressure of the liquid behind it. As the scraper approaches a pumping station along the route, it trips an electrical relay which automatically diverts the scraper into a receptacle called a scraper trap—and cuts in a new scraper on the other side of the pump.

MOST PETROLEUM PIPELINES find physical separation unnecessary—they merely pump one batch into the line directly behind the other, with nothing in between—an almost incredible process.

A pipeline transporting refined products may, at any given time, be pumping 10, 15, even 25 different products through: gasoline, kerosene, jet fuel, stove oil, naphtha, liquid butane, liquid propane, fuel oil—one right up against another. The line may also be shipping several different brands of gasoline, and will keep each individual brand separate from the others and from the other products, too. The only commingling is a very negligible amount of "transmix" that occurs where two products touch.

What keeps them from all running together? The trick is pumping pressures and accurate controls, plus knowing what product can abut another with the least tendency to mix. This last consideration is mostly governed by specific gravities—the measurement of the heaviness of a liquid.

Premium gasoline rides best sandwiched between batches of regular gasoline. Regular gasoline, in turn, will keep to itself if it's up against kerosene or liquid butane. Kerosene can be neighborly with jet fuel.

To insure doubly against one product mingling with another, pipeline operators keep the liquids moving fast enough to be in a state of "turbulent flow." At such a pace, they don't mix. If the speed dropped, the heavier liquids might lag back while the lighter, more volatile fluids pushed ahead, making a hopeless mix-up.

The railroad-pipeline analogy still holds true, with some minor qualifications, in the matter of moving different products to different places. Just as a railroad starts off a freight train down one track, then switches it onto a branch line, so too does a pipeline start a shipment through one pipe, then divert it to a different line.

The key to this operation is the dispatcher, whose job is well calculated to induce gray hairs and ulcers in short order. The dispatcher starts planning his shipment 15 to 30 days ahead of time, when the various shippers who use the line send in their estimates of what they want moved during the following month and where and when they want it to arrive. The dispatchers draw up an operating schedule, which must take into account such factors as what product can go up against another in the line, where the shippers want them sent, when, and in what quantities. Even before the schedule is done the revisions start coming in. One company finds that it has been having a heavy run on fuel oil in one locality; another finds that sales of premium gasoline in a certain city have dropped off; another wants more of this shipped, less of that.

Petroleum-products manifold on pipeline at Baton Rouge

At last the schedule goes into effect. Let's take an actual pipeline in operation to see what happens—the Salt Lake Pipe Line, a Standard of California subsidiary, running from Salt Lake City across Idaho into Oregon, and winding up in Spokane, Washington. Suppose the initial shipment is 46,000 barrels of diesel oil. Ten thousand barrels of the shipment are destined for Pasco, Washington, and the remaining 36,000 barrels for Spokane.

Directly in front of the diesel oil is a batch of "house-brand"—or regular —gasoline headed for Baker, Oregon, and the dispatcher's schedule calls for another batch of house-brand gasoline to follow the diesel oil.

In goes the diesel oil. Powerful reciprocating pumps give it a 1,700-pound shove that moves it along at about three and a half miles an hour.

Salt Lake City is 568 miles from Pasco. In pipeliners' terms, however, Pasco is exactly 190,568 barrels away; Spokane, 136 miles from Pasco, is precisely 46,405 barrels farther. That means that by the time the last of a 46,000-barrel consignment of diesel oil has been pumped into the line at Salt Lake City, the head of the batch will be a quarter of the way to Pasco. As soon as the diesel oil clears, in goes the batch of gasoline for Baker.

Mile after mile, the diesel oil flows along, up one side of a mountain and down the other, across gorges, under rivers and farms and roads, unseen and unheard, approaching closer and closer to Pasco all the time. The dispatcher knows exactly where it is every minute because he knows his exact pumping rate. If, for example, the line is taking on a product at the rate of 800 barrels an hour, he knows that the head of the batch is moving forward at that speed. Simple mathematics will show where any given batch of oil is.

However, pipeline operators don't rely solely on mathematics. They employ other checks.

The Salt Lake Pipe Line Company has a particularly ingenious method of tracking its batches of products. It uses Geiger counters.

The moment the first barrel of our diesel oil is pumped into the line at Salt Lake City, a high-pressure air injector squirts in about a teaspoonful of solution containing radioactive antimony 124. This tracer then flows along the head of the diesel oil shipment as it travels through the line.

On its way to Boise, the oil passes through a number of stations on the pipeline—Ogden, Utah, then Juniper, Evans and Twin Falls, Idaho. At each point, the passage of the isotope leaves its mark on a Geiger counter mounted on the pipe, making it possible to keep an accurate watch on the progress of the oil.

About nine days after it entered the pipeline at Salt Lake City, the diesel oil is scheduled to arrive at Pasco. The pipeline employees there have been alerted well in advance.

About an hour before the scheduled arrival of the batch, an operator at Pasco begins to take gravity readings with a hydrometer on samples of the product he has drawn off the line. At the same time he keeps his eye on a graph connected to a Geiger counter approximately three miles upstream.

His gravity readings stay constant at 61.9—pure gasoline. Then he sees the Geiger-counter needle begin to rise. For seven minutes it climbs steadily, then begins to drop. The head of the diesel oil has passed the detector pit three miles out. He continues taking gravity readings, this time watching the station Geiger counter. Finally the counter itself marks the arrival of the tracer—and shortly the gravity reading hits 34.9: pure diesel oil.

The operator walks quickly to a valve and opens it enough to permit 141 barrels an hour to flow into his tanks. Why 141? Because the stream of oil, 46,000 barrels in all, will take just 72 hours to pass Pasco. Allowing one hour for the front and rear ends of the batch to go by (containing the small amount of "transmix"), that leaves 71 hours during which the 10,000 barrels for Pasco may be taken out—or about 141 barrels an hour.

The Pasco operator is now taking a "heart-cut" of the diesel oil, pulling off just enough of the passing stream to fill his order while the rest of the product goes on through on its way to Spokane.

The Salt Lake Pipe Line's Geiger-counter system is the only one of its kind in the country. But other gimmicks accomplish the same end. Some lines use dye markers to indicate the head of a batch. The Shell Oil Company has developed a rubber ball, inflated with water to fit snugly into the pipe, to mark the point between products (it also helps separate the batches).

Besides such tracking devices, the pipelines are employing many other new gadgets for a variety of purposes. Perhaps the most astonishing extent to which they are using automation is exemplified by the trouble detectors on the new Minnesota Pipe Line Company's system.

The operator on duty in the Clearbrook terminal station might be startled in the dead of night by an ear-splitting howler going off. Rushing to his control board, he watches a group of lights depict a sequence of events as they occur in the unattended station at Little Falls, 175 miles away.

First the lights will tell him that Pump No. 1 in Little Falls has developed a hot bearing and is shutting down. The light representing the pump goes out, though the bad-bearing light stays on to mark the trouble spot. Next, the lights indicating that the valves leading to Pump No. 1 are open will slowly extinguish, as the valves automatically close themselves. Other valves which bypass the pump are opening at the same time and their lights will slowly brighten.

Finally, the screaming howler will stop, indicating that the Little Falls station maintenance man, who was in his bed on the other side of town, has awakened, cut off the howler and is on his way over to remedy the trouble.

Such is the story of pipelining today. A big business, a vital business and a fascinating business.

ONE STATION SUPERVISOR told me about two pipeline employees in a remote Rocky Mountain town who couldn't resist the temptation to take home some samples. They started by filling up their cars from the pipeline. That was so easy they progressed to filling up 55-gallon oil drums. No trouble. So they bought a beat-up 500-gallon tank truck and sold the contents to shady gas-station owners. Still it wasn't enough. So the two men acquired an interest in four gas stations. A local gas war developed and these two fellows were beating the competition to death, selling gas at below refinery prices (after all, it wasn't costing them a cent).

But somebody got suspicious. The two thieves were nabbed as they drove up to the pipeline in the dead of night—in a brand-new, 10,000-gallon tank truck.

"But at least," said the grinning supervisor who told me the story, "you have to admit pipeliners think big."

THE END



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# He makes

**Beliveau bearing down on the nets is an awesome sight** for any goal tender. Only four men in the league match his six feet three and no one equals his 205 pounds. His left-handed shot zooms in at faster than 110 miles an hour. "You usually can guess fairly well the moves a skater will make to try to maneuver you out of position," says goalie Gump Worsley of the Rangers. "With Beliveau, you don't bother to figure. You just wait, knowing he's simply going to overpower you"



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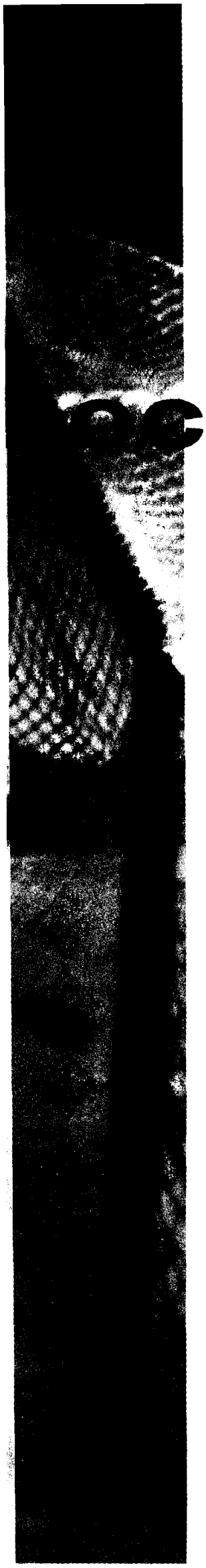

By TOM MEANY

# ckey look easy

*Millions of Americans are slated to meet Montreal's paragon of the puck, Jean Beliveau, who has been described as "the Joe DiMaggio of hockey"*

Shortly after the last football player drags his weary body off your TV screen on New Year's Day, big-league hockey goes on national television for a succession of Saturday afternoons. The switch will give countless Americans their first real chance to see the bruising, whirlwind game which is Canada's national pastime and to admire handsome Jean Beliveau who, at twenty-five, already ranks with the most polished performers in the history of this international sport.

It requires more than a video view, however, to appreciate Beliveau's amazing skill. True, the big center for the Montreal Canadiens last season led the league in scoring, paced his team to victory in the Stanley Cup play-offs and was the solid choice for the Hart Trophy, awarded to the National Hockey League's most valuable player. And there's been no letup this year. Beliveau again was jockeying for the league scoring lead before the current campaign was a month old.

But despite such statistical evidence, it takes a teammate, an opponent or a veteran fan to know just how good Jean really is. "Jean does everything so naturally well, he makes this game look terribly easy. He's not only a fast, clever skater with one of the most powerful shots in the game," says Chicago coach Dick Irvin, "but I've seen him go down-ice and balance the puck on the blade of his stick like a lunchroom veteran with a knifeful of peas."

In his relaxed style, Beliveau, nicknamed Le Gros Bill (colloquially the Big Guy), differs markedly from wingman Maurice (Rocket) Richard, Montreal's other great star. Richard rises to the competitive occasion with the flamboyant showmanship of a Babe Ruth; Beliveau with the effortless grace of a Joe DiMaggio. Richard will skate into a pile of foemen and come out with the puck, leaving a trail of upended players in his wake; Beliveau will get the puck away from a rival without the latter knowing he has lost it. Between them, the Rocket and Le Gros Bill leave Montreal's knowledgeable—and rabid—fans limp.

Jacques Beauchamp, a sports writer for The Montreal-Matin, a French-language newspaper, likes to put on the goalie pads occasionally and tend the nets when the Canadiens are practicing. He quickly developed a sympathy for all goal tenders who are exposed to Beliveau's cannonading.

"I happened to tell Boston goalie Terry Sawchuk recently that Beliveau's shots were so terrific I closed my eyes when they came at me," Beauchamp recalls. " 'I got news for you,' said Sawchuk. 'We all do.' "

Beliveau pulls away from a pursuing Bruin (8) in photo at left; and, at right, in white road uniform, he deftly feints out a Ranger. As the cut on his eye shows, Jean has grown in aggressiveness as he's grown in experience. "You must fight back," he says, "otherwise you will be 'the suckaire.' " No "suckaire," he was in penalty box 143 minutes last year

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BASIL ZAROV

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*As an amateur, Jean made as much as $15,000 yearly*

Hockey has made Beliveau the idol of every youngster in Montreal and has brought him and his wife Elise a plush annual income. There was a time, however, when the usually shy Beliveau did not want to play pro hockey because he seemed to have everything he needed as an amateur. Amateur players in Canada can be paid above the table and Jean—the most popular amateur in hockey history—was grossing some $15,000 a year with the Quebec Aces. Then the Aces turned pro in name as well as fact and Jean sadly left Quebec city to become a big-leaguer. He signed with Montreal for a reported $100,000 for five seasons and now wants "to play 'ockey there forever"

Rocket Richard (l.), hockey's all-time high scorer, and Beliveau give Montreal the two brightest stars in the league. At thirty-five and after 14 seasons of big-league hockey, the Rocket is nearing the end of his playing career. Beliveau, in his fourth year, is only approaching his peak. There never has been any friction between the two. To Jean, Richard is still the hero of his boyhood

Beliveau and the Canadiens never play to an empty seat in their home rink, The Forum. Attendance varies only with the number of standees. Through the years, the volatile crowd, the most fiercely partisan in big-league hockey, has become almost as good a show as the skaters. The Montreal fans' equivalent of the Bronx cheer is "Shoo!", said to be a derivative of *chou,* French for cabbage. When excited, which is most of the time, the crowd showers the ice with programs and sometimes with overshoes. Red Storey, a veteran referee, knows all about the impassioned Forum fans. "One night," he says, "the puck went into the box seats and I skated over to retrieve it. As I bent to pick it up, a woman hit me on the head with her handbag and cried: 'Shoo, Storey!' I looked up. It was my sister"



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e is one of the happiest traditions of the yuletide season, here is the way to make the famous Four Roses Eggnog he finest Bowl of Merry Christmas you ever tasted . . .

Beat separately yolks and whites eggs. Add ½ cup of sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup ugar to whites after beating very stiff. Mix egg whites with yolks. Stir in 1 pint of cream and 1 pint of milk. Add a pint of Four Roses and 1 oz. Jamaica Rum (preferably Myer's). Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

e **result:** A bowlful (five pints) of the fluffiest, grandest eggnog ever ladled into a cup...thanks to the flavor you can get only with Four Roses.

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By LUKE SHORT

# DOOM CLIFF

*Gannon knew he was in this too deeply to back out now. He was committed to wipe out Maydet's gang of renegades—to kill them all, or be killed himself*

THE STORY: When his wife, MARIAN, left him for another man, WILL GANNON quit his job with the Midland Stagecoach Line in Carson City and headed east, wanting to get away from everything that reminded him of Marian. But when he got to Louisburg, headquarters of Midland's easternmost division, the line's head man, MR. OLDERSON, offered him the job of division superintendent. Knowing this section of the line was in bad shape—with sloppy mail delivery, poorly kept stations and the continual loss of horses through theft and marauding—Gannon accepted. He saw at once that the man he was replacing, LOU MAYDET, and Maydet's cohort, RICH CLEFF, would make trouble for him. Nevertheless, his first move was to fire most of Maydet's men; to help out at Louisburg he hired young BERT DICKERT—whose uncle, a passenger on the line, had recently been robbed and killed. Then Gannon headed west to deliver horses to the Dry Creek Station, recently robbed of its herd. He planned to check all stations on the way, and to see HUTCH FORNEY, a reckless, good-natured man Gannon had known for years. He found Hutch not at home and a half-breed in charge of Hutch's station. Furious, Gannon left word for Hutch to come to see him at the next station west, operated by a man named LENNOR. Lennor's station was a model of efficiency—thanks partly to CARRIE BENTALL, the girl who worked for the Lennors. That night someone set fire to Lennor's barn. Gannon shot the man and managed to save the horse herd. Later, he found that the man, AHEARN, was one of Maydet's hirelings. This, then, was Maydet's first move against him.

***The Second of Three Parts***

LEAVING the two stocktenders to help Lennor bury Ahearn and begin the raising of a new barn, Gannon and Hutch Forney moved on west with the horse herd. About noon that day they met the eastbound stage—whose driver, his teams exhausted because of the lack of replacements at the Dry Creek Station, had set his passengers to walking. Gannon ordered fresh teams cut out of the herd and hooked to the stage, and then the herd continued west, held to a slower pace now by the weary horses that had been exchanged.

It was after dark when they drove the herd into the corral at Dry Creek Station. Keefe, the young stocktender, challenged them at the doorway of his shack and then, when he saw they were not marauders, put down his rifle and let them in. He stared at Gannon curiously and then said, "I've seen you, but where?"

"The morning your stock was run off. I was aboard the eastbound."

"He's your new boss," Hutch said dryly.

Keefe's gaunt young face became grim. "You're Will Gannon, then. All right, Mr. Gannon, give me a paper to the division agent. I'm heading for Louisburg tomorrow to pick up my wages and clear out."

"Very well," Gannon said mildly. He looked about the mean room, which held only the barest essentials—a straw pallet, a cracked stove, a puncheon table and a candle box nailed to the wall for a cupboard. There were three logs for chairs, and all the clothes Keefe possessed hung from a single nail over the pallet.

"*You'll get some good eating here too, Mr.* Super," Keefe said angrily. "The company supplies beans and bannock and creek water. But you'll be warm, because I've got plenty of wood chopped. I've had no stock to feed, no teams to change and nothing but time on my hands."

"Things'll be different," Gannon said.

"They'll sure as hell be different for me," Keefe said flatly. "No more sleeping with a rifle. No more fighting with drivers. No more messengers cussing me. No more watching horses starve. No more of *me* starving, either." He turned to stoke the stove, moving a black pot forward to heat up. Gannon saw that Keefe's hands were trembling with anger and he felt a sudden pity for the boy. The victim of Maydet's neglect and indifference, he still had been loyal enough to stay until he could be replaced.

After supper they cleaned up the few dishes and then Gannon began quizzing Hutch about a reliable man for division agent. Keefe listened moodily as Gannon mentioned, almost casually, that feed and

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The terrified horses, at a full gallop, were strung out in a stampeding line. Gannon kept his own horse between the herd and the men from the shack; then he heard shots, and two of the horses went down screaming



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grub were already on their way to the division swing station, as well as horse replacements where needed.

"What about pay?" Keefe interrupted. "That on the way too?"

"What's owed you?" Gannon asked.

"Better than six months."

"That'll come too, as soon as I get a look at the books." Gannon paused, then asked curiously, "How do you come to be here, Keefe?"

"A man named Riordan was running this station and I hired on to cut wild hay. I worked alone until a bunch of Indian scouts spotted me and I had to get out. When Riordan asked Maydet for feed and never got it, he pulled out." He added bitterly, "I wished I'd gone with him."

Hutch asked, "Why didn't you?"

"You can't let stock starve. If I'd turned them loose, the Indians would've got 'em. Besides, you can't run a stage line without stock."

"Did Maydet finally send you feed?" Gannon asked.

"He sent a man out to replace me, name of Ahearn. I chased him off with a gun. I wasn't quitting till I was paid. After that I got my pay and some feed."

"Your troubles with Ahearn are over," Hutch said. "He's dead." He went on to tell Keefe of Ahearn's attempt to destroy the horse herd last night at Lennor's and of his being killed.

"This Ahearn's got some tough friends," Keefe said soberly when Hutch had finished. "They used to stay here when they was hunting, only mostly they drank." He paused and looked at Gannon. "You better watch out."

"They better watch out," Gannon said flatly. "From now on the company protects its men and its property. If anybody bothers us, they'll get what Ahearn got."

"But you got Ahearn's friends working for you."

"Not any more," Gannon said. "This is a stage line now, not one of Maydet's side lines. We're going to stock it, carry every sack of mail, run on schedule and keep clean stations. I'll do it if I have to fire every man in three divisions, build new stations and pay off every driver." Then he added quietly, "I told you it will be different, and it will."

WHEN Keefe said nothing, Hutch rose and stretched. "I forget what sleep is, but I think I'll lie down and try to remember."

Keefe offered his pallet, but both men refused. They spread their blanket rolls on the dirt floor and Keefe made sure his rifle was on the floor beside him before he pulled off his boots, blew the candle and turned into his blankets.

Sometime in the night the westbound coach pulled in. Keefe was ready for it, with the fresh teams harnessed, and the passengers barely had time to stretch their legs before the coach was on its way.

Next morning, after a breakfast of beans and bannock, Gannon went out to the corral. He leaned against it and studied the horses, noting their condition. When Keefe and Hutch came up, Gannon nodded his head toward the corral and said to Keefe, "Take any one you want except Hutch's gray and my big chestnut. Turn him in at Louisburg."

Keefe nodded, but he was frowning. "You aim to leave them all here?"

Gannon shook his head. "What's the name of the next swing station west?"

"Soderstrom's."

"I'll leave fourteen here and split the rest between Soderstrom and Boley." He straightened up. "Hutch will hold down this station until I can get a replacement for you."

Keefe looked puzzled. "But you'll need him to help drive your loose horses, won't you?" he said.

"He'd be a help." Gannon conceded.

"Then take him," Keefe said. "I've waited this long—I reckon I can wait two days longer."

Gannon shook his head again. "You better get along, Keefe. I won't have a man working for me who doesn't want to, not even for two days. Mr. Olderson will pay you off in Louisburg."

This was the choice that was crowding Keefe, and Gannon had purposely stated it flatly. Keefe looked at the horses and was silent a moment, deep in thought. Then he looked at Gannon. "You and him go on," he said quietly. "I reckon I'll like working for you."

Gannon felt a pleasant moment of triumph. His small gamble had paid off. Keefe was a good man and, with enough others like him, Gannon knew he could straighten out the division.

THAT morning Gannon and Hutch pushed on into the foothills, dropping off eight of the remaining herd at Soderstrom's station, and were soon into the green timber of the mountains. Signs of the blizzard were almost gone; the road was wet and the forest cold with the runoff of the melting snow.

By midafternoon they reached Bates Boley's home station, and Gannon had his first look at it in daylight. The barn lot was knee-deep in mud, and in the corral the horses were bunched against the log stable in the only dry spot. Bates Boley trotted out from his log house through the litter of his yard to open the sagging corral gate.

As the horses went into the corral, Gannon looked about him with distaste, noting Boley's daughter, who had appeared at the door. Boley seemed to have dropped every tool where he had last used it. Cut poles, instead of being stacked for future use, were scattered like jackstraws all around the place.

"Who's she?" Hutch asked, nodding toward the girl in the doorway.

"When I came through here last, I figured she was his daughter," Gannon said.

Bates Boley came trotting up to them. "You must be Gannon," he said. "Been expecting you."

Gannon looked down at him. "Your place doesn't look like it. You get many people that stop over here, Boley?"

Boley seemed puzzled. "Hardly none."

Gannon gestured toward the littered yard. "You're living in a pigpen. No wonder," he said bluntly. "Why don't you ditch that corral, so it will drain?"

"Never seem to get the time," Boley said, his voice apologetic.

"Find time," Gannon said coldly. "That's company stock and it's company harness they've been tramping in the mud."

Boley nodded sullenly and Gannon turned and unsaddled. Hutch, he noticed, had already unsaddled, turned his horse in and was going toward the house.

"Come on up. Maggie's got food waiting for you," Boley said to Gannon.

Silently Gannon followed Boley across the littered yard into the house. As Gannon glanced about the big front room, he noted dirty plates still on the uncleared table and unwashed whisky cups on the plank bar in the corner. Hutch was standing in the doorway from the kitchen lean-to, and Gannon could hear the clatter of tin dishes coming from the kitchen.

Hutch was watching Maggie Boley, standing at the stove. She was a full-bodied girl, perhaps nineteen, and, with her head in profile, Hutch could see the pouting, dissatisfied lips, the straight nose and the long eyelashes. Her dark auburn hair was not lately combed, but to Hutch this lent her a kind of raffish informality.

She was suddenly aware that she was being watched and looked up at him. Hutch smiled. "Reckon a man could get a drink of water?"

The girl nodded her head toward the bucket on the littered table and then coolly watched him for a moment as he came into the kitchen. He took a dipperful of water and as he slowly sipped it, he watched her. She made a self-conscious gesture of brushing her hair from her forehead, and then swiftly she looked at him. "What are you staring at?" she said.

Hutch lowered the dipper and grinned. "A pretty girl. I don't know her name though."

MAGGIE BOLEY turned her attention to the meat sizzling in the skillet and Hutch saw a faint color come into her cheeks. "You get on about your business," the girl said.

"It can wait," Hutch said. He took another sip of water, still watching her. "Clara Boley?" he asked, his voice musing. "No, that doesn't go with a redhead. Bertha Boley? No, that goes with a cow. Biddy Boley? No, that goes with a hen."

Suddenly the girl giggled and glanced at him, and Hutch could see that a kind of lazy interest had replaced the sullenness in her eyes. He could hear Gannon's low, positive voice in the other room and he knew that Will would be wondering what was keeping him. He sat the tin dipper back in the pail and said softly, "Pretty Kitty Boley. It's got to be that."

She did not look at him. "It's Maggie," she said. He waited for her smile and, when it came, he turned and walked back into the main room.

Gannon and Boley had gone into the bunkroom and Hutch started back into the kitchen and then stopped. Better not, he thought. The girl had looks, but beyond that there was something about her that spoke to him in a language he understood. Her real nature, Hutch guessed shrewdly, was like his own, restless and reckless.

Maggie came out of the kitchen carrying two plates, and at the same time Gannon and Boley came out of the bunkroom. As she crossed the room and set the plates on the table, Hutch noticed that she had combed her hair.

Gannon sat down on the bench and Hutch slid in beside him. The meat was hot and tough, the beans cold and the bread heavy, but they ate hungrily. Boley puttered about the bar, watching them uneasily. They were finishing as Maggie Boley came in to pour their coffee. As she turned away, Gannon said, "Just a minute."

Maggie Boley paused, and Gannon said, "Come here, Bates." Boley shuffled over to them, his manner already cringing.

Gannon said flatly, "I haven't eaten since morning, so I'm hungry, but if I got off a stage and you served me that meal I'd throw it in your face."

The girl's face went sullen, Hutch noticed, but Gannon went on merci-

## Why don't they?

**INSTALL** a spring catch with push-button release on the backs of the split front seat of a two-door automobile, to prevent them from falling forward on a quick stop?—*Mrs. R. B. Ziesler, San Diego, Calif.*

**MARKET** open-toe socks to wear with open-toe shoes?—*Valerie Shepherd, Savannah, Ga.*

**DEVELOP** a gas bomb for police use that would put barricaded criminals to sleep, rather than resort to tear gas, which often forces them into an open gun battle?—*Edward A. Schlesinger, Palmer, Mass.*

**HAVE** all outdoor pay telephones equipped so that the operator may be contacted without depositing a coin, in case a person without the proper change needs to summon emergency police, fire or medical aid?—*Milton Forman, Providence, R.I.*

**MANUFACTURE** a machine similar to a stapler for use with thumbtacks?—*Mrs. Francis B. Ross, New York, N.Y.*

**PRODUCE** automobile wax in Aerosol cans for quick, easy application?—*Joseph Tatar, Armstrong Creek, Wis.*

**HAVE** barbershops in public schools, for the boys?—*Sophie R. Farrell, Knoxville, Pa.*

**SELL** attractive decals of children's clothes (socks, pants, shirts, blouses, etc.) which could be put on the front of bureau drawers to show children the right place to put their things away?—*Louise MacMartin, Northfield, Vt.*

**EQUIP** automobile clocks with alarms so that tired drivers who have stopped to sleep can awaken on time to continue their trip?—*H. T. Rogers, Barron, Wis.*

**PUT** radios in automobiles that can also be removed for portable use?—*Larry Byron, Jr., South River, N.J.*

**MAKE** a drain for kitchen sinks that can be activated by a push button, so that you don't have to reach down through the dishwater to empty it?—*Mrs. Emil St. Aubin, Jim Falls, Wis.*

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lessly. "You know how to cook and bake?" he demanded.

The girl nodded.

"You know how to sweep and wash?"

Again she nodded.

"You better start doing it," Gannon said, "because I'm going to question passengers at Louisburg. If I get any complaints about the food or about the dirt here, you both can move on." He stood up, and Hutch, watching his stern face, thought: Something's happened to him. He glanced at the girl; she was staring at the table, angry and submissive.

Gannon started for the doorway and beckoned Boley to follow him. As they stood there looking out and talking, their backs to the room, Hutch kept his eyes on the girl. When she looked at him, still angry, he gave her a big wink and a grin, and he was gratified to see a beginning smile on her face as she turned back into the kitchen.

Gannon suddenly turned from the doorway and said, "Ready?"

Puzzled, Hutch said, "For what?"

"We're heading back," Gannon said. He glanced at Boley, scowling. "I'm like the coach passengers, Bates; I'd rather travel than put up with this."

Shrugging, Hutch nodded and went outside to saddle up. He felt an angry impatience with Gannon as he walked down toward the corral. If they'd stayed the night he could have seen Maggie again and come to some understanding with her.

After a few moments Gannon came out, carrying a sack of grub, and they mounted and headed back down the road in the beginning dusk. Gannon was silent, preoccupied with his own thoughts. Hutch was content to have it that way. Already he was wondering how he could work it to visit Maggie Boley and still run the Helper Creek Station. By darkness, he thought he had a plan worked out.

AN HOUR later they pulled off the road into the timber alongside a small creek, and under a stand of tall thick spruces they found a dry camp. While Gannon picketed their horses and unsaddled, Hutch built a fire and collected wood. The deer steaks Maggie had given them were spitted and warmed over the fire; these, together with a rock-hard slab of bannock, made the meal.

Hutch waited to speak until Gannon's pipe was going and they were sprawled on their blanket rolls beside the fire. Then he asked idly, "How come we didn't keep going west, as long as we'd come this far?"

"One division at a time, Hutch. Once I clean up this one, I'll move on to division two."

Hutch nodded and waited, not wanting to crowd this. After a while he said, "I got to thinking today about our talk last night at Dry Creek. Remember I told you Hugh Wells might make you a good division agent?"

Gannon nodded.

"I got to thinking I'm a better man than Hugh Wells."

Gannon did not reply and Hutch pegged a chunk of bark into the fire and watched it burn, giving Gannon time to turn this over in his mind. Finally Hutch went on: "I'm no damn' good at Helper Creek, Will. Every time I look at my Papago wife I want to be on the move. I'm willing to keep her and the kid because where else would they go? They're mine and I put 'em here and I reckon I'll take care of 'em." He looked up at Gannon. "But it's no good, Will."

"I'll need a horse buyer."

"Give me a chance at division agent," Hutch said quietly, earnestly. "I've changed since we were together down south. So have you. You know that."

"Yes," Gannon said tonelessly.

"All right, I used to raise hell about four feet and tilt it every time I got the chance. The last thing I wanted was responsibility. Now it's different."

"You had responsibility at Helper Creek and dogged it," Gannon pointed out.

"It's not the same," Hutch said vehemently. "If I get away from the woman and the kid I'll stick to my job. I know what I'm doing, Will, and I know what you want me to do. I know stock and I can see it's taken care of. I know as much about a stagecoach as any carpenter I hire. I know the good drivers and the ones we should let go, and I know that the important thing about hay and grain is not buying it but having it where it's needed. I can run this division, Will, and I never saw the day when I'd be scared off by Lou Maydet."

Everything he said was true, and Gannon knew it, Hutch thought. He saw that Gannon was still withholding judgment, and he asked wryly, "Remembering, Will?"

Gannon nodded.

"The time I rolled boulders down into our road camp so that fatheaded captain of our cavalry escort shot up the night for two hours?"

Gannon smiled faintly and nodded. "That time and others."

"That's all gone," Hutch said earnestly. "You make me division agent and you won't see any drivers coming up to me in Maydet's saloon to beg for more feed at the swing stations. No station will be short. I'll ride that division until I can run it in my sleep." He stopped then, knowing he had said enough.

Gannon was silent a long while, staring into the fire. Presently he said, almost musingly, "A man usually fires his friends last, but I don't, Hutch. I fire them first because I expect them to deliver more."

"Who's complaining?" Hutch asked quietly.

Gannon took a deep breath. "We'll try it a while, Hutch. When I ride you, take it, because I'm riding myself."

Hutch grinned, his pleasure showing all over his face. He could do a good job, he knew, and that would never worry him, but most of his pleasure lay in the fact that he had already announced his intentions of traveling the line, and Gannon had accepted them. That meant he would have freedom to come and go at Boley's and, since it was a station Gannon himself was concerned about, he could give it—and Maggie Boley—time and attention.

BY DAYLIGHT the next morning they were on their way. As they rode eastward out of the timber and into the warmer foothills, Gannon considered his decision of last evening.

There had never been any doubt in his mind that Hutch had more than enough of the knowledge required of a division agent. Nor did he doubt that any driver, stocktender, carpenter, harness maker or blacksmith could shirk his duty without Hutch's knowing it. The trouble was, he knew, that Hutch could sincerely mean what he said as he was saying it, but not mean it at all when delivering became irksome. Still, you couldn't judge a man by what he was five years ago, or even two. Not even me, he thought bleakly, remembering his life with Marian. Maybe what Hutch said was true—that, once free of the company of his Papago wife and half-breed child, he would welcome responsibility.

Just after midday, the log shack of the Dry Creek Station, abutting almost the last of the foothills, was again in sight. Gannon decided they would change horses here and push on to Lennor's that night, and he discovered that he was looking forward to this visit with something like pleasure. After the slim fare of the last two days and the cold night in the woods, Lennor's, with its good food and beds, seemed a haven. He had a mental picture of Carrie Bentall, straight-backed at the stove, the kitchen and common room shining with her cleanliness.

Hutch's voice roused him. "You see any horses?"

Gannon looked ahead at the Dry Creek Station corrals and saw that they were empty. That meant that the feed on its way from Louisburg had not yet arrived, and that Keefe was probably grazing the horses somewhere east on the prairie.

Minutes later they reined up in front of the shack. Gannon sat motionless in his saddle for a moment, an uneasiness growing within him. Alongside the bottom pole of one section of the corral he saw wisps of new hay, which had been dropped as the feed was forked over. That meant Keefe's feed was already here. He glanced back at the shack, with its door standing open. And then he saw the stain in the hard-packed dirt of the yard. The stain led up to the door and over the sill.

Swiftly Gannon swung out of the saddle and ran into the shack. Keefe was lying face-down on the floor, in a pool of blood, his rifle still in his hand.

AS HE knelt beside Keefe, Gannon heard Hutch's bitter cursing beside him. He turned Keefe over on his back and, with Hutch's help, lifted him to the straw pallet and pulled off his shirt. The bullet wound in the boy's left side seeped slowly, and Gannon knew that Keefe, already close to death, would surely die unless the bleeding was stopped.

In the cabinet on the wall, Gannon found an opened sack of flour, and he quickly poured some onto the wound, stanching the flow of blood. The boy's face was drained of all color Gannon saw, and his lips were faintly blue.

Gannon felt a quiet, murdering wrath come over him, and he tried to suppress it while he considered what they had to do. The eastbound stage was due soon, and if Keefe were to live he must be moved where he could get care and attention. As Gannon specu-

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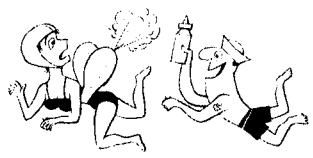
## Now they've done it!

**A new granular absorbent** is good for many uses around the house. Sprinkled on the garage floor, it helps in sweeping up oil and grease; on a basement floor, it picks up seepage. With some wrapped in a cloth bag, you can catch dampness in a clothes closet; and a cupful in the refrigerator prevents odor absorption by food. Used on the bottom of a garbage can, the compound destroys odors.



JAMES FLORA

**New, plastic repair liquid** seals leaks in vinyl plastic products such a pools, toys and rainwear —without patches. A drop or two dabbed over a hole has a weldlike effect within 10 minutes. The repaired portion is said to become part of the surface, can't be lifted off and is as waterproof and flexible as the original plastic sheeting.

**Want to stack pans,** baking dishes and platters vertically, saving cabinet space and making them easier to get at? An ingenious new bracket with swiveling arms can be screwed between shelves, adjusted to any vertical or near-vertical position that best supports the item being stored. It's useful, too, for filing of phonograph records and albums.

**Squeaky door?** Slip a tiny brass cup with a felt insert onto the head of any hinge pin. A few drops of oil applied once or twice a year to the felt keeps the hinge lubricated and quiet.

**You can now loosen stubborn nuts,** bolts, screws, rusted-on-mufflers, or any mechanical part frozen or stuck because of rust, corrosion, paint, shellac or dirt. There's a new solvent said to do the job effectively; it can penetrate clearances as small as one millionth of an inch. It's also good for cleaning rusty tools, spark plugs and corroded battery terminals.

**News for dog owners:** An inexpensive automatic waterer is on the market. Attached by a length of hose to any faucet, it keeps a fresh supply of water available, refills itself automatically as the dog drinks.

**To prevent thefts of car wheel disks,** there's an inexpensive little lock that screws onto the tire valve with a special key. You can't remove the disk without the key, and yet you can inflate the tire or check air pressure as usual.

—LAWRENCE GALTON

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lated gravely on moving him, Hutch said quietly, "You think we can get him to my woman, Will?"

Gannon shook his head. "We'll be lucky if we can get him to Lennor's on the eastbound." He looked at Keefe again, wondering how long he had lain there. The raid must have taken place after the westbound stage passed, or else Soderstrom would have heard the news from the driver. Even as he was thinking this, Will calculated that the herd was probably stolen around midnight and thus had a fifteen-hour start.

Gannon pushed his anger aside, considering this latest move of Maydet's. Finally he said, "Hutch, you take Keefe on the eastbound and turn him over to Lennor's women. Then borrow enough horses from Lennor for a team change and bring them back here. You'll keep the station until I get back."

"You going to try it alone, Will?"

Gannon nodded.

"That's what they want," Hutch said flatly. "This time they don't care about the horses. They want you."

"How do you figure that?"

"They knew you were at this end of the line. They could've picked that up from any driver. If they wanted the horses, they'd have waited until you were in Louisburg so they'd have had a three-day head start on you."

This was true, Gannon knew, and wisdom dictated that he ignore this thrust of Maydet's and bide his time until the odds were closer to even. He would be alone; his horse was already tired and he had no chance of replacing him. Beyond that, he did not know how many men he was up against. But if he ignored this incident, then no station and no employee was safe from Maydet's men. They could raid at will, safe in the knowledge that Midland wouldn't move against them.

"I'll want both horses, Hutch," he said stubbornly. "They're both beat, but I can spell them."

"You're still going?"

Gannon said flatly, "If I don't go, I might as well quit."

"Then let me go with you."

Anger flared in Gannon's eyes. "Damn it, Hutch, we're running a stage line! That comes first, always."

He did not wait for Hutch to answer, but moved over to Keefe's grub box. There he found a sack and filled it with the jerky and cold biscuits that Keefe had made from the new provisions. Then, leaving the shack, he went out to the barn and partially filled a gunny sack with grain, rolled it up and tied it behind the blanket roll on his horse.

Hutch unsaddled his own horse, put on a lead rope and stood watching from the door, the sting of Gannon's reproof still showing in his face. Gannon stepped into the saddle and the two men looked at each other. "How long do I wait, Will?" Hutch asked.

Gannon knew Hutch was asking how long he should wait before he followed him, but Gannon purposely misunderstood him. "Until I get back," he said, and pulled his horses around.

THE tracks of the driven horse herd were plain as they headed south and west across the prairie, aiming toward the mountains to the south. Gannon let his tired horses make their own pace. When darkness fell, he was into the shallow foothills. Here he grained his horses and let them graze for an hour while he ate a cold supper and speculated on what lay ahead.

Long before darkness had set in he had examined the country to the west with close attention. The foothills thrust out into the prairie from the mountains like fingers extended from a hand, and the herd had aimed between the two low ridges where he was now resting. In all probability, the two ridges would lift as he traveled west, and what was a shallow dip here would become a canyon farther on. Up there somewhere they would be waiting for him, probably with a guard staked out to warn them of his coming and to seal off his escape. They would be careful enough to figure he might travel by night, and would accordingly be ready for that too.

When Gannon saddled Hutch's fresher horse and picketed his own, he knew what he was going to do. Tonight he would travel—but not up this beginning canyon. He would cross the ridge to the south, paralleling the trail of the stolen horses. He could only hope that they would keep to the canyon they had entered. Just before daylight he could cross over and, at first light, confirm that the herd had passed by. It would be possible then to travel the ridge and move on.

He moved over into the next canyon and set himself to conserve his horses' strength. As he traveled on and the canyon began to narrow, Gannon wondered what lay ahead of him. Hutch's reasoning was probably correct, for in reading the signs left by the herd he could see no indication that their drivers had been in a hurry. They had watered the horses at every opportunity, and once had let them graze. Thieves concerned with pursuit and capture would have pushed the herd mercilessly; but these men, apparently, were expecting and would welcome pursuit to a place where they had previously elected to stand.

Before dawn, Gannon climbed the north ridge, which held a thick stand of timber, and came down the other side. Just before daylight came, he confirmed by shielded matchlight that the horses had passed here, holding west for the deep mountains. Before real daylight he was back in the screening timber of the ridge, traveling warily, only occasionally pulling over to the rim to see what lay ahead.

It was on one of these careful excursions to the edge of the timber that he caught a glimpse of a meadow ahead. His curiosity heightened, he pulled back into the timber and pushed on and, when he judged he was opposite the meadow, he reined in, dismounted, and moved over to the edge of timber. There below him lay a wide meadow of wild hay; the Dry Creek horses were loosely bunched and grazing at its upper end. As he was watching, feeling his heart pounding, he saw a faint stream of smoke rising from the trees at the east end of the meadow.

MOVING swiftly along the rim, Gannon reached a spot where he could see through the trees to the source of the smoke—a small log cabin with a rock-and-mud chimney.

For several minutes Gannon studied the cabin. There was no corral in sight. Whoever was in the cabin had turned their horses loose with the herd.

Gannon went back to his horse and mounted. Still clinging to the timber, he pushed on west and presently, when he judged he was at the end of the meadow, he pulled off the rim onto the valley floor. Turning east through the timber, he came to the edge of the meadow and halted.

He saw one of the grazing horses lift his head, ears alert, and heard him snort uneasily. Gannon knew that he could wait no longer. Drawing a deep breath into his lungs, he let out a scream of a mountain lion and savagely roweled his horse through the trees, heading for the meadow. When he broke out of the timber at a dead run, the grazing horses were already panicked and in motion, and Gannon tried desperately to close the gap between himself and the herd. Three horses at the north edge of the timber were running tardily for the protection of the herd, and now Gannon's horse was among them.

He glanced ahead at the cabin and saw three men run out of it; two were waving their arms, guns in hand, while the third was waving a coat in an effort to turn the oncoming horses.

Gannon lifted his gun, grabbed the mane of his horse with his gun hand, kicked his left foot free of the stirrup and, Indian fashion, swung down alongside his horse's neck, his leg under the horse's belly. Then he shot and whistled piercingly.

The terrified horses, at full gallop, were strung out in a stampeding line. Gannon's horse was toward the rear, with the herd between it and the men from the shack. He heard shots now as they came almost abreast of the men, and he heard two horses scream and go down. Looking under his horse's neck, Gannon saw that the man with the rifle was Rich Cleff. Cleff was shooting blindly, savagely, into the herd as it galloped past him and downcanyon. Gannon heard a horse behind him go down with a savage grunt, and then they were past the cabin.

Still keeping down, Gannon looked back and saw four horses struggling in the meadow. Cleff was still shooting, while the other two men were chasing a limping horse.

Then he was in the narrowing canyon and he reined in his tired horse. There was a patch of timber ahead, and the stampeding herd skirted it at full gallop. Gannon put his horse into the timber, dismounted, and then came back to the edge of the clearing. Squatting now against a tree, he waited, feeling a grim elation as the clatter of the stampeding horses faded.

There would be a guard below somewhere and he would have been alerted by the gunfire. Whether he would try to stop the stampeding horses or return to discover the reason for the shooting, Gannon didn't know. He waited, listening.

Presently he picked up the sound of a horse approaching at full gallop, and he lifted his rifle. Suddenly the horseman rounded the edge of the timber, a gun in his hand. The horseman saw Gannon immediately and snapped a shot, reining his horse abruptly to the left and rearing him. Gannon sighted on the horse's chest and waited until the horse came down on all fours, bringing the man's shirt into Gannon's sight. He fired and saw the man fall.

Gannon rose quickly then and raced to cut off the frightened horse. Yelling, he waved his hat and whistled shrilly. The horse shied away from him, turned, and cut back downcanyon at a dead run. Afterward, Gannon stood there, hat in one hand, rifle in the other, and dragged deep gusts of morning air into his aching lungs. The dead weariness in him was offset by a wild joy. Cleff and his crew were afoot, their companion dead, and the horse herd was on its way back to Dry Creek, safe from any pursuit.

THE passengers of the eastbound, having just finished their midday meal, were milling around the common room at Lennor's. Carrie Bentall came in from the kitchen with a wedge of pie on a plate, which she set down for Wilsey Kirk, the driver and the last diner to finish.

Wilsey wiped his mouth and beard with his forearm and shook his head.

**BUTCH**

"Hi, Daisy. Dis is Butch. It's twelve o'clock. *Happy Noo Year!*"

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"Can't do it, Carrie, but that meal sure made up for Boley's."

"I thought that was going to be changed," Carrie said.

"'Tis, some." Wilsey conceded. "It's cleaner, but the food's no different. He's got to scare 'em again."

"Gannon, you mean," Carrie said.

Wilsey looked up at her and nodded. "How's Keefe?"

Carrie sank onto the bench, glad for this small break. An involuntary sigh escaped her. "He's eating a little, but he's out of his head with fever."

"Can I talk to him?"

"He's sleeping now. I don't think you'd better."

"Then cheer him up with this news when he wakes up," Wilsey said. "Gannon tracked down the bunch that shot Keefe. He killed one, set the rest of 'em afoot eighty miles from the closest horse, and got his horses back."

Carrie said flatly, "I'll tell him."

WILSEY eyed Carrie shrewdly. "What's the matter? Has Gannon scorched you too?"

Carrie shook her head. "No, but that doesn't mean he won't."

"That's a fact," Wilsey agreed soberly. "He don't care who he rakes over, not even his best friend."

Carrie asked, "You mean Hutch?"

Wilsey nodded. "Hutch was at Boley's when I come through last night, and he rode with me down to Dry Creek. Gannon had got back with the horses sometime in the night. Seems he'd left Hutch to tend the station. Hutch changed horses for the westbound, rode up to Boley's with the stage, and came back with me, so he was always there to make the team change. That didn't suit Gannon, though." Wilsey shook his head, as if remembering. "Hutch no sooner hit the ground than Gannon lit on him. Hutch took a raking like I never heard a man take before. I thought there'd be gun play."

Carrie shook her head. "No, Hutch is scared of him," she said, an odd bitterness in her voice. "Everybody's scared of him. That's what he wants."

"Well, he's a rough man."

"You like it that way?" Carrie asked quietly.

Wilsey thought a moment, gently scratching his chin through his beard. "I reckon I do," he said at last. "A man's going to think twice before he stops my stage, points a gun at me and tells me to throw down the loot. He'll know he's got Gannon on his neck, and that Gannon won't quit till he gets him."

"Do the other drivers feel that way?"

"Mostly." He was watching Carrie, and he added abruptly, "You don't like him."

Carrie stood up and said, with scarcely an inflection in her voice, "I don't feel any way about him, Wilsey. I don't even work for him."

"Well, he ain't a happy man, that's for sure," Wilsey said. Then, suddenly remembering something, he added, "What I brought him today didn't make him any happier."

Carrie waited, curious.

Wilsey shrugged and stood up. "Kirby give me a hand-passed letter for Gannon from Salt Lake. When he read it he just walked away from the team change, but he looked like somebody'd kicked him in the belly." Wilsey looked at her. "What do you figure?"

"I don't, Wilsey. People get bad news all the time."

"Not all of the time, Carrie, just most of the time," Wilsey said dryly. He smiled at her, picked up his gauntlets and went out.

Carrie cleared the table and presently Mrs. Lennor came out into the kitchen to help her with the dishes. When they were finished, Mrs. Lennor said, "I'll go sit with Keefe a spell, and you take a rest."

Carrie nodded, and Mrs. Lennor went out back to the bunkhouse, where Keefe had been put. The women watched him during the day, and Lennor or the stocktender watched him during the night. Carrie sometimes wondered, watching his suffering, if it wouldn't have been more merciful if the bullet had killed him.

She would have liked to sit down for a moment, but she knew that Mrs. Lennor expected her to do the weekly chore of airing the bunkhouse blankets. When she stepped into the bunkhouse, Mrs. Lennor was seated in a rocking chair at the far end of the big room. Mrs. Lennor did not speak but merely watched Carrie as she folded blankets and took them in her arms. Once outside Carrie turned west, heading out over the green prairie.

A hundred yards from the bunkhouse were a series of mounded anthills. Unfolding a blanket, Carrie spread it on the first anthill and then walked across it to disturb the red ants. Then she spread another blanket on a second anthill, and a third and a fourth.

As she went back to the bunkhouse for a second load she wondered if Keefe would be in any condition to understand Wilsey's news, or if he even cared whether his shooting was revenged or not. It seemed to her that the news of revenge was becoming too common lately and that it was always associated with Will Gannon. First he had killed a man for burning Lennor's barn. Now he had killed another man for stealing horses. She supposed it was true that a man must defend his own property and that in a lawless country this sometimes meant killing, but she was weary of this news of violence that each driver brought to their isolated station.

Each time it made her wonder what kind of a man Gannon really was. It seemed to her that he must like violence for the sake of violence. Else why was there always this feeling of physical threat in the background when men talked about him?

She got a second armful of blankets and, as she was walking toward the anthills, she saw a lone rider approaching from the west. She had just finished her chore when she heard a horse approaching. She turned and saw that it was Will Gannon. His gaunt features were blurred by black beard stubble, and there was a dull look in his eyes.

He reined in, touched his hat and asked, "How's Keefe doing?"

Carrie told him, adding, "He may be awake by now. He's in the bunkhouse."

GANNON accepted this in silence, and Carrie thought: He's not even listening. Something's wrong. She turned and walked across the last blankets she had laid down. Gannon, she knew, was watching her and when she was finished she looked up at him.

"What's that you're doing?" he asked and pulled his horse over to her. For a moment, Carrie saw, curiosity had replaced the sickness in his eyes.

Carrie smiled faintly. "All your stage passengers aren't the cleanest people in the world, Mr. Gannon. They bring lice with them and leave them on the blankets. Once a week we spread the blankets on these hills of red ants. Tomorrow, when I pick up the blankets, the red ants will have cleaned them of lice."

As she finished talking, Carrie saw that the interest in Gannon's expression had vanished and that his face was bleak again. He dismounted and together they headed toward the house, Will leading his horse and making no effort at conversation. Was it remorse that was at work in him? Carrie wondered. Had he seen himself for the bully he was?

Suddenly she remembered Wilsey's words describing Gannon's reactions to the letter Wilsey had given him: he looked like he'd been kicked in the belly. That was it then, Carrie thought. He had received some bad news and she wondered what it could be. She realized then that she knew nothing about this man save that he had been a division agent farther west on the Midland. In a different way, Gannon was like the tough riffraff who drifted past Lennor's and stopped for a meal—secretive, watchful, without visible ties and without any history.

They parted without speaking at the bunkhouse, and Carrie felt a small hope die that she had never known existed. Whatever she had thought of Gannon before, she had known that, unlike the Lennors, he was not indifferent to her existence, and because of that there had been a kind of excitement in their meetings. That was gone now, she knew; like the Lennors, he had put her aside for his own private thoughts.

GANNON dropped his reins and went into the bunkhouse. After greeting Mrs. Lennor, he asked, "Is Keefe awake?"

"He was a while ago, Mr. Gannon. I fed him some broth and he went to sleep right afterward."

Gannon crossed the room and drew back the blanket curtain. The first thing he noticed about Keefe was that there was some color in his cheeks. He was stripped to the waist and Gannon could see a clean bandage on his side.

"I'll watch him a while, if you like," he said to Mrs. Lennor.

She rose and said, matter-of-factly, "I *could* be doing some things," and went out.

Gannon sat down on one of the bunks, overwhelmed by weariness. Almost instinctively his hand started for his shirt pocket. No, he thought, there's no use reading it again or carrying it around. But he got out the envelope anyway and fumbled in his coat pocket for a match. Taking the letter out, he reread it, struck the match, lighted the paper and envelope and dropped them to the dirt floor, watching the brief flames consume them. Then he took off his hat and lay back on the bunk. It was all right now. The disbelief was ended, now that the note was burned. He had finally accepted the brief message: *Just learned from San Francisco that Mrs. Gannon is dead by her own hand. Thought you'd want to know. Blayne.*

Blayne, Salt Lake division agent for the line, and Gannon's good friend, had been kind enough, and at the same time cruel enough, to put on paper what Gannon would have inevitably heard. And now it was finished. There was no use running from it any longer. Marian was dead.

When he had first read the letter, he had never known such immediate,


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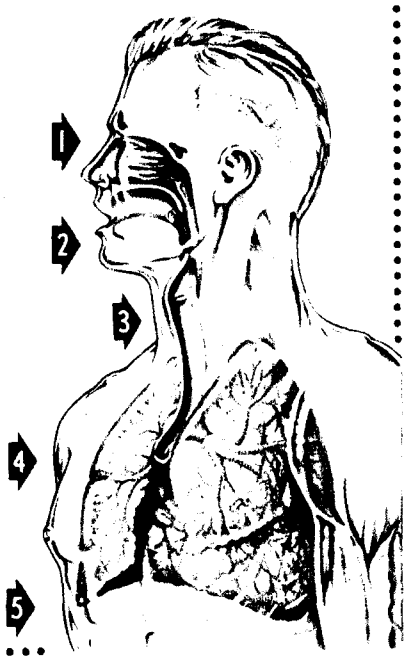


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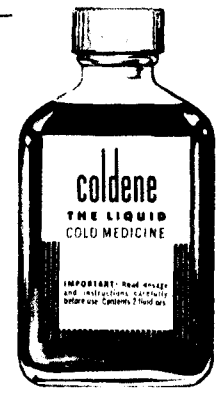


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crushing punishment. All day his mind had kept repeating: You'd lost her anyway. What does it matter if she's dead? But that didn't lessen the anguish. Had she taken her life because of her feeling of guilt over deserting him? Or had she found life intolerable with her new man? He would never know, and he really didn't want to know. All he knew now was that he had loved her beyond his own understanding, and that without ever being really conscious of it, he had planned, when he had swallowed his hard pride, to get her back. All of it—the love and hurt, the anger and pride, both the sweet and the bitter memories—had been senseless; none of it had amounted to a damn, and nothing ever would be worth a damn again.

THE return of Lennor's stocktenders from their work on the new barn roused Gannon from his half-sleep, and he was immediately aware of Keefe's feverish moaning behind the curtain. Gannon hurried up to the house to report it, and Carrie left immediately for the bunkroom, while Gannon, feeling helpless and guilty, watched her go. Then, to be doing something, he asked Lennor for the loan of his razor, and shaved himself at the bench beside the back door.

At supper, Gannon picked up the gossip of the line. Mr. Olderson had stopped by on his way west, saying that an emergency in one of the western divisions made it imperative for him to leave Louisburg. He had left word for Gannon that Maydet's inventory was completed and in the hands of young Bert Dickert, who seemed capable of handling the office work. But the division badly needed an agent, someone with more authority and years than Dickert, who could bring some semblance of order to the Louisburg end.

Gannon listened to Lennor and knew that he would have to do something immediately about a new division agent, and he knew it could not be Hutch. The first responsibility he had given Hutch—the keeping of the Dry Creek Station—had resulted in Hutch's failing him. No, Hutch was not his man.

Gannon noticed that Carrie did not appear during supper, and when they had left the table, Gannon went back to the bunkhouse. She was feeding Keefe when he entered, and he moved over to Keefe's bunk. The youngster smiled wanly at him. "Carrie says you got 'em back," he said.

Gannon nodded. "We did a little more than that."

"Oh?" Keefe asked, and looked inquiringly at Carrie.

"One man killed and the rest set afoot," Carrie said tonelessly.

"You didn't tell me that," Keefe said.

"No," Carrie said, and left it there. She held a spoonful of broth up to Keefe's mouth, but he shook his head.

"I'd just like to sleep again," he said apologetically.

As Carrie put away Keefe's dishes and began to tidy up his bunk, Gannon stepped outside. It was odd, he thought, that Carrie should have told Keefe of the recovery of the horses without telling him the rest of it. Now, as he packed his pipe and lighted it, he saw his saddle and blanket roll against the bunkhouse wall, and he was suddenly aware that while he had slept someone had taken care of his horse. He heard a sound behind him, turned and saw Carrie standing in the bunkhouse doorway watching him. Then she brushed past him on the way to the house.

"Carrie," he called, and heard her stop in the darkness. "How do you think he is?"

"I don't know. He eats and sleeps. That can't be anything but good, can it?"

"No. But you thought my news would upset him?" He put the question tentatively, as if puzzled.

"About the killing, you mean?"

"Yes."

"I guess I didn't want to tell him," Carrie said quietly. "If you want to make a habit of greeting people by saying, 'Hello, I just killed a man yesterday,' that's your business."

She did not wait for him to comment but went on into the house.

Gannon stared after her in the darkness, angry and puzzled. Was she reproving him for having shot a man who was shooting at him?

He strolled across the road to the corral and stood leaning on the top rail, smoking, watching the house. Presently he saw Mrs. Lennor close and bolt the porch door and take the lamp upstairs to her bedroom. Carrie, he supposed, would be in the kitchen alone, eating the supper she had missed. On impulse he went back to the house.

HIS guess had been right. As he came in the back door he saw that Carrie, seated alone at the kitchen table, was having her supper. Gannon was abruptly conscious of both the loneliness and self-sufficiency of this girl.

He moved over to the stove, picked up the coffeepot, filled Carrie's cup and an extra cup already set out for the morning. Then he sat down facing her and in silence drank his coffee, watching her finish her supper. She was not embarrassed and seemed unconcerned by his presence, Gannon thought, and he recalled her strange words outside the bunkhouse.

When she leaned back in her chair and glanced over at him, Gannon smiled faintly. "Something about me is bothering you, Carrie," he said. "What is it?"

Carrie shook her head and looked directly into his eyes. "It doesn't matter and you wouldn't want to hear it."

"I want to."

When Carrie said nothing, he asked quietly, "Have I ever said to you, 'Hello, I killed a man yesterday'?"

"No, I was exaggerating. That's just the way it seems to us here," Carrie said calmly. "We get news of everything you do. You slap a man at this station, and at the next station you curse a man and threaten to replace him. You shoot a man at another station for trying to steal your horses. When someone really *does* steal your horses, you kill him. Maybe that's all necessary. I don't know. But then you tell the drivers, 'Pass the news down the line about how tough I am.'"

Gannon felt his face redden. "For a reason, Carrie," he said.

"I know," Carrie said dryly. "You want to scare the bad ones off, scare the lazy ones into working and scare the good ones into being better."

"That's an odd way of saying a man wants to do a good job. Have I scared you?"

CARRIE gazed at him thoughtfully. "I suppose you have," she said. "Not directly, but you scare me into not liking you very much."

"How have I scared you?" Gannon demanded.

"Like this," Carrie said. "Pushing me into a corner, demanding why I feel the way I do, making me say things I'd never say if you didn't ask them."

Gannon shifted in his chair, uncomfortable under her quiet gaze. She had simply misunderstood his need to discipline the slack people under him and to defend, at the point of a gun, the property that was entrusted to him.

He said, almost with impatience, "How would you have me be, Carrie?"

She rose and said calmly, "Gentler," and picked up her plate and cup, moving toward the dishpan on the stove.

"I'll remember that," Gannon said curtly. "When I'm dealing with Maydet or these riffraff horse thieves, I'll try to remember I should turn the other cheek. But I won't, Carrie, and you know why. I'd get my head belted off."

Carrie half turned and looked at him. "You will anyway," she said. "Violence catches up with a person, doesn't it?"

Gannon rose now and said dryly, "You're sure you're right about that?"

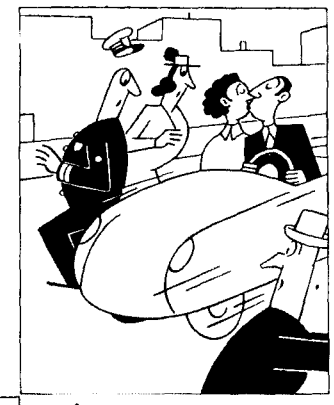
Carrie looked at him swiftly. "No. I just have a feeling."

"Good night," Will said, and left the kitchen, hearing her quiet "Good night, Will." He was out the back door and onto the hard-packed dirt before he realized that she had called him Will. She had said it freely, and with something like pity in her voice.

He walked slowly toward the bunkhouse, wondering at this girl. Her talk, the very meaning of her words, was elusive. She would have him gentler, else he would die by violence. He was wryly amused at the thought. Only a

## It's the Law!

**By Dick Hyman**



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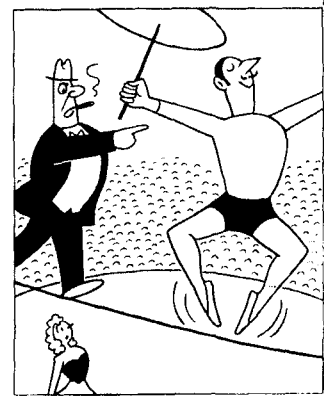

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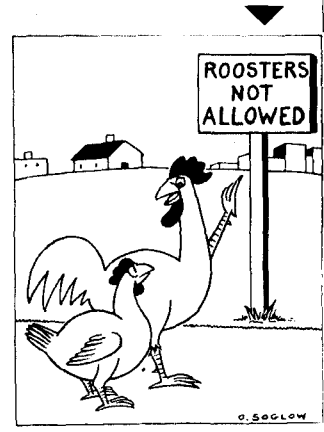


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pleasantly daft, solitary girl, gentle as a woman should be, could seriously give this advice, he thought.

GANNON got to Louisburg late the following night, and the next morning he went directly to Maydet's store to talk with young Bert Dickert. "How's it going, Bert?" Gannon asked as they shook hands.

Young Dickert ran a hand through his blond hair and grinned. "Well, we're making money."

"That's the idea," Gannon said and stepped inside the enclosure.

Dickert waited politely until Gannon sat down in the straight-back chair before the desk, and then he began to talk stage business. While Gannon listened, answering questions, nodding approval and making suggestions, he watched Bert Dickert. Sudden responsibility had matured the boy; he spoke quietly, but with authority and knowledge of his job.

When Bert had brought the account of his work up to date, Gannon leaned back in his chair. "Have you picked up anything, Bert, that might tell us who killed your uncle?"

Bert frowned. "Nothing I can put my finger on, Mr. Gannon, but I don't have to look far."

"No farther than this store?"

Bert nodded. "I watch every night," he said grimly. "Not a night goes by but what some traveler isn't roughed up and robbed. The games over at the saloon are crooked. Maydet owns the saloon and hires the dealers. The crew that hangs around him never does any work, but they always have money. I don't think it's theirs."

Will glanced beyond Bert and saw Maydet coming up an aisle of the store, his burly body rolling from side to side as he walked. He was freshly shaven and his dark mustache was newly trimmed. The knife scar on his cheek showed plainly, and he seemed to wear it with arrogance. He saw Gannon and turned aside quickly to speak to one of his clerks.

Gannon got up. "We'll talk about that later, Bert," he said, and walked out of the enclosure toward Maydet.

At Gannon's approach, Maydet turned his head and nodded. "I saw some friends of yours a few days ago," Gannon said.

Maydet's black eyebrows lifted. "Well, I have a lot of 'em. Who?"

"Rich Cleff and three others."

"That no-good," Maydet said. "Where'd you see him?"

"With about eighteen of my horses," Gannon said.

The blandness on Maydet's big face changed into momentary puzzlement. Then he said, "Oh, I heard about that. Was Cleff running with that gang?"

"Running with it, or running it, I didn't stop to ask."

Maydet shook his head. "He's wild, that lad is. That's why I ran him out."

"When was this?"

"Some days ago," Maydet said idly. "He sat in for a sick dealer over at the saloon. Damned if I didn't catch him using marked cards. I threw him out."

Gannon had to admire the man. He probably knew that Dickert had spotted the crooked games, and he was now admitting to them by disclaiming Cleff.

"May I bring my own noisemaker up there and join your party?"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES SKILES

And Gannon knew there was no way he could tie Cleff to Maydet so long as Maydet disclaimed him.

"Speaking of horses, I want a word with you," Maydet said. "Let's go back to the office." He turned and led the way to the back of the store, to a small, dingy room lighted by one high, unwashed window. Maydet gestured to the straight chair against the wall, and when Gannon sat down, he himself sat in the swivel chair behind the desk.

"This happened when I was division agent, but it don't concern me now. I just thought I'd tell you," Maydet began. "Remember those horses that were run off from Dry Creek Station when I was division agent?"

Gannon nodded.

"I had a man come to me and ask if I wanted to buy them back. I told him I'd ask you."

Gannon leaned forward. "Buy them back?" he said.

Maydet nodded. "It happened to me all the time when I was division agent."

"You mean this man steals your horses, then comes and asks you to buy them back?"

"Oh, not the same man that stole them," Maydet said mildly. "Hell, if it was the same man, I'd shoot him. No, it isn't worked like that."

"How is it worked?"

"You know how it is," Maydet said, his voice matter-of-fact and friendly. "These damn' roughs will sneak in on a station and drive off the horses. Sometimes they're Injuns, sometimes they're breeds and sometimes they're whites living with Injuns or breeds. If a man's got a station to hold down, he can't go chasing horses. Even if he does, this country's a mighty big place. They can't cover it all. Well, what happens?"

"Tell me," Gannon said.

"You just wait a while and one day a man comes in and asks you if you want to buy some horses. You always want to buy horses. So you go out and take a look at them. They're your horses, but the brand's been changed. The man has a bill of sale and the horses are cheap. The second time this man comes around, you don't even bother to look at the horses. They're yours, but he's got proof they're his. You just buy them back."

"You don't do anything to the man who holds a crooked bill of sale?"

Maydet sighed heavily. "You still don't see it. He didn't steal the horses and likely he don't know who did. He's got a good bill of sale, and likely the man before him had, so it's all legal. The thieves know and you know those are your horses. They also know that the nearest law is a couple of hundred miles away. Are you going to law and months of court fighting when it's easier to buy back your horses cheap?"

"I'd track down the party who gave the bill of sale."

Maydet shook his head. "The man's gone west, moved out."

"If the seller is giving you cheap horses, he knows they're stolen."

Maydet snorted, "Of course he does. But he didn't steal them. His cousin or a cousin of a cousin did. He's just the go-between, and you've got nothing on him."

Gannon tried to keep his face impassive, to hide his anger. With bland gall, Maydet was offering to sell him back the horses Maydet himself had stolen. He was even claiming that he had followed this practice when he was division agent—and he was probably telling the truth, Gannon thought grimly.

Maydet, as division agent, very likely had his own men steal his horses and then had spent company money to buy them back.

"I see your point," Gannon conceded mildly. "It's cheaper to deal than to try to track down ownership."

Again Maydet nodded. "I always figured it was. You can suit yourself."

"How many has your seller got and what does he want for them?"

"Fifteen at five dollars a head," Maydet said calmly.

"That's cheap enough. When can he deliver?"

"Tonight," Maydet said. "You pay me the money and I'll hold it. The horses will be left in the corral sometime tonight. Look them over tomorrow and if the count's right, I'll pass on the money."

Gannon stood up. "I'll tell Dickert to give you the money. But you might pass on a message to the man you give it to. Tell him the next time we have some horses stolen, I'll get them back if I have to go to California to do it."

He saw the amused malice in Maydet's eyes, but the big man's face was bland. "I'll tell him," he said.

GANNON nodded and walked out, wondering if Maydet had noticed his suppressed wrath, wondering too if Maydet really thought him that gullible. He hoped his pretense of accepting Maydet's suggestion that he buy the horses had been convincing.

He paused at the enclosure to instruct Bert Dickert to pay over seventy-five dollars to Maydet for horses, and Dickert handed him a piece of paper. "From Mr. Olderson," Dickert said.

Gannon unfolded the paper and read: *Will, Union Pacific informs me a specie shipment of $60,000 is due at end of steel, around the 27th, to be laid down here. This should give you time to pull in reliable guards from the western divisions in case you mistrust what men are available here. Olderson.*

The twenty-seventh was six days away; and Gannon, grimly acknowledging that there were no reliable guards available, made a mental note to send word by tomorrow's stage to Blayne in Salt Lake City.

HE SPENT the rest of the day in the shops, barns and stables doing the chores of the nonexistent division agent. Hugh Wells, the man Hutch had recommended as the best man for division agent, was a driver and was out on a run. Until Wells returned, Gannon knew he must handle the division affairs himself.

At one time during the day, Gannon took time to reconnoiter the buildings around the big corral where the stolen horses would be delivered that night. A big feed barn adjoined it, and Gannon prowled its lower floor. At one corner of the barn, there was a small room opening onto the corral, and when Gannon opened the door he smelled the rank odor of tar and liniment. Looking inside, he saw rows of jugged medicines and veterinary tools hanging from nails on the wall.

That evening, Gannon had supper with Bert Dickert and then, at dark, headed for the stable office. Rufe, the stableman, was there, and Gannon said, "My horse has a cut. Got a key to the vet's cupboard?"

Rufe moved over to the keyboard, saying, "You'll want the key to the feed barn. You can get to it through there." He lifted down a key and Gannon took it, thanking him.

At full dark Gannon let himself into the feed barn, listening to the whispering scurry of the mice and rats. Once in the vet's cupboard, he moved to the corral door, unbolted it and opened it wide enough so that he could dimly make out the corral gate. Then he looked around, found a block of wood that the vet used as a stepladder to reach his highest shelf, placed it before the door and sat down. Maydet might have been satisfied that the men who delivered the horses were not a party to the theft, but Gannon was not.

It was close to midnight when Gannon heard hoofbeats outside. Presently, he could make out the dim form of a rider approaching the corral gate. He saw the man attempt to open the gate from horseback, heard him swear and then dismount and push open the gate, leading his horse inside. In a moment the horses entered the corral, a second rider hazing them from the rear.

Silently Gannon pushed the door open and stepped outside, lifting his gun from its holster. He moved swiftly toward the dismounted man and then called sharply, "Hold on there!"

As he spoke an orange flare and the racketing shot of a pistol boomed out from the corner of the barn to his left. Gannon half turned and shot blindly at the flame, knowing as he did so that he should not have returned the fire but should have dropped to the ground.

And then another shot sounded and Gannon was knocked flat on his face, a tearing pain suffusing his back and side. He knew without even framing it in his mind that a man had been waiting at the cupboard corner of the barn with a shotgun to shoot him in the back. He had walked into Maydet's trap.

In the terrible seconds that he struggled to replace the air driven from his lungs, he was certain he was going to die. With a massive effort he rolled over, shot toward the corner of the barn, and then was aware that men and horses were running. Whether they were running at him or away from him he did not know, for he was drowning in an ocean of pain. —LUKE SHORT

*(This is the second of three parts)*



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# IS THE MISSIONARY DONE FOR?

*Since the early days, he has faced cholera and cannibals with courage and zeal. Now, however, his confidence is ebbing under an attack from new forces harder to combat*

By DELIA and FERDINAND KUHN

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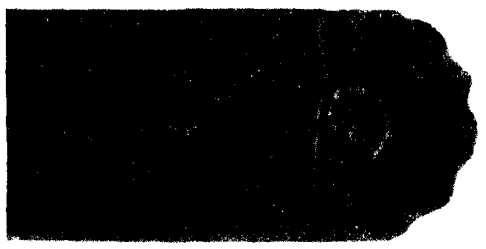

Within the past year, five young American Protestant missionaries were beheaded or speared to death by jungle Indians on the upper Amazon. A Catholic bishop, shattered in body and in mind by three and a half years of jail and torture, had to be carried across the border from Red China to Hong Kong. A mission teacher in North Vietnam had his tongue sliced off by a bayonet—because he had led his pupils in the Lord's Prayer.

Since the days of the early explorers, Christian missionaries have gone out to meet cholera and cannibals, and more modern perils, with zeal and careless courage. They have lost their health, their sanity, and sometimes their lives—but rarely their confidence.

Now, however, some of this confidence is ebbing. Why? Not because the physical danger is greater; except in Communist areas the danger is generally less. The real reason is that the missionary is under attack from new revolutionary forces harder to combat than mere violence or terror. He is in trouble not because he is Christian—but because he is Western, and because he is white.

In Asia and Africa, missionaries feel the ground shifting under their feet, the hostile storm gathering. Many wonder what will happen if the storm breaks—what will happen to them personally, to the churches they have built, the schools and hospitals they have established, the native churchmen they have ordained, the millions who have been converted, the millions more who have not.

In a remote section of northern Burma, less than a hundred miles from where Chinese Communist troops recently crossed the border, we met a young Illinois Baptist who was as tall and rangy as Gary Cooper. His wife was getting ready to travel alone to a mission hospital 500 miles to the south to have her third child.

For at least three months, her husband would be left to look after their two youngsters, the tiny church and the mission school as best he could. But what chiefly concerned him was not only the next three months but the next year and the year after. He saw no future there for himself or for any other Westerner.

"The most important part of my job here—and the hardest," he told us quietly, "is to make myself dispensable. I'm only a consultant now. I'm training my Burmese successor to take over."

THIS YOUNG MAN was planning for the future. We found older missionaries more pessimistic, more inclined to grieve over what seems the slow strangulation of the work of generations. "Not for a hundred years," one told us bitterly, "have so many doors been slammed in our faces, so many welcome mats been pulled up. Never have we felt so strongly that our whole movement is living on borrowed time."

Bishop James E. Walsh, former superior general of the Maryknoll Fathers, now living under strict surveillance in Shanghai, put it this way: "The task of a missioner is to go to a place where he is not wanted, to sell a pearl whose value is not recognized, to people who are determined not to accept it even as a gift."

Until now the Western churchman has been confident that he has a unique mission to preach the Gospel and practice Christian works everywhere.

This concept, so long and so dearly held by the Western World, is being challenged from three directions.

The first challenge comes, of course, from Communism. Where that godless doctrine has taken over, as in China, North Korea and North Vietnam, foreign missions have been eliminated. Even where Communism stands little chance of taking over, local Communist propaganda paints the missionary as a tool of foreign powers—in the hope of driving him out. An American who teaches at the Christian, nondenominational Doshisha University in Kyoto, Japan, said not long ago that he felt as if he were in a "beleaguered fortress."

"I can't even have a bull session with my students any more," he reported. "They are so Communist-minded that every discussion with them becomes a wrangle."

THE SECOND CHALLENGE comes from nationalism, which is not anti-Christian but antiforeign. Ironically, Western missionaries helped sow the seeds of nationalism wherever they carried ideas of self-respect, independence and the vision of a better life. But today nationalism, as expressed by independent new governments, is putting up roadblocks against them.

India and Burma now make it difficult for foreigners to get entry visas if their only purpose is to convert. When a missionary returns home because of illness or age or transfer to another post, it may take months to get a visa for his successor—if a replacement is permitted at all. Proof must be supplied that there is no local citizen qualified to do the work. Some missionaries who have served in India or Burma for years have even been threatened with expulsion because of rumors that they were spies, or political agents, or slanderers of Eastern religions.

These religions are on the march today, and their revival is another expression of Asian and African nationalism. In parts of Africa, for example, Islam is making converts on a scale that Christianity finds hard to match. Small planes from Egypt and Syria, carrying shock troops of Moslem propagandists, sweep down on African cities south of the Sahara, like Ibadan and Kano in Nigeria and Khartoum in the Sudan. They bring literature, prayer rugs and instructions for the local followers of the Prophet.

E. J. Bingle, a London secretary of the International Missionary Council (Protestant), says: "In Ibadan, a town of 400,000 inhabitants, over half the population has been converted to Islam in twenty years; yet in Ibadan there are only two Moslem primary schools and more than twenty Christian schools."

Beyond Communism and nationalism a third source of trouble for the Western missionary is the rising color consciousness of Asians and Africans. More and more the white man, whether in church robe or business suit, is regarded as an intruder. Of the total U.S. missionary force of more than 25,000 men and women—some 22,000 Protestants and 5,000 Catholics—



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all but about 200 are white. The hot winds of race-awareness blow strong against them.

Such antagonisms are all the more tragic because, by and large, Western missionaries have chalked up a proud record.

Some of the brightest lights in the diplomatic and governmental services of Moslem Iran and Pakistan are graduates of Christian colleges. The top men of Buddhist Burma, from former Premier U Nu down, were educated at Judson College, then under Baptist auspices, now a part of the University of Rangoon. In India more than a million pupils, 40 per cent of them non-Christian, are enrolled in Catholic schools. In Africa 75 per cent of what education there is south of the Sahara is in foreign mission hands.

The influence of missions radiates not only from institutions but also from the example of a dedicated individual. "I can always tell where a missionary has been," the late Henry Garland Bennett, the first head of the American Point Four program, used to say. "Wherever the missionary has worked, the village is cleaner, and the people—whether Christian or not—hold their heads higher."

Here and there one can still find the pious prude whose chief concern is to put Mother Hubbards on naked children. But again and again a traveler encounters a missionary who has breathed new life and hope into a blighted area. Sometimes he is a world-renowned figure like Dr. Albert Schweitzer at his jungle hospital in French Equatorial Africa. More often, a great missionary is little known beyond his mission field. In India, for example, Louis LaRavoire Morrow, the Texas-born Catholic bishop of Krishnagar, is a towering figure. His mission, which is in the delta of the Ganges, one of the hottest, wettest and unhealthiest corners of India, includes a clinic (handling 78,000 cases a year), and a school that gives free education—a rare commodity in India—to more than a thousand children. Even rarer is the technical training which turns Morrow's boys into master carpenters, metal workers and electricians. The white-robed bishop, thickset and gray-haired, but still nimble at sixty-four, showed us the workshops where his teen-age pupils were operating American lathes and saws. Morrow's school—a pioneering venture—accounts only in part for his standing in India. More important is the bishop's long record of identifying himself with the people.

In the Bengal famine of 1943, when between 1,500,000 and 2,000,000 Indians died, Bishop Morrow and his staff distributed what rice they could beg or scrounge, kept vigil with the starving, buried the dead (if they were Christians who believed in burial) and almost died with them. He himself went down to 120 pounds from his normal 185.

Indians do not forget such things. At the nation's first general election in 1951, the city of Krishnagar persuaded the bishop to be a candidate for the city council. So that he would not lose his American citizenship, he refused to campaign or take an oath of office. He won by a landslide. If such an honor has ever been paid to another foreign missionary in India, it is not a matter of public record.

But a few dozen inspired individuals cannot save the missionary movement. How to save it, to reshape it, is the subject of hard thinking by church leaders, both Protestant and Catholic, in the United States today. The results of their rethinking and reshaping will be of vital concern to American churchgoers. Millions of them are now pouring out an ever-swelling torrent of dollars to foreign missions—$135,000,000 for the last reported year, 1955, more than double the 1945 total. The American stake in the missionary movement is greater than ever before—in money, in human services, in churches, hospitals and schools. Yet American congregations, for the most part, are unaware of the missionary crisis.

AN APPALLING GULF of misunderstanding separates the American missionary abroad and the home folks who support him. The picture that confronts the missionary in the field is vastly different from the picture in the mind of the churchgoer as he puts his dollar in the collection plate.

Dr. Henry P. Van Dusen, president of Union Theological Seminary in New York, which trains hundreds of Protestants for mission work, told us: "Too many Americans still think of the missionary as a well-intentioned but rather commonplace preacher, clad in a long frock coat, standing under a palm tree, a Bible in one hand and an umbrella in the other, exhorting half-naked savages to discard their heathen ways and accept the Christian God.

"That caricature," he added, "had best be relegated to the attic of our minds along with our childhood fantasies of the man in the moon.

"The most serious blind spot among our donors, I believe, is that they think almost exclusively in terms of evangelistic missions. They think of their own church at the corner of Main and Market lifted bodily to Madras or Malacca. Few of them realize that a typical foreign mission comprises not only a church, but also a hospital and a school; that it has five teachers for every evangelist, and that there is no way of knowing how many of the children will enter into the life of the church. Furthermore, the American donor usually has no idea that his dollar is matched and sometimes more than matched by Asian and African Christians."

But if laymen cherish illusions about the missionary movement, thoughtful churchmen do not. Leaders of both faiths are aware of the realities of the present and of certain errors of the past.

First, they generally concede, too many missionaries have gone out without special training and knowledge of the places and people to whom they were to minister.

Second, conversion has too often been the missionary's only concern and the measure of his success.

Third, rivalries among Protestant denominations have often resulted in a Babel of competing voices in the ears of the "heathen."

Fourth, and perhaps the basic error, Western missionaries have been slow to build native or "younger" churches, to train native clergy to man them, and to hand over responsibility and power to them.

ILLUSTRATING THE FIRST of these admitted errors, the poor training of missionaries, is the story of an American missionary family in the French Cameroons in equatorial Africa. They landed in a shiny new station wagon stuffed with a movie projector, sound recorders and other gadgets supplied by the home folks, and descended on an American mission in the nearest town, asking, "What do we do next?" The advice was to go upcountry where no missionaries were at work. But the newcomers were chained by their innocence of the languages and peoples of Africa, and ended by setting up a mission in the same town, where there were too many already.

The temptation is strong to push the greatest possible number of missionaries, regardless of training, out into the field while and where the doors are still open. But although there still are no universally accepted training standards, the effort in this direction is more active than before. American Catholic missionaries now go into the field with the equivalent of a B.A. degree in addition to three years of seminary training. A Committee on Missionary Personnel of the Division of Foreign Missions of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A. (Protestant) offers uniform application forms and psychological tests to its 79 member boards and societies, and it also provides a six-week training course for outgoing missionaries.

A retired missionary told us that he had gone to Asia 30 years ago with no more special preparation than a list of recommended reading about the area. "But," he went on, "last week I saw off two young men with master's degrees in rural sociology—and that's progress!"

Overemphasis on simple conversion—the second of the major errors—often puts blinkers on missionaries so that they are blind to the gathering storm clouds around them. The Reverend Frederick A. McGuire, executive secretary of the Mission Secretariat (Catholic), sees the consequences today of this error in China, where he worked as a missionary for 18 years.

"If we had understood the urgency of the social encyclicals of the popes in the years before the Communists took over in China," Father McGuire told us, "things might have come out differently. But we were so intent on preparing Chinese for baptism that we didn't give enough thought to preaching social justice. We did not do enough to train lay Catholics to lead the way in the fight for social justice and the general reform of the social order."

The third major error—denominational rivalry—dates from the days when American and British evangelists staged something like the Oklahoma land rush in mission fields, with scores of sects fighting to stake out claims and crowd out rivals. There still are many places where the "heathen" is offered multiple paths to Christian salvation. Last May an African pastor stood up in an American church conference and pleaded for traffic control among the evangelists.

"You know I am from the darkness of Africa," he said. "The missionaries come from this country to give us the Gospel of Christ . . . We are becoming Christians and they tell us we are Presbyterians. They do not tell us there are also Methodists, Congregationalists, Anglicans and so forth . . . I think you are like the ancient Church talking about how many angels may be sitting on the head of a needle."

One response to the bewildered African and others like him is the "United Mission." The small staff of nurses, doctors and teachers now working in



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*The Future of the Missionary Movement—a Protestant and a Catholic View*

The greatest single new fact of our day is that the Church of Christ exists in almost every land. The spread of Christianity since 1918 has been described as "Advance through Storm." When one door closes we use another, pliable in methods but firm in our mission and final goal. The Gospel of Christ remains the same today and always! "Go, be my witnesses!"

"Younger churches" around the world are growing in membership, in self-support, in leadership and in influence. Some of America's ablest young people are responding to the missionary vocation and go at the invitation of national leaders in the younger churches. Missionaries also go from the younger churches, for instance, from India to the Philippines, or from the Philippines to Indonesia, to North and South America. Responsibility for support and leadership is being transferred increasingly to national leaders. Plans are being made in partnership with them. This is the emerging future pattern.

Ever since the Crucifixion of Christ the Christian Mission has advanced through storm. But the storm does not spell the end of missions. Therefore American Christians must have a new understanding and be ready to assume a new role in these changing patterns of Christian missions. Today every area is a mission field; every church should be a mission; and every Christian a missionary. In the words of Adoniram Judson, pioneer missionary to Burma: "The future is as bright as the promises of God."

*Luther A. Gotwald*
Executive Secretary, Division of Foreign Missions
National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A.

The foreign missionary work of the Catholic Church has always been carried on under great difficulties. Problems are not new to the Church but every era brings new problems. The principles underlying the missionary apostolate ever remain the same but methodology must constantly be changed to meet the exigencies of any given period. It can honestly be stated that the objective of every Catholic missionary is to "work himself out of a job" in the area where he labors by developing as quickly as possible a visible Church, self-subsistent in Hierarchy, priesthood, religious Communities of Brothers and Sisters, a highly trained laity and finances. In certain countries this objective is of extreme immediate importance due to the opposition of governments which look upon the missionary as an agent of "imperialism."

It is quite possible that our missionary efforts may be seriously restricted, as they have been in Communist China, North Korea and North Vietnam. We have not forgotten that North African Catholicity was reduced to a minimum by the Moslem invasion.

But despite every loss, despite every block put in the way of missionary enterprise, the Church will continue to sacrifice men and money for the furtherance of a cause which is based on the direct command of Christ Himself:

"Go therefore teach all nations."

*(Rev.) Frederick A. McGuire, C.M.*
Executive Secretary
Mission Secretariat

Nepal, for example, includes Methodists, Presbyterians and members of other denominations from six countries. Over the past eleven years, 28 mission boards have reported 105 such joint enterprises, most of them schools, hospitals, literacy campaigns and rural service centers. But the "United Mission" idea is still only in its infancy.

The fourth error of the mission movement is the Westerners' reluctance to turn over responsibility and power to the native clergy and to the "local" churches. Three decades ago Pope Pius XI foresaw the possible expulsion of foreign missionaries along with foreign colonial rulers. How, he asked in 1926, can the Church survive this expulsion "unless a native clergy has been spread beforehand throughout the country like a network?

"You should prefer the native priests to all others," the pope told his missionaries, "for it is they who will one day govern the churches and Catholic communities founded by your sweat and labor."

Protestant leaders have delivered similar warnings and admonitions through the years, and in the field the more forward-looking of their workers have taken them to heart. Our young Illinois Baptist, carefully training his native successor in his remote Burma outpost, told us: "Christ wasn't an American. He wasn't a Westerner or even an Aryan. There's nothing in the Bible that says Americans or Europeans are the only people who can spread the Gospel or run missions."

An older Methodist missionary in Rangoon said: "If our Methodist church here can't stand on its own feet, without Americans to run it, then our work of almost a hundred years has been a failure. Our job here is to do ourselves out of a job."

One reason why the training of native churchmen still goes slowly, however, lies in a belief that the "younger" churches may not be fully ready for independence—although what youngster is ever "ready" in the parents' eyes? Another reason is a feeling in some quarters that American congregations might not like to see their dollars, and their churches and schools, pass out of American and denominational hands.

A native churchman may not measure up to Western standards of education and yet have plenty of Christian ardor. And because he is not Western, he can reach his own people. He is one of them.

Such ardor shone from Pastor Saw William, a friend we made in Lashio on the Burma Road, less than one hundred miles from Communist territory. A Baptist and a Karen—one of the five main peoples which now form the Union of Burma—he spoke with a strong American twang. The reason, he explained, was that he had been adopted and raised by an American missionary woman whom he affectionately called his "Momma."

"She named me William and taught me everything I know," he said.

Pastor William's church, a postwar stucco building with a Western-style steeple, had been designed to hold 200 people, but his growing congregation of 300 packs it to the doors. His demure wife plays the hymns on a wheezing portable organ, and the congregation simultaneously sings them in four languages: Shan, Karen, Kachin and Burmese.

The Japanese invaders in 1942 took Pastor William for an American agent, so they gave him the water treatment and hung him up by the thumbs. Today, the pastor's American links do not seem to handicap him. He is supremely and securely Karen, and, as he proudly puts it, "a man of God."

WE SAW THE SAME kind of ardor among the native Catholic priests of Vietnam who, with their people, poured south in the tragic exodus from the Communist north in 1954. Before a single refugee family had a decent home or enough food and water, the community had built a church out of scarce United States Navy canvas. And from the highest point of the church-tent, a rude cross reached into the sky.

This was the work of Asians, of "natives." There was not a Westerner among them.

Does the future of Christianity in Asia and Africa rest with such Christians? Most American church leaders would answer: "Not entirely." They do not accept the idea that all Western missionaries can or should be excluded permanently from any land. But every churchman we consulted, Catholic or Protestant, saw the need for at least two changes in the relationship between Western missionary and Eastern Christian.

The first is that the Westerner will have to help and advise rather than direct and command. His approach to the native clergy will have to be: "How can I be of use to you in your work?" The second is that the missionary of the future can only be a specialist, invited because he has technical and administrative skills which the Asians and Africans want.

Unless the American churches are ready to practice Christianity abroad on these terms, the Western missionary may, indeed, be done for. THE END



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By EUSTACE COCKRELL

# The long way home

Just then I heard an explosion, and an automobile came around the corner by the People's Bank. It was a great big long thing, not like any I'd ever seen before

*Charlie Hedges and Miss Wilson were quiet people, but they nearly caused a riot when they suddenly left our town*

WHEN Samuel Phillips died, Sassoon was sad and pleased at the same time: sad because Samuel had been everybody's friend, or at least nobody's enemy, and had lived in Sassoon for seventy-six years; pleased because his funeral provided the best occasion the town had known since the livery stable burned down.

I remember the funeral quite well. Everybody came. It was a Saturday, and so school was out and we all came to see Samuel. A lot of the folks said later that he looked so peaceful, like he was sleeping; but my dad held me up as we passed the coffin, and I can tell you Samuel didn't look like he was sleeping at all. He just looked dead.

At that, though, he looked more peaceful than either Charlie Hedges or Miss Wilson. It was the first time I'd ever seen Mr. Hedges out of his store, and I'd hardly ever seen Miss Wilson except up in her shop by the window—but I don't think that's the reason I thought they looked so odd, as if they were grieving, only not for Samuel. Mostly it was the way they just stood staring down at the coffin, just standing there and staring, even after most of the rest of the others had left the church.

It was the same at the burial, too. When I got back on my bicycle after the reading, Mr. Hedges was still there by the grave, and Miss Wilson not far behind him.

Later on I thought that it must have been this that made them do what they did. Samuel Phillips had run the George Washington Hotel for fifty-seven years, including when the quarry was in operation and the town hummed; and though he might not have made a great deal of money, he made some, and it naturally built up over the years. He salted away every penny, too. And all the time saying that he was just waiting to get enough, then he was going to retire and shake the dust of Sassoon off his boots and see what the rest of the world looked like. It was what he talked about day

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after day, year after year: New York, Paris, London, Germany—all the far places that he was aiming to see. He had travel folders, too, on every one of those places. Whenever anybody saw him they'd ask, "Well, Samuel, you still here? Thought you was leaving us!" And Samuel'd grin and answer, "Never mind, now. I'll be goin', just as soon as I get me enough to do it right."

But I guess he never did get quite enough, or else by the time he did he was out of the notion. Not counting the three months at the Brickville Hospital with a broken hip, he never set foot outside of Sassoon. And then he died with close to $80,000 in the bank. I guess that's what it was that decided Mr. Hedges and Miss Wilson.

Charlie Hedges had a grocery store. It had been old Mr. Middleton's, and Mr. Hedges had been a clerk there and had finally bought the store, a little at a time. He lived in the back in a little room, and I suppose that sometimes he did go up to the post office or across the street to the drugstore, but I never remember him except in the store.

His business was steady and good. Lots of people swore by him and wouldn't trade anywhere else. He opened at seven in the morning and closed at eight at night and never had a regular lunch, because he was always eating piecemeal out of the stock. His hair was a little thin. He seemed quite old and just the same always.

OVER his store Miss Wilson had her millinery shop, a little cubbyhole of a place you could make out through the window, though I never was inside. She lived by herself in the big old house at the edge of town, and now she was the only Wilson left. Her granddaddy had been a big lawyer and finally a judge and had built the house, but her daddy, I hear, didn't amount to much and kind of let it go down. Even so, it was the biggest house in Sassoon.

Sometimes Miss Wilson would stop in Mr. Hedges' store. I used to hang around there because it was next to the telegraph office where I was a delivery boy. "Hey, Charlie!" she'd call, coming into the store, making sure there weren't any customers. "Here's something for your dyspepsia." And she'd give him an ice-cream cone from the drugstore, always chocolate.

Mr. Hedges would walk up from the back, slow and calm, but like he was hurrying too. Then he'd see the cone and walk back to the cash drawer and take out a nickel and give it to her.

The morning after Samuel's funeral, though, this seemed to make Miss Wilson mad, for some reason. I was behind the cold Franklin stove in the back, reading. I saw Miss Wilson stamp her foot. "Darn it!" she said, in a voice I'd never heard. "Can't I even buy you an ice-cream cone? I wanted to be nice, and now you've ruined it." She slammed the nickel down on the counter.

Mr. Hedges looked at her in a funny sort of way, and I knew that he'd forgot I was around. He picked up the nickel and put it back in the drawer, softly, like something was hurting him. "I'm sorry," he said. "I don't want to ruin anything for you."

She looked up quickly, and her eyes were wide. "I guess you don't," she said. Miss Wilson's face was all different—tight as wax, with the muscles jumping. "It's just that all of a sudden I believe it's got me," she said.

Mr. Hedges licked the ice-cream cone thoughtfully; then he put it down on some wax paper, very precise, and moved over closer to her. I thought there for a minute that he was going to grab her and kiss her or something, but that was hard to believe. You couldn't see Mr. Hedges kissing anybody, not even his own mother. "What's got you?" he asked.

"Sassoon," she said. "Charlie—I'm thirty-three!" and her voice rose. I was afraid she'd drop her vanilla cone.

"You been thinking about Samuel?" Mr. Hedges asked.

Miss Wilson nodded.

"So've I."

"Have you, Charlie?"

Then Mr. Hedges nodded, too. They were quiet for a time. I didn't move. I saw him take the cone from Miss Wilson's hand and lay it next to his on the wax paper. "I'm almost forty," he said.

She looked at him. Her eyes were still wide, like she was about to cry.

He reached out and touched her hand but then got scared and drew away and coughed. "John Owens wants to buy my store," he said, "and I've got some money in the bank."

She smiled. "You ought to have," she said. "You never spend a dime."

"There's nothing in Sassoon I want to buy," he said.

I sat still. I wanted to leave now, because there was something about the way they were talking. I got a little farther behind the stove and hoped a customer would come in. In the light from the front window, Miss Wilson's face was pale. Then suddenly it started getting pink, and her eyes were shining. "There's me," she said.

Mr. Hedges peered over his spectacles at her for the longest time.

She banged her fist on the counter. "Oh, don't look at me that way. I'm an old maid. I live alone and it's not because I want to. But I'm not an old enough old maid that they don't gossip about me. I'm almost afraid to bring you an ice-cream cone unless I know there's nobody in the store." She stopped. Then she said almost in a whisper, "I hate them."

Mr. Hedges almost acted like he hadn't heard her because he took up where he'd left off. "Sassoon isn't any different in that way from anywhere else in the world. People are always curious and gossipy about alluring single ladies."

Miss Wilson almost jumped at him. "What do you know about the world? What . . ." she trailed off. "Alluring?" She said the word as if she'd never used it before.

He touched her hand again. "I can cash in for almost seventy thousand dollars, store and all," he said in a careful tone. "You didn't know I had that much, did you?"

"No," she said. She sounded excited, kind of startled and dreamy. Mrs. Jack Knudsen came in then and started to take her list from her purse. Mr. Hedges shook his head and said, "I'm sorry. We're closed up."

Mrs. Knudsen jerked. "Huh?" she said.

"Closed up," Mr. Hedges repeated. "Go over to Burton's."

Mrs. Knudsen looked at Miss Wilson, a hard, mean look, then back at Mr. Hedges and bustled out of the store.

Charlie Hedges laughed. "I can close with Owens in twenty minutes," he said, walking over and locking the door. "They'll flag the Limited if we take a drawing room."

Miss Wilson tried to say it twice before she said it: "Today?"

He didn't answer. He just looked at her.

"I'm frightened, Charlie."

"Of course, you're frightened," he said. "I'm frightened too. Who wouldn't be?"

She grabbed his hand like it was a pup and held onto it. "All right," she said; "but once—one time—before we *really* get going, I want to come back here."

"I aim to humor you," he said; and then he pulled his hand away. "But nobody has spoken about love." He paused, sadly. "I found out while I was thinking about old Samuel last night, Louise, that I got an awful lot of that for you."

Miss Wilson practiced the word. "Love," she said. "Love." Just then she looked over toward the stove and saw me. Her mouth flew open, and Mr. Hedges looked back, too.

He frowned for a second and started to say something. Then he thought better of it and said, "Hello, Ed. You been here long?"

"I don't know," I said. I got up, looking at the floor, and thought maybe this would be a good time to run out of there as fast as I could. A long minute passed. I looked out of the front window because I couldn't look at them, and I saw Dctor Ramsey go by in his buggy.

Finally Mr. Hedges laughed. "Ed, listen," he said. "If you don't understand what just went on, don't worry about it. We won't, either."

"I didn't hear anything," I lied. "I was half asleep. Honest!"

Miss Wilson saw me staring at her—I couldn't help it, she was so different; I didn't mean anything by it—and she gritted her teeth, mad. "Yes," she said. "Like everybody else in this whole town is half asleep! You're going to be here till you die," she said, "and you'll say, just like the rest of them, isn't it a shame that the poor Wilson girl never got married!" She stopped and took a breath. "Well, let me tell you this—" I backed away. "I'm alluring. Do you hear that? And if I want to go away with Charlie Hedges here, and do some of the things I've dreamed of doing, then I'll go—and I won't have any silly little boy telling me not to!"

Mr. Hedges said, "Now, now, you're just upset, Louise. Ed's all right." He winked at me. "Don't you think she's alluring, Ed?"

I nodded my head fast. "Uh-*huh!*" I said.

HE TOOK a piece of paper from his pocket, and his hand shook a little. He adjusted his spectacles and wrote something on the paper. Then he folded it and handed it to me and went over to the cash drawer and got out two silver dollars. "Have Harry send this message," he said, "and you keep the change."

I could hear Miss Wilson's breath go in between her teeth and it made sort of a sighing sound. "Charlie," she said, "you're going to be good to me?"

"That telegram'll stop the Limited," Mr. Hedges said to me, "if it goes right away." He turned to Miss Wilson. "I aim to humor you," he said.

I told him that the Limited would be here in two hours.

Mr. Hedges popped his watch open. "Yep, two hours and two minutes," he said, "and if it wasn't for the fact I got a little business to attend to, I figure it'd be a pretty boring two hours."

"Boring?" She sounded shocked.

He looked at her. "Louise," he said, "I've been bored for forty years."

He let me out of the store then, and I went in and gave Harry Mott, the telegraph operator, the piece of paper and paid him. He keyed it out.

I saw people trying to get into the store, which was locked, and they were all puzzled. I didn't let on what had happened. They'd find out soon enough is what I thought.

Finally I went back into the office and told Harry Mott I'd be back in a little while, and then I went out and got my bike and rode down to the station. In a while I heard the Limited whistle down past the Post Oak grade, two longs, and I ran and looked in the waiting room but no one was there. I came on out of the station and sat down on a baggage truck.

The train whistled again, coming up the levee grade, and I knew that in just a minute now it would start gaining speed downgrade through Sassoon.

I looked all around once more as the watchman came out to let down



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the black-and-white arms on either side of the tracks where they crossed Main Street, and the ticket agent came out with his hoop that the engineer would lean down and catch on his arm.

The engine came around the elevator, and all at once somebody behind me said, "Good-by, Ed," and I like to've jumped out of my skin. It was Mr. Hedges, with a silver dollar in his hand. "Here's something for you," he said. "I want you to play as if you weren't in the store at all this morning. Okay?"

Miss Wilson looked pale, but Mr. Hedges looked just like he always did, only he had taken off the alpaca coat he wore in the store and put on the gray coat that matched his pants. They didn't have any suitcases or anything.

"Okay," I said and took the dollar.

The train ground to a stop. When it was still, Mr. Hedges ruffled up my hair and walked two cars down to the sleeper section, solemn and slow, with Miss Wilson on his arm. He helped her up the steps, and went up himself.

Sassoon never was much of a stop, so the Limited built steam right away and began to move. Then it was gone.

It didn't take long for Sassoon to find out. I remember my dad and mother talking about it that very night. Dad, he looked kind of sly and kept saying, "Who'd of thought the old goat had it in him?" But my mother said it was *perfectly all right;* that they'd simply been seeing each other all their lives but hadn't ever really *seen* each other, and that Charlie Hedges had probably never thought that Louise would look at him twice but that Louise had dropped a hint and he'd taken her off in an *elopement* before she had a chance to change her mind. And what's more, Mom said, doing something romantic doesn't make a person an old goat.

TIME passed right along, one day like the next. School was almost ready to start, and it was my last day at the telegraph office, which puts it about one month after the day the old goat jumped the fence (as my dad called it; Mom called it the day of the romantic elopement). I was sitting out in front of the office on a bench we had there on the sidewalk, watching Mr. Williams over in his drugstore window taking down some strips of flypaper.

He was just pulling down the last strip when I heard the explosion. An automobile came around the corner by the People's Bank then and pulled up in front of the drugstore—a great big long thing, not like any I'd ever seen before. It had a man sitting up in front with goggles on and two people in the back. At first I didn't recognize them at all.

Then the woman got out of the automobile and took off her veil and shook it, and I saw that it was Miss Wilson and Charlie Hedges with her. People started to gather around and say hello and gawk, but it didn't bother Mr. Hedges any. He acted, even in the fancy clothes he had on, just like he always had—friendly and congenial. But Miss Wilson—she was *pretty!* She had paint, only somehow it didn't look cheap on her.

They went into the drugstore. Two or three people went in with them, and I kind of walked in too and hung around the candy counter, waiting to see what would happen. I wanted to go out and look at the car, but I was afraid I'd miss something.

They ordered sodas, and then Miss Wilson took a cigarette out of her bag and Mr. Hedges leaned over and lighted it for her.

Mrs. Knudsen, who had been trying to talk, stopped trying, and her eyes got like beads. "That's a cigarette," she said, sharp and cold.

Miss Wilson picked the cigarette out of her mouth and looked at it and then took a puff. "You're right," she said.

Mrs. Knudsen snorted and snatched up her purse and left. Then Mr. Williams came back and said something to Mr. Hedges, and Mr. Hedges started to answer him but then I saw Miss Wilson kick him good under the table, and he grinned at her.

"We'd be mighty glad to accept your congratulations, Henry," he said to Mr. Williams, "but to tell you the honest truth, we're not married. Miss Wilson, here, just won't say yes."

And then Miss Wilson leaned over and took Mr. Hedges by the ears and kissed him. Right in the drugstore!

The folks watching just looked. Then Mr. Hedges and Miss Wilson got up and went out, and I went out, too.

He saw me and said, "Hello, Ed. What's new?"

I told him nothing much, and he winked at Miss Wilson. When we got to the car, there were a lot of people standing around. The man with the goggles up in front looked put-out, but he sat straight. When he saw Mr. Hedges he hopped out, ran around in front of the car, took the crank out of a leather sling, and fixed it in. One turn and the engine fired, sweet as anything. It had a wonderful roar.

Miss Wilson and Mr. Hedges got in the back seat. The driver adjusted his goggles, and then Mr. Hedges whispered something to Miss Wilson and she nodded. He leaned out of the car. "Where's your bike, Ed?"

I pointed across the street.

He got out of the car and went over to it. "If I tie this on behind," he said, "so you can ride back on it, would you like to take a little spin?"

I looked back at the ring of people staring at us, and gulped.

"Come on—I want you to see how she runs. We'll go out the graded road through Post Oak Bottom."

We got the bike tied on and I climbed in beside the driver. He backed out, and we drove away from town.

When we got to where the road gets level and smooth through the Bottom, Mr. Hedges had the driver stop, and he got up in front himself. There was a kind of clattering, and I could hear the driver in back with Miss Wilson muttering something about stripping the gears. Then we were off.

Mr. Hedges pointed to the thing that looked like a clock on the board. "Watch the needle!" he yelled. I watched it. It crept around to 20, then to 30. The wind was whipping at my face, and my shirt collar hit my neck and I had tears in my eyes. I looked at Mr. Hedges, and he was different from what he'd always been before.

The little needle said 50, then 55, and finally, in a roar that shook the green trees by the side of the road, and blurred them, with Miss Wilson squealing in the back above the noise, the speedometer said 60!

Then we started slowing down. When we slid to a stop I tried to swallow, but nothing went down except some dust. Mr. Hedges got out of the car and handed the driver back his goggles. "When you get to Sassoon, Ed," Mr. Hedges said, "tell 'em that you rode a mile a minute." He started untying my bicycle.

Miss Wilson looked down at me, just as I started to get on the wheel. She beckoned me to come over to her. "I'll tell you a secret," she said, "if you won't tell anyone, ever."

I promised.

"We're married, all right," she said. "We got married the day we left. And we're very happy. But you mustn't tell."

"Why not?" I asked. It seemed like a funny thing not to want to get told.

Mr. Hedges laughed. "Because," he said, "she doesn't want to spoil everybody's fun. This way, Sassoon'll have something to talk about for years."

I said sure, but I didn't understand.

They drove off and left me standing there. Mr. Hedges yelled, "She don't smoke cigarettes, either!"

He was right in one way, though; people did talk. They didn't have any other subject of conversation for a long time. My dad allowed that it was the best thing that ever happened to Sassoon; that other countries had their kings and queens to do the things people dreamed about doing, but that Sassoon had Charlie Hedges and the Wilson girl. My mother said she could hardly *approve*, of course, but she did hope they had a gay time.

I never told anybody about them; even when I heard Mrs. Knudsen and the other women talk, I never let on.

Fourteen is different from eleven. I'd quit my job at the telegraph office because I figured I was too old to be running around the town with little pieces of paper in my hand. And now sometimes I would wonder whether Mr. Hedges and his wife would ever come back, and think how pleased they'd be that I hadn't told their secret.

I WAS the first to see them, this time. They came in on the morning local and got down out of the coach and then the porter set their bags down. It was wonderful luggage, and a lot of it, all over stickers—Cairo, Naples, Shanghai, all the cities in the geography, almost. In spite of the fact that Mr. Hedges was kind of dirty he looked fine. So did Miss Wilson—I mean Mrs. Hedges. Jake Wells, who met the trains in his new Reo, helped them put the suitcases in his car and drove them off toward the old Wilson place.

I ran home and told my folks, and then at noon I was going down by Mr. Hedges' old store that Mr. Owens had painted white, and there was Mr. Hedges behind the counter.

He called to me and asked how I was, like always before. I went in and told him I was all right. "You buy the store back?" I couldn't help but ask.

He shook his head. "Nope. Owens needed a clerk and he hired me."

"How come you came back?"

"Ran out of money."

I thought of how you'd go about running out of seventy thousand dollars in three years. Then the door behind me opened and a voice said, "Charlie!" It was his wife. "Sure is a mess up there, but—" Then she saw me and stopped. She smiled. "Ed! Why, it's just like it was when we left."

Mr. Hedges smiled. "Yes," he said.

There was a silence and then I said, "I saw you come in on the train, and I saw your suitcases. Have you—"

Mrs. Hedges looked at me. "Yes," she said, "we've been all those places," and her voice was a contented whisper.

"But is that why you came back, really?" I asked, "because you spent all the money?"

"No," Mrs. Hedges said. "Sassoon's a good town, and I wanted our baby to be born . . ." She quit.

Mr. Hedges laughed good and loud.

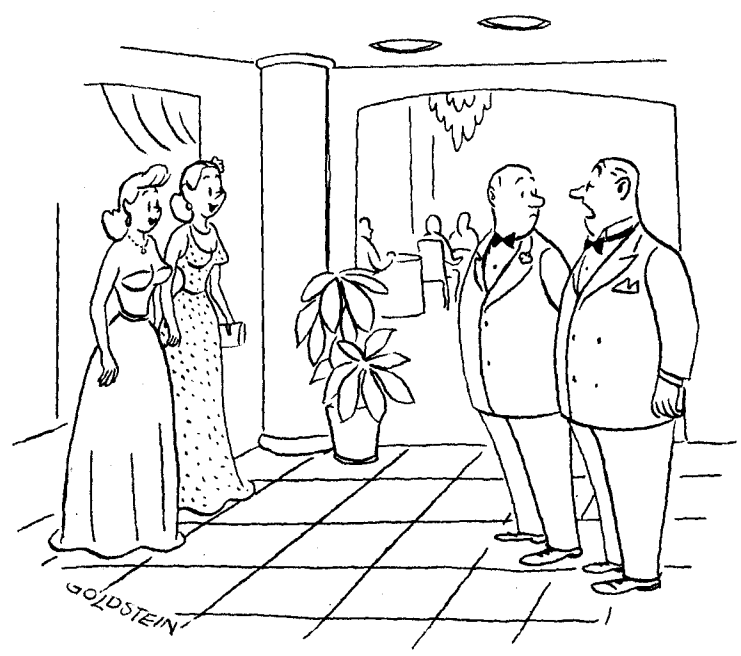
But Miss Wilson—Mrs. Hedges—went on dead serious, "You go away from where you live," she said, "full of hate for people, and then you get to remembering them and you remember the good about them, and you want to come back, to have a place to come back to where . . . where people are interested enough in you to talk about you."

"Which only happens," Mr. Hedges said, and he was serious too, "at home."

—EUSTACE COCKRELL

## IT NEVER HAPPENS

By WALTER GOLDSTEIN




"They're cute, Findley, but much too young for us"

COLLIER'S



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*New star Carroll Baker as heroine of Baby Doll naps in a Victorian crib. Off screen Carroll and husband, young stage and film director Jack Garfein, live quietly in New York, just became parents for first time*

# BABY DOLL

The many-mooded young lady shown here is Carroll Baker. A year ago, she was unknown. Now, after an impressive debut in Giant, she is playing the title role in Elia Kazan's new movie, Baby Doll, the Tennessee Williams story just released by Warner Brothers. Continuing his pattern of star-making (he discovered James Dean), Kazan has cast Carroll as a simple-minded but sexy child-bride who grows up suddenly and violently in the deep South. Any resemblance to the real Carroll? "No," she says, "but I'd have a sensational private life if there were." —THOMAS C. RYAN

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FLOYD MC CARTY

*Carroll turns angrily on film husband Karl Malden, accusing him of violating promise to keep his distance until she is 20. Of director Kazan, 22-year-old Carroll says, "He's enormously patient"*

*In her most difficult scene, Carroll descends staircase as a suddenly mature Baby Doll. Perfectionist Kazan shot the sequence more than 20 times*

*With co-star Eli Wallach, who plays part of her husband's rival, Carroll does subtle love scene in a dilapidated swing. Although she would like to do a play, Carroll has signed for six movies*

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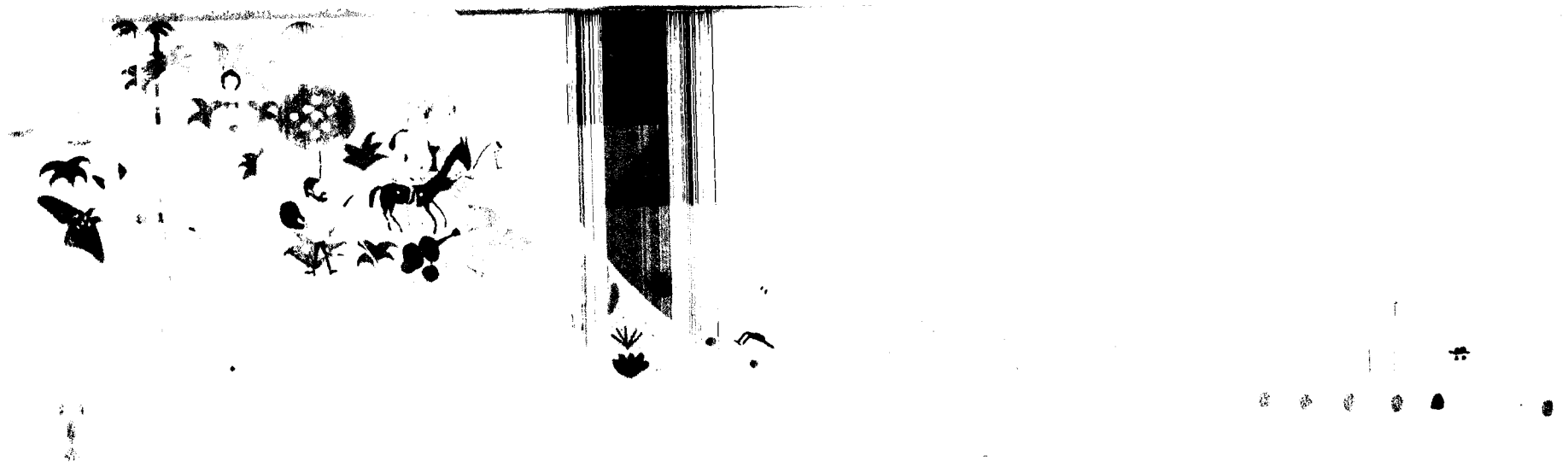

*In the year's coldest months, you can have a wonderful vacation by choosing from a number of resorts where costs go down while the thermometer remains high. Here's your guide to a winter rest at bargain rates* **By NORMAN D. FORD**

# NEW BUDGET WINTER VACATIONS

Who's for a two-week vacation where the winter sun's a bargain? How would you like a large vacation cottage in an orange grove or on a Florida beach for $25 a week? Or a de luxe two-bedroom beach bungalow on a semitropical island, where oranges grow wild, for $40 a week?

Every winter, millions of sun-seeking Americans flock to a score of well-known resorts in the South. Where crowds go, prices soar. Yet dotted across the nation's sunshine belt, where snow never falls, are at least 100 unknown, undiscovered beach resorts, exotic islands, quaint fishing villages and sun-bright desert towns where spring comes in midwinter and only a few canny visitors are seen from November through May. At these empty resorts, motel, cottage and apartment rates nose-dive as much as 75 per cent throughout the winter months.

Not far from Georgia's swanky Sea Island, where rates rise in winter, is a resort where rates *drop* 60 per cent, and $30 a week buys an attractive beachside apartment for four—with maid service and a refrigerator stacked full of steaks, chops and fillets, *compliments of the management.* A few miles south, bypassed by thousands bound for Florida's $35-a-day hotels, is a former millionaires' winter beach playground where two can stay in an elegant mansion for just $35 a week.

Two bits buys a dollar's worth of winter vacation values along most of the Atlantic Coast north of Daytona Beach, almost anywhere on the Gulf of Mexico between Cedar Key, Florida, and Mexico, at cosmopolitan Texas resorts on the Mexican border and along the beaches of southern California as far north as Santa Barbara. You won't always find Miami's climate—in some of these places it will be too cool for swimming—but daytime temperatures in most reach into the middle 60s or low 70s. Climate in Texas' Lower Rio Grande Valley rivals that of southern Florida, and southern California's coast, despite intermittent showers, has America's most equable climate, though of course no place in America is proof against occasional cold spells. (If one should come, chances are it will hit the more expensive resorts along with all the rest—and if you have to hug the heater, far better to do it in a $25-a-week beach apartment than in one costing $25 a day.)

Also, if you're willing to trade a few degrees of temperature and 30 or 40 minutes of daily sunshine for pocketbook savings, you'll find some unexpected economies, besides the low-priced accommodations.

For instance, you'll save two to four days' driving time, or an equivalent amount in fares, by not visiting higher-priced places farther south. And off-season rates apply not only to accommodations but also to restaurant tabs, admissions, boat rentals and fishing trips. Reservations are unnecessary, roads deserted and ideal for touring, and miles of beaches so empty you can call them your own.

In many of these out-of-the-way winter resort areas, oranges and oysters sell for $1 a bushel, crabs are a dollar a dozen, winter vegetables are ridiculously cheap. In south Texas, T-bone steak sells for 55 cents a pound in the market, and five pounds of hamburger for $1. Eating out needn't cost much more. Innumerable sea-food eateries along the Gulf offer a dozen oysters on the half shell for around 60 cents, all-you-can-eat shrimp, fish and deviled crab dinners for $1 or less. At south Texas resorts you can enjoy stupendous Mexican dinners with two meat courses—venison, turkey, frogs' legs or chicken—plus 14 other items and a first-class floor show thrown in, all for $1.75.

Altogether, a couple can spend two weeks in most of these places for as little as $100 a week.

Here, area by area, is a run-down on America's wintertime bargain paradises. Pick the one you like most and write to Collier's for more information and literature on specific places to stay.

**WEST COAST WARM SPOTS.** Reserve southern California's indoor museums, art galleries, concerts and flower shows for occasional rainy hours while you're discovering days of spring sunshine at bargain prices in a dozen world-famous resorts.

If you want to get away from it all, catch the steamer for enchanting *Catalina Island,* crowded in summer, but during winter a quiet, traffic-free haven from time and care.

On Catalina, you can explore winding paths to lonely surf-washed coves, fish in the Pacific's best waters, bicycle round the island, hobnob with islanders at the Visitor's Country Club, and rent a cottage in red-roofed Avalon town for no more than $32 a week.

By contrast, urban *San Diego* features a winter calendar packed with events and, though the dry subtropical climate makes the beaches attractive, sea-front hostelries and party boats slash rates a full third.

Not far away is *Oceanside's* four-mile strand, where $35 a week nets a first-class motel efficiency fronting the blue-white Pacific surf.

Palm-fringed coves and semitropical flowers blooming to the water's edge frame lovely *Laguna Beach,* an art colony where rates slide 60 per cent in winter and resort apartments go unclaimed at $65 a month.

On Laguna there are shady walks—past pastel cottages with gaily painted shutters, to citrus groves in the green encircling hills—and when you tire of community concerts and plays by local artists, the metropolis of Los Angeles, with all its many attractions, is only a few hours away.

All along the coast, residents swear winter is their finest season and in mountain-girded *Santa Barbara* they prove it by staging every type of cultural activity. Music, lectures, symphony concerts and road-show successes are all here to divert you from the incomparable views and sun-swept beaches. Yet through June 1st rates take a 20-to-30 per cent dip, and $35 a week gets you into a neat housekeeping apartment or motel, while $85 covers full room and board for two at a pleasant local inn.



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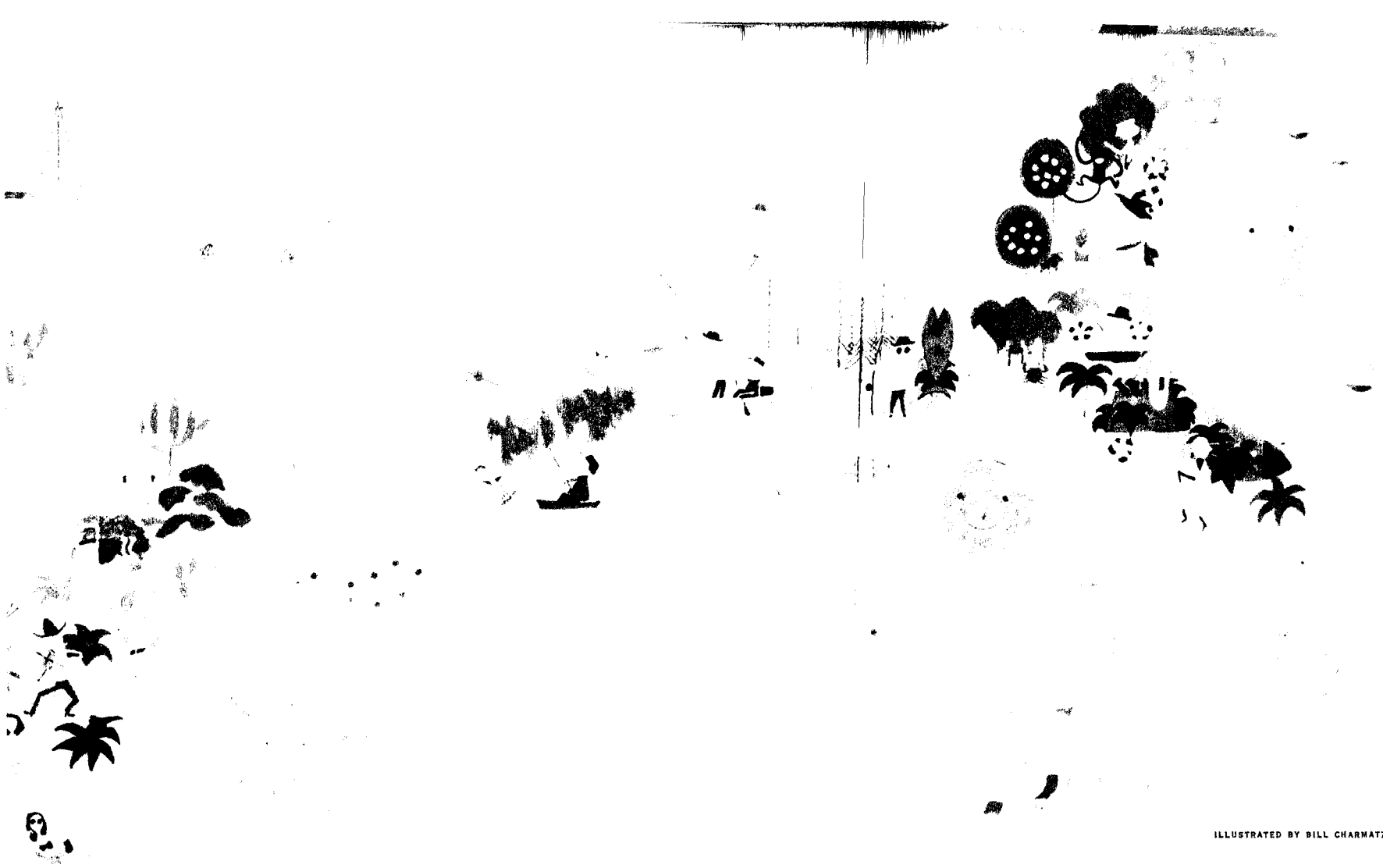

ILLUSTRATED BY BILL CHARMATZ

**THE TEXAS TIP.** It's no tall Texas tale: the Lone-Star State does have America's longest, least-used beach and the least expensive bona fide winter resorts in the nation. At the north end of *Padre Island's* curving 131-mile beach, on a latitude with Saint Petersburg, Florida, winter rates dive 25 per cent to 50 per cent. And at the south end of the island, paralleling Miami and just about as warm, rates rise 40 per cent, but are so unbelievably low to begin with that they're downright giveaways in any season.

In the north, fish-hungry anglers by the thousand embark at *Port Aransas* without noticing the island town's flawless beach and mountainous sand dunes, cloaked in purple morning glory. In winter, when apartments and cottages are down to $25 a week, picturesque Port Aransas becomes a symphony of sand and surf. You can swim, gig flounders, catch 50 speckled sea trout almost any day, spot as many as 100 different species of birds, pick oysters by the barrel, comb the beach for rare driftwood and Spanish doubloons (many have been found) and cross to Corpus Christi for an evening show or symphony concert. Nearby *Rockport*, on its lovely peninsula of wind-blown live oaks, offers much the same.

In the south, along the sunny Rio Grande, lies the winter tourist's last frontier—the lush, subtropical Lower Rio Grande Valley.

A dozen citrus-encircled resorts, like *McAllen, Edinburg, Harlingen, San Benito* and *Weslaco*, burst with attractive cottages and large resort-style apartments at $17-$35 a week for two. Many have palm-shaded swimming pools.

Every town has its active tourist club organizing endless barbecues, dances, musicales, concerts, picnics, pot-luck suppers, smorgasbord dinners, and fine-arts programs at a cost which works out as low as three cents per day. For 15 cents you can drive into colorful Mexican villages, sample border night life, and gorge huge plate dinners costing 75 cents. There are bullfights, all-day deep-sea fishing trips for $5, and you can spend entirely cost-free days sun-bathing and swimming on Padre Island's sugar-white beach.

**FLORIDA'S SHOESTRING SHORE.** Rimming the Gulf of Mexico from Florida to Texas is a white arc of powdery beach broken only by inlets winding back into a labyrinth of soft green bayous. Rates there take a 50-to-75 per cent tumble from November through May.

For a really different Florida vacation, sample *Cedar Key*, a remote, unspoiled, island ghost town full of twisting creeks, houseboats, fish nets, turtle crawls and tiny beaches. Charter boats rent for as low as $10 a day, sea-front cottages are $25 a week, and the atmospheric island hotel serves three gourmet meals a day, including turtle steak, for $70 a week for two.

Fishing is so fabulous at *Destin* that more than one tourist has paid for his vacation by selling his catch. *Laguna Beach, Panama City Beaches, Fort Walton Beach* and *Pensacola Beach* are just a few other north Florida bargain resorts lining the world's whitest beach. Winter daytime temperatures often are as warm as Saint Petersburg's, and hardier folk swim during every month. Yet first-class beach accommodations go begging until May: cottages as low as $10 a week; large, elaborate two-bedroom bungalows with private beach at $20-$25; and de luxe apartments at $30-$35. And in Alabama's *Gulf State Park*, on one of the finest beaches this side of Mexico, similar cottages are just $30 a week. Equally secluded is *Grand Isle* in Louisiana, while at Louisiana's *Chicot State Park* comfortable cottages for $25.50 a week offer travelers from the North a low-cost vacation among quiet woods and lakes.

Even in southern Florida, there are still a few uncrowded spots where winter rates stay low. Today's best buy in winter warmth is probably *Englewood* on the west coast's beautiful Lemon Bay and just a skip from idyllic Punta Gorda Beach. Housekeeping apartments run $35-$40 a week in February. Inland, *Arcadia* is warmer still and so low priced that $32 a week buys full room and board for two at modest guest homes. *Brooksville* has motels for $26.33 a week, efficiencies at $36, guest homes charging $36, double, with meals, and cottages for $45 a month.

**DIXIE'S BARGAIN COAST.** If you are looking for a secluded semitropical island paradise with warm, sunny winters, turn off U.S. 17 south of Charleston, South Carolina, and take the winding dead-end roads that tunnel for miles through moss-hung oaks to *Beaufort* and *Hunting Island, Edisto Beach*, or *Hilton Head Island*—all in South Carolina. Each has miles of deserted palm-lined beach with superb fishing and shellfishing, backed by a river-coiled hinterland of old plantations, ancient cemeteries and ante-bellum homes with formal flower gardens in bloom throughout the winter. Hilton Head's an escapist's Eden complete with wild monkeys, wild oranges, hibiscus and gladioli, and the creeks teem with oysters which are yours for the picking. Large two-bedroom beach cottages rent for $35-$40 a week, smaller ones for $25, including all utilities (but not linens).

It's only 18 miles from Savannah but *Tybee Island* in winter is a quiet, offbeat resort with a fine beach and rates half those charged in summer. Beach homes rent for $50-$60 a month, cottages for $25 a week, and at least one beach apartment operator quotes a $30-a-week rate for four, with maid service and a refrigerator full of choice meats on the house. But Georgia's gem winter resort is the former millionaires' winter hideaway on Old World *Jekyll Island*, now a state park. Cottages rent in winter for $50 a month, or you can stay in mansions that once belonged to the Morgans and Rockefellers for $35 a week for two. And for a fishing vacation, nothing beats *Crooked River State Park* farther south, a restful riverside garden spot saturated with history, where modern cottages are just $24 a week.

On Florida's upper east coast rates drop everywhere save in Saint Augustine and Daytona Beach. You can pick from a score of small resorts, like *Fernandina Beach, Jacksonville Beach*, which cuts all rates a flat 50 per cent. Or you can stay at the beaches five minutes out of historic *Saint Augustine* or lively *Daytona Beach* and cash in on those cities' winter programs of concerts, art exhibitions, Broadway plays, spring baseball and a wealth of tourist recreations either free or at nominal cost. THE END

*For more details, write Collier's Travel, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N.Y.*

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# THE CASE FOR THE Temperamental Soufflé

It's high time to explode the myth about the soufflé—a myth as light and airy as the soufflé itself: for years the old wives' tale has been circulating—about how difficult it is to make a soufflé—and, as any cook who's had courage to tackle one knows, it just isn't so. Anyone who can beat an egg and fold it gently can make a perfect soufflé with the help of a trustworthy oven. If you haven't served this proudly puffed-up delicacy and reveled in the praises that inevitably follow, there's a new reward in store. Here and on the following page are new recipes for the all-time favorite dessert soufflés and accompanying sauces, along with tips from expert soufflé chefs. One bit of temperament is not a myth, however: a soufflé never waits to be served. But that's a minor flaw, easily tolerated.

## CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

**Ingredients to serve six to eight:**

*¾ cup sugar*
*4 tablespoons flour*
*2 cups milk*
*2 tablespoons butter*
*4 ounces (squares) unsweetened chocolate*
*2 teaspoons vanilla*
*6 egg yolks*
*6 egg whites*
*¼ teaspoon salt*
*1 tablet of sugar, optional*

Combine sugar and flour in a saucepan. Blend in milk and add butter and chocolate. Cook over low heat, stirring constantly until thick and smooth; add vanilla. Beat egg yolks until very light and thick. Fold chocolate mixture into egg yolks. Beat egg whites and salt until stiff but still moist and carefully fold chocolate mixture and egg whites together. Bake in a two-quart baking dish for 50 minutes at 325°. Serve immediately with Sabayon or soft whipped cream. In order to achieve the crusty topping shown in accompanying photograph, crush sugar tablet and sprinkle over the top for the last five minutes of baking time.

## COCONUT SOUFFLÉ

**Ingredients for four to six:**

*1 package coconut cream pudding pie filling*
*3 egg yolks, beaten until thick and lemon-colored*
*1 cup milk*
*3 egg whites*
*dash salt*
*shredded coconut*

Combine pudding mix and milk in a saucepan. Cook and stir over medium heat until mixture comes to a *full* boil. Remove from heat. Add gradually to egg yolks, stirring constantly.

Beat egg whites with salt until mixture will stand in soft peaks. Carefully fold in egg-yolk mixture. Pour into individual baking dishes (or 1½-quart casserole), sprinkle with shredded coconut and place in pan of hot water. Bake in moderate oven, 350° for 45 minutes, or until firm. Again, be sure to serve at once, adding your favorite sauce.

Chocolate soufflé is a sure-fire winner. Climax comes at the table with the first dip of the spoon. Soufflés sink as the steamy aroma escapes, must be served quickly

Coconut soufflés short-cut both the preparation and the cleanup time: they're made with a package of pudding mix and served in baking dishes

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JAMES VILES

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## LEMON SOUFFLÉ

**Ingredients for four to five:**

*5 egg yolks*
*⅔ cup sugar*
*1 teaspoon grated lemon rind*
*3 tablespoons lemon juice*
*5 egg whites*
*⅛ teaspoon salt*
*¼ cup slivered almonds*

Beat egg yolks and sugar until very light and thick. Fold in lemon juice and rind. (For a really tangy lemon flavor increase the amounts of juice and rind to taste.) Beat egg whites with salt until stiff but still moist; carefully fold in the egg-yolk mixture and almonds, reserving a few almonds for the top. Bake in a 325° oven for 30 minutes. Serve immediately with any favorite dessert sauce.

**ORANGE SOUFFLÉ**—Follow the recipe above, omitting the lemon rind and substituting 2 teaspoons of grated orange rind and 3 tablespoons of orange juice. Reduce lemon juice to 1 tablespoon.

## MOCHA-NUT SOUFFLÉ

**Ingredients for four to five:**

*5 egg yolks*
*5 egg whites*
*1¼ cups confectioners' sugar*
*2 tablespoons instant coffee*
*½ ounce (half a square) unsweetened chocolate, melted*
*⅛ teaspoon salt*
*¼ cup walnuts, finely chopped*

Beat egg yolks and sugar until light, add coffee and continue beating until very thick; stir in melted chocolate and walnuts (reserving a few to sprinkle on top). Beat egg whites with salt until stiff but not dry. Carefully fold mocha mixture into egg whites until just blended. Pour into a 1½-quart baking dish, sprinkle with remaining nuts and bake in a 325° oven for 30 minutes, or until firm. Time preparation to serve immediately, with dessert sauce.

## SAUCES FOR SOUFFLÉS

**Foamy sauce (Sabayon)**

*4 egg yolks*
*¼ cup sugar*
*¼ cup Madeira or sweet sauterne*

Beat egg yolks and sugar in top of double boiler until light. Place *over* (not *in*) boiling water. Add wine gradually and beat continually until it is just thick enough to hold its shape. Chill thoroughly and serve separately in a saucedish. (As a complete dessert for four, pile Sabayon in dessert dishes.) Serves six to eight.

Lemon soufflé is a rewarding dish for the beginner. It's simple to make and, as soufflés go, it holds up well. The texture is like a tender angel-food cake

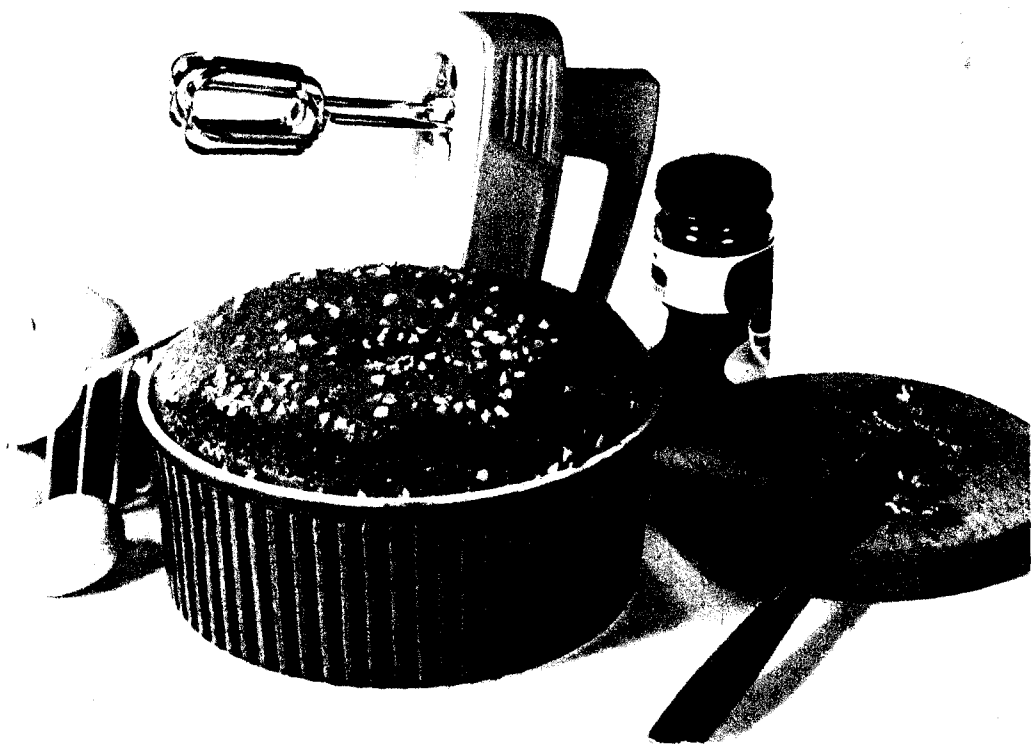
**Ice-cream sauce**

*1 egg*
*3 tablespoons sugar*
*dash of salt*
*¼ cup melted butter*
*2 teaspoons brandy or 1 teaspoon of brandy flavoring or 1 teaspoon vanilla*
*¾ cup heavy cream, whipped*

Beat egg until light. Add sugar and salt and continue beating until very thick. Add melted butter, then brandy or vanilla and fold into whipped cream. Chill. Serves six to eight.

## WHAT EVERY COOK SHOULD KNOW ABOUT SOUFFLÉS

- When necessary, a soufflé can be kept waiting for about 15 minutes if left in the oven with the heat turned off.
- Fresh eggs beaten at room temperature with an electric mixer make the puffiest soufflés. Chilled eggs mix poorly.
- When recipe calls for hot mixture stirred into egg yolks, stir slowly so that eggs cook just enough to give a firm base for the egg whites. (A thin runny base separates during baking.)
- The only critical point in concocting a soufflé comes when egg whites are folded in with the other mixture. They should be barely blended; overmixing makes the fluffy mixture flat, results in a limp soufflé.
- Grease bottom of baking dish; leave sides clean for higher climb.
- For a crusty soufflé, bake in a heavy dish at 325°. If you use a thinner dish set it in a pan of hot water and bake in a 350° oven.
- Time the soufflé to come out of the oven after the dinner is over. A short wait only heightens the drama of serving this festive dish.



Mocha-nut soufflé with its sturdy coffee flavor and whisper of chocolate will please sophisticated tastes

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*The American girl who has known fame first as an actress then as a princess now anticipates her greatest experience*

# *PRINCESS GRACE* prepares for her baby

*PHOTOGRAPHED By HOWELL CONANT*

The first great "private event" to divert the world in 1957 may well be the arrival a few weeks hence of the first child born to Monaco's Prince Rainier III and Princess Grace (nee Grace Kelly of Philadelphia and Hollywood). On her recent visit to America, Princess Grace made a point of visiting a baby-care class at the New York City chapter of the American Red Cross. Glowing as happily as 21 other expectant mothers there, the princess listened attentively and put on her glasses to watch professional instruction in such practical nursery matters as bathing, bubbling and changing diapers. Chatting gaily ("I don't care which sex the baby will be, but I think my husband is hoping for a boy"), asking pertinent questions ("Are you supposed to wash the baby's head?"), exchanging symptoms ("My appetite is so ravenous I put on twenty-six pounds before I knew it"),

*Princess Grace, who has had a bit of experience with her sister's children, watches intently as Red Cross instructor begins lesson in baby care for expectant mothers*

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## *PRINCESS GRACE continued*

the princess, her classmates agreed, seemed "more beautiful than ever."

The other mothers-to-be were chiefly curious whether the princess would really be taking care of her own infant. Her answer: although the royal baby will have an experienced English- and French-speaking nurse, Princess Grace plans to spend "as much time as possible" in the royal nursery. She will have her baby at little Monaco's only hospital and bring her infant home to a nursery now being created out of old storage rooms adjoining the royal couple's private apartment. The nursery will have its own kitchenette, for which she bought a range and refrigerator on her trip here. Its windows will overlook a terrace on a cliff high above the blue Mediterranean. "We've picked out a few tentative names for the baby," Princess Grace reported, "but we keep changing them all the time." —J. ROBERT MOSKIN

*The princess gets briefing from nursing director Frances Haskett*

*Grace smiles as other mothers-to-be learn to comfort and "burp" their practice dolls. "Everybody seems to be having a good time," she remarks here*

*Watching practice doll held properly for bathing (right), princess inquires: "Do you bathe baby every day?" Instructor's reply: Yes, if the baby is well. She is eager to know (far right), "Are diapers folded differently for boys and girls?" Answer: Yes. She expressed surprise at "football hold" taught expectant mother awaiting turn at diapering. Session was part of 12-hour Red Cross course which Princess Grace thought "a wonderful idea"*

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*Tenderly touching the coverlet in the baby class's model crib, the princess dreams ahead to the not-far-off day when she will be gazing at her own infant*



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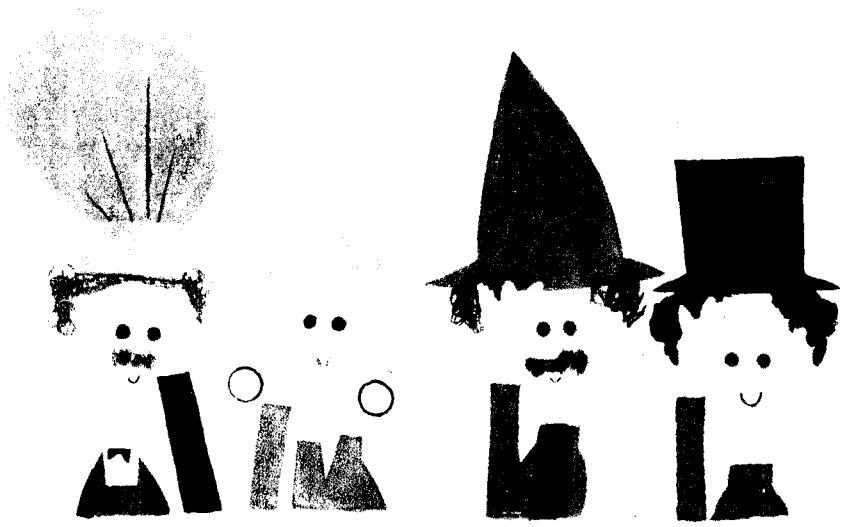
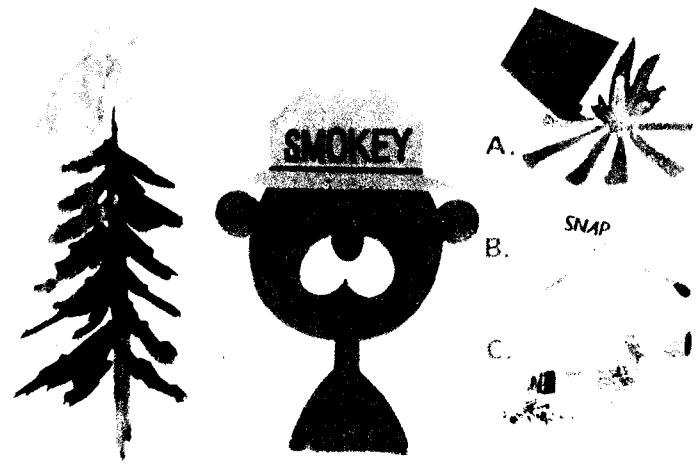
# ANSWERS

1 CHILDREN, TEACHERS, 8 MILLION **2** THE LIFE YOU SAVE MAY BE YOUR OWN **3** See you at the polls **4** (a) Douse Fires (b) Break Matches (c) Crush Cigarettes
**5** U.S. Savings Bonds **6** American Council To Improve Our Neighborhoods **7** (a) TRUTH (b) FREEDOM **8** In Ground Observer Corps **9** American Business

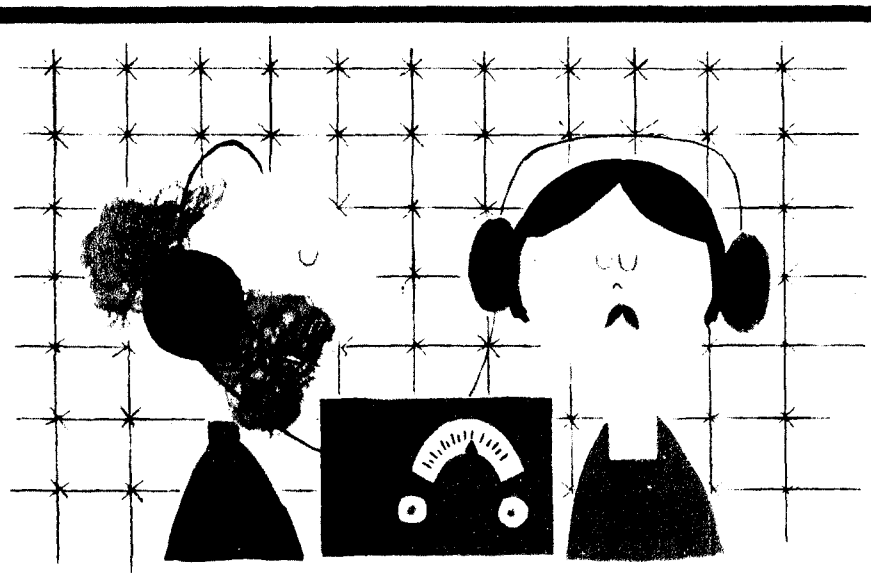
**TEST YOURSELF: How many of these simple puzzles can you solve without turning this page upside-down to see the answers? Take a bow for every one you solve —but give American businesses some credit, too. They donate millions of dollars of advertising each year to make you aware of these public service messages.**



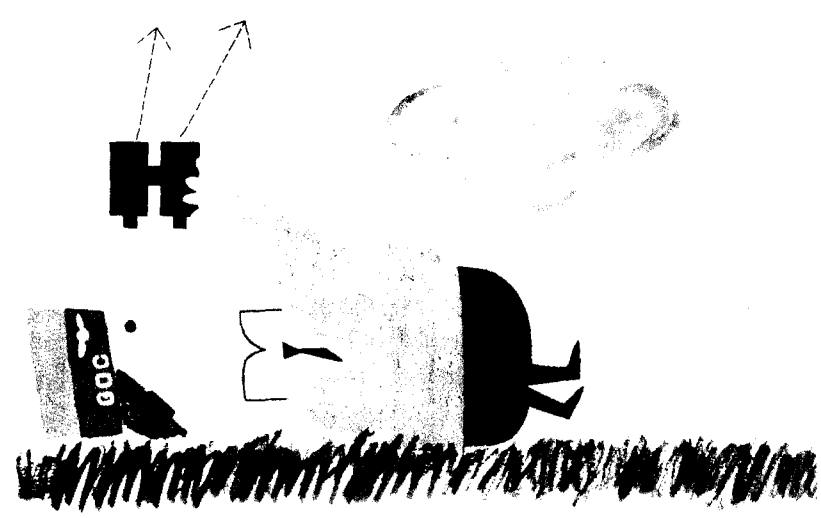
**3.** Last November, this gesture meant:
☐ See you later, alligator ☐ See you in church ☐ See you at the polls.




**4.** To prevent forest fires, Smokey asks us to Ⓐ _____, Ⓑ_____, and Ⓒ_____



**7.** Behind the Iron Curtain, on Radio Free Europe . . . Ⓐ Your dollar sponsors One Minute of TR_TH Ⓑ Send your dollar to Crusade for FR _ _ D _ _.



**8.** This American Citizen Is:
☐ Watching Horses ☐ Bird Watching ☐ Watching Girls ☐ In Ground Observer Corps ☐ Watching Moon

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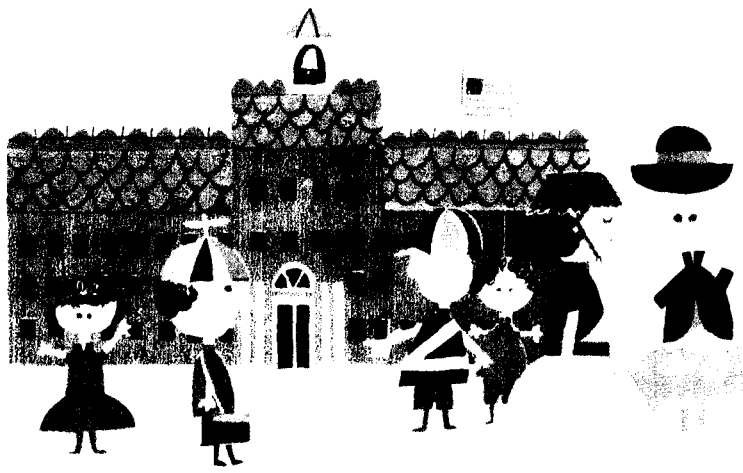
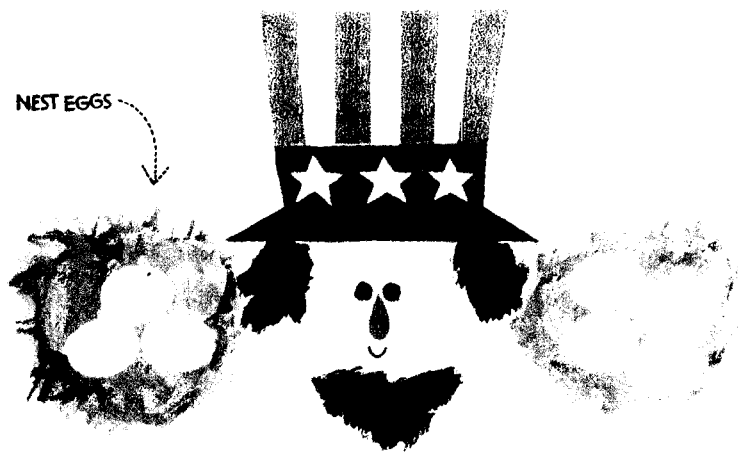


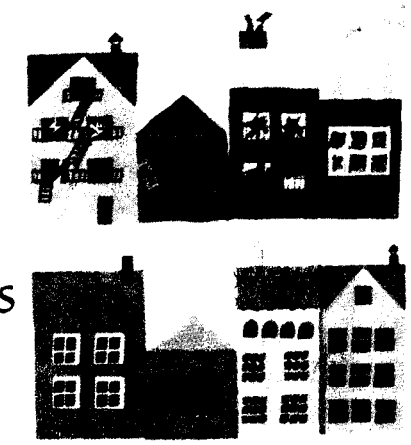
**1.** Many of our schools have too many CH_____N and not enough T__CH___. By 1960 there will be ☐ 1 million, ☐ 3 million, ☐ 8 million, more children in our nation's schools.

**2.** Complete the following slogan: Be careful . . . THE LIFE YOU SAVE ____ ____ ____ ____!

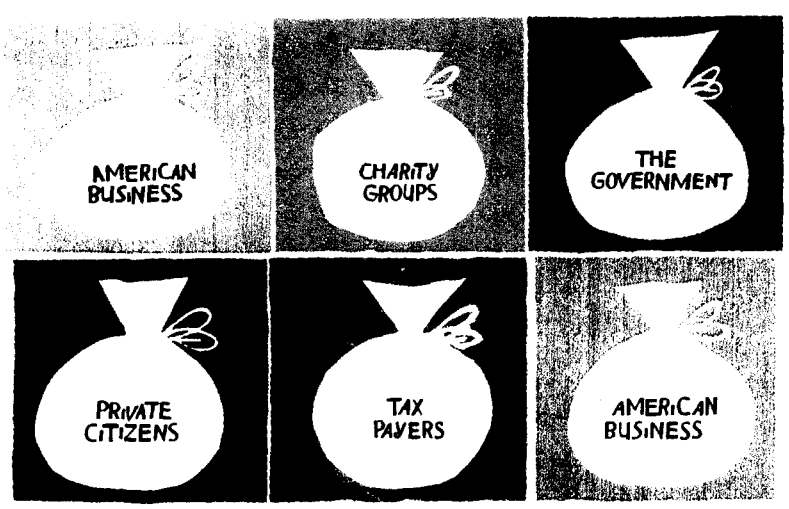



**5.** Riddle: What is it that for every three you invest, in ten years you get back four?

Ⓒ OUNCIL
Ⓞ UR
Ⓣ O
Ⓘ MPROVE
Ⓝ EIGHBORHOODS
Ⓐ MERICAN



**6.** Can you put the words together so the first letters spell ACTION? The slogan of this organization is, "Good neighborhoods are our nation's strength."




**9.** Find the Twins: The two identical money bags tell you who sponsors and pays for all these public service programs.

## HERE'S WHY YOU SCORED SO HIGH

There probably isn't a day that goes by that you haven't heard or read at least one of these vital public service messages. Why? Simply because American businesses, recognizing the importance of these projects, gladly donate space in their printed advertising and time from their radio and TV shows to bring you these messages. And the magazines, newspapers, radio and TV stations, outdoor poster and car card companies all contribute free time and space, just as this magazine has done.

The Advertising Council, along with the nation's leading advertising agencies, directs and prepares these campaigns – free of charge. *Not one penny of taxpayers' money is used to pay the cost of this million-dollar advertising.*

Thank you for your time and attention. Your biggest contribution to this effort is to *continue* to be aware of these public service activities.

*The Advertising Council*
*. . . for public service*

PUBLIC SERVICE • ADVERTISING COUNCIL •

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# THE CHRISTMAS-PARTY

*The guests had seemed full of good will—until their host was poisoned. Then the truth began*

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an American mystery

CAST OF CHARACTERS

NERO WOLFE.....Connoisseur of crime

ARCHIE GOODWIN.....His assistant

KURT BOTTWEILL.....The unfortunate host

MARGOT DICKEY.....Who wanted to get married

CHERRY QUON.....A girl with a secret

ALFRED KIERNAN.....Who trusted everybody

EMIL HATCH.....Who trusted nobody

MRS. PERRY PORTER JEROME.....A demanding angel

LEO JEROME.....Her resentful son

CRAMER and STEBBINS.....Two determined cops

I'M SORRY, sir," I said. I tried to sound sorry. "But I told you two days ago, Monday, that I had a date for Friday afternoon, and you said all right. So I'll drive you to Long Island Saturday or Sunday."

Nero Wolfe shook his head. "That won't do. Mr. Thompson's ship lands Friday morning, and he will be at Mr. Hewitt's place only until Saturday noon. As you know, Thompson is the best hybridizer in England, and I am grateful to Mr. Hewitt for inviting me to spend a few hours with him. As I remember, the drive takes about an hour and a half, so we should leave at twelve thirty."

I decided to count ten, and swiveled my chair, facing my desk, so as to have privacy for it. As usual when we have no important case going, we had been getting on each other's nerves for a week, and I admit I was a little touchy; but his taking it for granted that I would give up my own plans was a little too much. When I had finished the count I turned my head. He was still perched on his throne behind his desk, and darned if he hadn't gone back to his book, making it plain that he regarded the matter as settled. That was much too much. I swiveled my chair to confront him.

"I really am sorry," I said, not trying to sound sorry, "but I have to keep that date Friday afternoon. It's a Christmas party at the office of Kurt Bottweill—you remember him, the interior decorator we did a job for a few months ago, the stolen tapestries. You may not remember a member of his staff named Margot Dickey, but I do. I have been seeing her some, and I promised her I'd go to the party. As for going to Long Island, your idea that a car is a death trap if I'm not driving it is unsound. You can take a taxi, or hire a Baxter man, or get Saul Panzer to drive you."

Wolfe had lowered his book. "I hope to get some useful information from Mr. Thompson, and you will take notes."

"Not if I'm not there. Hewitt's secretary knows orchid terms as well as I do. So do you."

I admit those last three words were a bit strong, but he shouldn't have gone back to his book. His lips tightened. "Archie. How many times in the past year have I asked you to drive me somewhere?"

"If you call it asking, maybe eighteen or twenty."

"Not excessive, surely. If my feeling that you alone are to be trusted at the wheel of a car is an aberration, I have it. We will leave for Mr. Hewitt's place Friday at twelve thirty."

So there we were. I took a breath, but I didn't need to count ten again. If he was to be taught a lesson, and he certainly needed one, luckily I had in my possession a document that would make it good. Reaching to my inside breast pocket, I took out a folded sheet of paper.

"I didn't intend," I told him, "to spring this on you until tomorrow, or maybe even later, but I guess it will have to be now."

I left my chair, unfolded the paper, and handed it to him.

He gave it a look, shot a glance at me and let the paper drop on

ILLUSTRATED BY ALEX ROSS



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his desk. He snorted. "Pfui. What flummery is this?"

"No flummery. As you see, it's a marriage license for Archie Goodwin and Margot Dickey. I could be mushy about it, but I won't. I will only say that if I am hooked at last, it took an expert. She intends to spread the tidings at the office Christmas party, and of course I have to be there. When you announce that you have caught a fish, it helps to have the fish present in person. Frankly, I would prefer to drive you to Long Island, but it can't be done."

The effect was all I could have asked. He looked at me through narrowed eyes, and then picked up the document and gazed at it. He flicked it from him to the edge of the desk as if it were crawling with germs, and focused on me again. "You are deranged," he said, evenly and distinctly. "Sit down."

I nodded. "I suppose," I agreed, remaining upright, "love is a form of madness, but so what if I've got it?"

"Shut up and sit down!"

"Yes, sir." I didn't move. "But we're *not rushing it. We haven't set the date,* and there'll be plenty of time to decide on adjustments. You may not want me here any more, but that's up to you. So far as I'm concerned, I would like to stay. The pay is okay, especially if I get a raise the first of the year."

"Archie—"

"I have grown to regard this old brownstone as my home," I went on, "although there are two creaky boards in the floor of my room. I like living on West Thirty-fifth Street. I appreciate working for the greatest private detective in the free world, no matter how eccentric he is. I appreciate being able to go up to the plant rooms and look at ten thousand orchids, especially the odontoglossums. I fully appreciate—"

"Sit down!"

"I'm too worked up to sit. I have told Margot all this, and more, including the fact that you are allergic to women. We think living here may be worth trying, say for a month, when we get back from the honeymoon. My room could be our bedroom, and the other room on that floor could be our living room. We could eat with you, as I have been doing, or we could eat up there, as you prefer. She will keep her job with Kurt Bottweill, so she wouldn't be here during the day. Of course, we merely suggest this for your convenience. It's your house."

I picked up my marriage license, folded it and returned it to my pocket.

His eyes had stayed narrow and his lips tight. "I don't believe it," he growled. "What about the thousands of other females you dally with?"

"Not thousands. Not even a thousand. I'll have to look up 'dally'—"

"Sit down."

"No, sir. Right now you're stirred up. By the weekend the idea of a woman in the house may have you boiling even worse than you are now, or you may have cooled down to a simmer. If the former, no discussion will be needed. If the latter, you may decide it's worth a try. I hope you do."

I turned and walked out.

IN THE hall I hesitated. I could have gone to my room and phoned from there, but in Wolfe's present state it was quite possible he would listen in from his desk, and the call I wanted to make was personal. So I got my hat and coat from the rack, let myself out, and walked to the drugstore on Ninth Avenue. I found the booth unoccupied and dialed a number. In a moment a musical little voice—more a chirp than a voice—was in my ear: "Kurt Bottweill's studio, good morning."

"This is Archie Goodwin, Cherry. May I speak to Margot?"

"Why, certainly."

Then another voice came on: "Archie, darling."

"Yes, my own. I've got it."

"I knew you could!"

"Sure, I can do anything. Not only that, you said up to a hundred bucks, and it only took five. And not only that, but it's on me, because I've already had my money's worth of fun out of it, and more. I'll tell you about it when I see you. Shall I send it up by messenger?"

"No, I don't think— I'd better come and get it. Where are you?"

"In a phone booth. I'd just as soon not go back to the office right now because Mr. Wolfe wants to be alone to boil, so how about the Tulip Bar at the Churchill in twenty minutes? I feel like buying you a drink."

"*I feel like buying you a drink!*"

She should, since I was treating her to a marriage license.

WHEN, at three o'clock Friday afternoon, I wriggled out of the taxi at the curb in front of the four-story building in the East Sixties, it was snowing. If it kept up, New York might have an off-white Christmas.

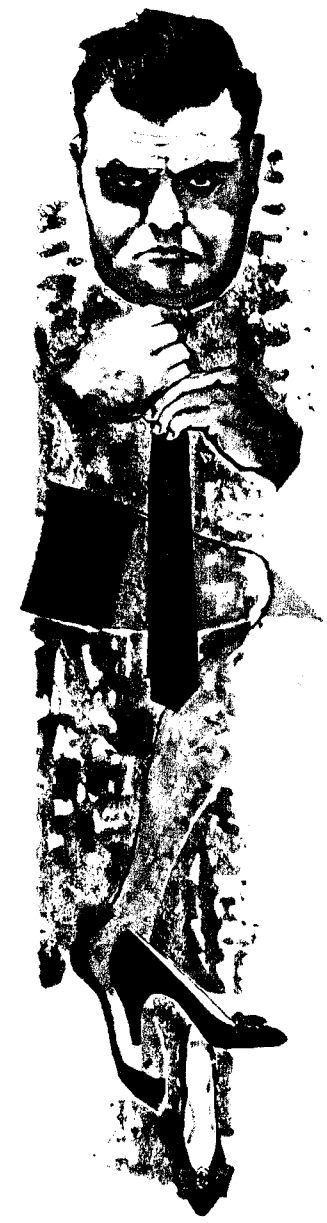
During the two days that had passed since I got my money's worth from the marriage license, the atmosphere around Wolfe's place had not been very seasonable. Our handling of that trying period showed our true natures. At table, for instance, I was polite and reserved, and spoke, when speaking seemed necessary, in low and cultured tones. When Wolfe spoke he either snapped or barked. Neither of us mentioned the state of bliss I was headed for, or the adjustments that would have to be made, or my Friday date with my fiancée, or his trip to Long Island.

But he must have arranged it somehow, because precisely at twelve thirty on Friday a black limousine drew up in front of the house, and Wolfe, with the brim of his old black hat turned down and the collar of his new gray overcoat turned up for the snow, descended the stoop, stood massively until the uniformed chauffeur had opened the door, and then climbed in. I watched it from above, from a window of my room.

I admit I was relieved. He had unquestionably needed a lesson and I didn't regret giving him one, but if he had passed up a chance for an orchid powwow with the best hybridizer in England I would never have heard the last of it. I went down to the kitchen and ate lunch with Fritz, who was so upset by the atmosphere that he forgot to put the lemon juice in the soufflé. I wanted to console him by telling him that everything would be rosy by Christmas, but of course that wouldn't do.

I had a notion to toss a coin to decide whether I would have a look at the new exhibit of dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History or go to the Bottweill party, but I was curious to know how Margot was making out with the license, and also how the other Bottweill personnel were making out with one another. It was surprising that they were still making out at all, considering what a motley crew they were.

Cherry Quon's position in the setup



*The mere idea of a woman living in his house was intolerable to Wolfe; he became desperate*

was apparently minor, since she functioned chiefly as a receptionist and phone-answerer, but I had seen her black eyes dart daggers at Margot Dickey, who should have been clear out of her reach. I had gathered that Margot was mainly relied upon to wrangle prospective customers into the corral, that Bottweill himself put them under the spell, and that Alfred Kiernan, who handled the business end, was to make sure that before the spell wore off an order got signed on the dotted line.

Of course that wasn't all. The order had to be filled, and that was handled, under Bottweill's supervision, by Emil Hatch in the workshop. Also funds were required to buy the materials, and they were furnished by a specimen named Mrs. Perry Porter Jerome.

Margot had told me that Mrs. Jerome would be at the party and would bring her son Leo, whom I had never met. According to Margot, Leo, who had no connection with the Bottweill business or any other business, devoted his time to two important activities: getting enough cash from his mother to keep going as a junior playboy, and stopping his mother's flow of cash to Bottweill, or at least slowing it down.

The Bottweill crew was quite a tangle, an interesting exhibit of bipeds alive and kicking, and, deciding their party promised more entertainment than the dead dinosaurs, I took a tax to the East Sixties.

The ground floor of the four-story building, formerly a de luxe double width residence, was now a beauty shop. The second floor was a real estate office. The third floor was Kurt Bottweill's workshop, and on top was his studio and office.

From the vestibule I took the do-it-yourself elevator to the top, opened the door, and stepped out into the glossy gold-leaf elegance I had first seen some months back, when Bottweill had hired Wolfe to find out who had swiped some tapestries. On that first visit I had decided that the only big difference between chrome-modern and Bottweill gold-leaf-modern was the color, and I still thought so. Not even skin-deep—just a two-hundred-thousandth-of-an inch deep. But on the panels and racks and furniture frames it gave the big skylighted studio quite a tone, and the rugs and draperies and pictures, all modern, joined in. It would have been a fine den for a blind millionaire.

"Archie!" a voice called. "Come and *help us sample!*"

It was Margot Dickey. In a far corner was a gold-leaf bar, some eight feet long, and she was at it on a gold-leaf stool. Cherry Quon and Alfred Kiernan were with her, also on stools, and behind the bar was Santa Claus, pouring champagne.

IT WAS certainly a modern touch to have Santa Claus tend bar, but there was nothing modern about his costume. He was strictly traditional—cut, color, size, mask and all—except that the hand grasping the champagne bottle wore a white glove. I assumed, crossing over to the bar, that this was another touch of Bottweill elegance. I didn't learn until later how wrong I was.

They gave me the season's greetings and Santa Claus poured a glass of bubbles for me. I was glad I had come. To drink champagne with a blonde at one elbow and a brunette at the other gives a man a sense of well-being, and those two were fine specimens: the tall slender Margot, relaxed, all curves, on the stool, and little slant-eyed, black-eyed Cherry Quon, who came only up to my collar when standing, sitting with her spine as straight as a plumb line, yet not stiff. I thought Cherry worthy of notice not only as a statuette, though she was highly decorative, but as a possible source of new light on human relations. Margot had told me that her father was half Chinese and half Indian—not American—and her mother was Dutch.

I said that apparently I had come too early, but Alfred Kiernan said no, the others were around and would be in shortly. He added that it was a pleasant surprise to see me, as it was just a little family gathering and he hadn't known others had been invited. Kiernan, whose title was business manager, had not liked a certain step I had taken when I was hunting the tapestries, and he still didn't, but an Irishman at a Christmas party likes everybody. My impression was that he really was pleased, so I was too. Margot said she had invited me, and Kiernan patted her on the arm and said that if she hadn't he would have. About my age and fully as handsome, he was the kind who can pat the arm of a queen or a president's wife without making eyebrows go up.

He turned to the bartender. "Mr. Claus, another champagne. May I call you by your first name, Santy?"



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"Certainly, sir," Santa Claus told him from behind the mask, in a thin falsetto that didn't match his size. As he stooped and came up with a bottle, a door at the left of the room opened and two men entered.

One of them, Emil Hatch, I had met before. When briefing Wolfe on the tapestries and telling us about his staff, Bottweill had called Margot Dickey his contact woman, Cherry Quon his handy girl and Emil Hatch his pet wizard; and when I met Hatch I found that he both looked the part and acted it. He was not much taller than Cherry Quon, and skinny; something had either pushed his left shoulder down or his right shoulder up, making him lopsided, and he had a sour face, a sour voice and a sour taste.

When the stranger was named to me as Leo Jerome, that placed him. I was acquainted with his mother, Mrs. Perry Porter Jerome. She was a widow and an angel—that is, Kurt Bottweill's angel. During the investigation she had talked as if the tapestries belonged to her, but that might have been only her manners, of which she had plenty. I could have made guesses about her personal relationship with Bottweill, but I hadn't bothered. I have enough to do to handle my own personal relationships without wasting my brain power on other people's.

As for her son Leo, he must have got his physique from his father—tall, bony, big-eared and long-armed. He was probably approaching thirty, below Kiernan but above Margot and Cherry.

WHEN Leo shoved in between Cherry and me, giving me his back, and Emil Hatch had something to tell Kiernan, I touched Margot's elbow and she slid off the stool and let herself be steered across to a divan. It had been covered with designs by Euclid in six or seven colors, and we stood looking down at it.

"Mighty pretty," I said, "but nothing like as pretty as you. If only that license were real! I can get a real one for two dollars. What do you say?"

"*You!*" she said scornfully. "You wouldn't marry Miss Universe, if she came on her knees with a billion dollars."

"I dare her to try it. Did it work?"

"Perfect. Simply perfect."

"Then you're ditching me?"

"Yes, Archie darling. But I'll be a sister to you."

"I've got a sister. I want the license back for a souvenir, and anyway I don't want it kicking around. I could be hooked for forgery. You can mail it to me."

"No, I can't. Kurt tore it up."

"He did? Where are the pieces?"

"Gone. He put them in his wastebasket. Will you come to the wedding?"

"What wastebasket where?"

"The gold one by his desk in his office. Last evening after dinner. Will you come to the wedding?"

"I will not. My heart bleeds. So will Mr. Wolfe's—and by the way, I'd better get out of here. I'm not going to stand around and sulk."

"You won't have to. He won't know I've told you, and you wouldn't be expected to— Here he comes!"

Margot darted off to the bar and I headed that way too. Through the door on the left appeared Mrs. Perry Porter Jerome, all of her, plump and plushy, with folds of mink trying to keep up as she breezed in. As she approached, those on stools got to their feet, but that courtesy could have been as much for her companion as for her. She was the angel, but Kurt Bottweill was the boss. He stopped five paces short of the bar, extended his arms as far as they would go, and sang out: "Merry Christmas, all my blessings! Merry, merry, merry!"

I still hadn't labeled him. About average in height, round but not pudgy, maybe forty-two or -three, his fine black hair slicked back so that he looked balder than he was, he was nothing great to look at, but he had something, not only for women but for men too. Wolfe had once invited him to stay for dinner, and they had talked about the scrolls from the Dead Sea. I had seen him twice at baseball games. His label would have to wait.

When I joined them at the bar, where Santa Claus was still pouring champagne, Bottweill squinted at me a moment and then grinned. "Goodwin! You here? Good! Edith, your pet sleuth!"

Mrs. Perry Porter Jerome turned to look at me. "Who asked you?" she demanded. Then, with no room for a reply, she went on: "Cherry, I suppose. Cherry *is* a blessing." She let her son take her coat, and then she reached for a glass. By the time Leo got back from depositing the mink on the divan we all had glasses, and when he had his we raised them, and our eyes went to Bottweill.

His eyes flashed around. "There are times," he said, "when love takes over. There are times—"

"Wait a minute," Alfred Kiernan cut in. "You don't like this stuff."

"I can stand a sip, Al."

"But you won't enjoy it. Wait." Kiernan put his glass on the bar and marched to the door on the left. In five seconds he was back, with a bottle in his hand, and, as he rejoined us and asked Santa Claus for a glass, I saw the Pernod label. Kiernan pulled the cork, which had been pulled before, filled the glass halfway, and held it out to Bottweill. "There," he said. "Your own private stock."

"Thanks, Al." Bottweill took the glass and raised it. "I repeat, there are times when love takes over . . . Santa Claus, where is yours? But I suppose you can't drink through that mask . . . There are times when all the little demons disappear down their ratholes, and ugliness itself takes on the shape of beauty; when the coldest heart feels the glow of warmth; when the trumpet call of good will and good cheer drowns out all the Babel of mean little noises. This is such a time. Merry Christmas!"

I WAS ready to touch glasses, but both the angel and the boss steered theirs to their lips, so I and the others followed suit. I thought Bottweill's eloquence deserved more than a sip, so I took a healthy gulp, and I saw that he was doing likewise with the Pernod. As I lowered the glass my eyes went to Mrs. Jerome.

"That was lovely," she declared. "Simply lovely. I must write it down. That part about the trumpet call—Kurt! What is it? *Kurt!*"

Bottweill had dropped the glass and was clutching his throat with both hands. As I moved he turned loose of his throat, thrust his arms out, and let out a yell. Others started for him too, but my reflexes were better trained for emergencies, so I reached him first. As I got my arms around him he started choking and gurgling, and a spasm went over him from head to foot. Then suddenly he was a dead weight, and I almost went down with him, and might have if Kiernan hadn't grabbed his arm. I called, "Get a doctor!" and Cherry ran to a table where there was a gold-leaf phone.

Kiernan and I let him down on the rug. He was out, breathing fast and hard. Mrs. Jerome was commanding us, "Do something, do something!"

There was nothing to do, and I knew it. While I was holding onto him I had got a whiff of his breath. I knew that smell, and it takes a big dose to hit that quick and hard. Kiernan

*Kurt Bottweill, it seemed, had a complicated love life. How many girls had he promised to marry?*



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was loosening Bottweill's tie and collar. Cherry Quon called to us that she had tried a doctor and couldn't get him and was trying another. Margot was squatting at Bottweill's feet, taking his shoes off; I could have told her she might as well let him die with his boots on, but I didn't.

I had two fingers on Bottweill's wrist and my other hand inside his shirt, and I could feel him going. When I could feel nothing I abandoned the chest and wrist, took his hand, straightened the middle finger, and pressed the nail with my thumbtip until it was white. When I removed my thumb the nail stayed white. Dropping the hand, I yanked a little cluster of fibers from the rug, placed the fibers against Bottweill's nostrils and held my breath for thirty seconds. The fibers didn't move.

I stood up and spoke. "His heart has stopped, and he's not breathing. If a doctor came within three minutes and washed out his stomach with chemicals he wouldn't have with him, there might be one chance in a thousand. But as it is—"

"Can't you *do* something?" Mrs. Jerome squawked.

"Not for him, no. I—"

Kiernan's voice came from behind me: "He's dead."

I DIDN'T turn to ask what test he had used. "Of course," I told them, "his drink was poisoned. Until the police come, no one will touch anything, especially the bottle of Pernod, and no one will leave this room. You will—"

I stopped dead. Then I demanded, "Where is Santa Claus?"

Their heads turned to look at the bar. No bartender. On the chance that the excitement had been too much for him, I pushed between Leo Jerome and Emil Hatch and looked behind the bar, but he wasn't on the floor either. I wheeled and asked: "Did anyone see him go?"

No one had. Hatch said, "He didn't take the elevator. I'm sure he didn't. He must have—" He started off.

I blocked him. "You stay here. I'll take a look. Kiernan, phone the police. Spring seven three one hundred."

I made for the door on the left and went out, pulling it shut as I went, and was in Bottweill's office, which I had seen before. It was one fourth the size of the studio and much more subdued, but by no means squalid. I crossed to the far end, saw that Bottweill's private elevator wasn't there, and pressed the button. A clank and a whir came from inside the shaft; when the elevator was up and had jolted to a stop I opened the door. There on the floor was Santa Claus, but only the outside of him. He had molted. Jacket, trousers, mask, wig—I didn't check to see if it was all there, because I had another errand and not much time for it.

Propping the elevator door open with a chair, I went and circled around Bottweill's big gold-leaf desk to his gold-leaf wastebasket. I picked it up and dumped it and then began tossing things back in, one by one. Some of the items were torn pieces of paper, but none of them came from a marriage license.

When I had finished I stayed down a moment, squatting, wondering if I had hurried too much and possibly missed it. I might have gone through the basket again if I hadn't heard a faint noise that sounded like the main elevator door opening. I went to the door to the studio and opened it, and as I crossed the sill two uniformed cops were deciding whether to give their first glance to the dead or the living.

THREE hours later we were seated, more or less in a group, and my old friend and foe, Sergeant Purley Stebbins of Homicide, stood surveying us, his square jaw jutting and his big burly frame erect.

"Mr. Kiernan and Mr. Hatch will be taken to the district attorney's office for further questioning," he said. "The rest of you can go for the present, but you will keep yourselves available at the addresses you have given. Before you go I want to ask you again, here together, about the man who was here as Santa Claus. You have all claimed to know nothing about him. Do you still claim that?"

It was twenty minutes to seven. Some two dozen city employees—medical examiner, photographer, fingerprinters, meat-basket bearers, the whole caboodle—had finished the on-the-scene routine, including private interviews with the eyewitnesses. I had made the highest score, having had sessions with Stebbins, a precinct man and Inspector Cramer, who had departed around five o'clock to organize the hunt for Santa Claus.

"I'm not objecting," Kiernan told Stebbins, "to going to the district attorney's office. I'm not objecting to anything. But we've told you all we can—I know *I* have. It seems to me your job is to find him."

Mrs. Jerome demanded, "Do you mean to say that no one knows anything at all about him?"

"So they say," Purley told her. "No one even knew there was going to be a Santa Claus, so they say. He came into this room about a quarter to three, from Bottweill's office. The idea is that Bottweill himself had arranged for him, and he came up in the private elevator and put on the costume in Bottweill's office. You may as well know there is some corroboration of that. We have found out where the costume was rented—from Burleson's on Forty-sixth Street. Bottweill phoned them yesterday afternoon and ordered it sent here, marked personal. Miss Quon admits receiving the package and taking it to Bottweill in his office."

For a cop, you never just state a fact, or report it or declare it or say it. You admit it.

"We are also," Purley went on, "covering agencies that might have supplied a man to act Santa Claus, but that's a big order. If Bottweill got a man through an agency, there's no telling what he got. If it was a man with a record, when he saw trouble coming he beat it. With everybody's attention on Bottweill, he sneaked out, got his clothes—whatever he had taken off in Bottweill's office—and went down in the elevator he had come up in. He shed the costume on the way down and left it in the elevator. If that was it, if he was just a man Bottweill hired, he wouldn't have had any reason to kill Bottweill—and besides, he wouldn't have known that Bottweill's only drink was Pernod, and he wouldn't have known where the poison was."

"Also," Emil Hatch said, sourer than ever, "if he was just hired for the job he was a damn' fool to sneak out. He might have known he'd be found. So he wasn't just hired. He was someone who knew Bottweill, and knew about the Pernod and the poison, and had some good reason for wanting to kill him. You're wasting your time on the agencies."

"Relax, Sugar—it only shoots blanks"

COLLIER'S SID GORDIN

Stebbins shrugged his heavy, broad shoulders. "We waste most of our time, Mr. Hatch. Maybe he was too scared to think. I just want you to understand that if we find him, and if that's how Bottweill got him, it's going to be hard to believe that he put poison in that bottle; but somebody did. I want you to understand that so you'll see why you are all to be available at the addresses you have given. Don't make any mistake about that."

"Do you mean," Mrs. Jerome demanded, "that we are under suspicion? That *I* and *my son* are under suspicion?"

PURLEY opened his mouth and shut it. With that kind he always had trouble with his impulses. He wanted to say, "You're damn' right you are." He did say, "I mean we're going to find that Santa Claus and, when we do, we'll see. If we can't see him for it we'll have to look further, and we'll expect all of you to help us. I'm taking it for granted you'll all want to help. Don't you want to, Mrs. Jerome?"

"I would help if I could, but I know nothing about it. I only know that my very dear friend is dead, and I don't intend to be abused and threatened. What about the poison?"

"You know about it. You have been questioned about it."

"I know I have," Mrs. Jerome said. "But what about it?"

"It must have been apparent from the questions. The medical examiner thinks it was cyanide and expects the autopsy to verify that. Emil Hatch uses potassium cyanide in his work with metals and plating, and there is a large jar of it on a cupboard shelf in the workshop one floor below; and there is a stair from Bottweill's office to the workroom. Anyone who knew that, and who also knew that Bottweill kept a case of Pernod in a cabinet in his office and an open bottle of it in a drawer of his desk, couldn't have asked for a better setup. Four of you have admitted knowing both of those things. Three of you—Mrs. Jerome, Leo Jerome and Archie Goodwin—admit they knew about the Pernod but deny they knew about the potassium cyanide. That will—"

"That's not true! She *did* know about it!" Cherry Quon cried.

MRS. JEROME'S hand shot out and slapped Cherry Quon's cheek. Her son grabbed his mother's arm.

Alfred Kiernan sprang to his feet and, for a second, I thought he was going to sock Mrs. Jerome; and *he* did too, and possibly he would have if Margot Dickey hadn't jerked at his coattail. Cherry put her hand to her face, but except for that she didn't move.

"Sit down," Stebbins told Kiernan. "Take it easy. Miss Quon, you say Mrs. Jerome knew about the potassium cyanide?"

"Of course she did." Cherry's chirp was pitched lower than normal, but it was still a chirp. "In the workshop one day I heard Mr. Hatch telling Mrs. Jerome how he used it and how careful he had to be."

"Mr. Hatch? Do you verify—"

"Nonsense," Mrs. Jerome snapped. "What if he did? Perhaps he did. I had forgotten all about it. I told you I won't tolerate this abuse!"

Purley eyed her. "Look here, Mrs. Jerome. When we find that Santa Claus, if he was someone who knew Bottweill and had a motive, that may settle it. If not it won't help anyone to talk about abuse, and that includes you. So far as I know now, only one of you has told us a lie—you. That's on the record. I'm telling you, and all of you: lies only make it harder for you, but sometimes they make it easier for us. I'll leave it at that for now. Mr. Kiernan and Mr. Hatch, these men"—he aimed a thumb over his shoulder at two dicks standing back of him—"will take you downtown. The rest of you can go, but remember what I said. Goodwin, I want to see you."

He had already seen me, but I wouldn't make a point of it. Kiernan, however, had a point to make, and he made it: he had to leave last so he could lock up. It was so arranged.

The three women, Leo Jerome and Stebbins and I took the elevator down, leaving the two dicks with Kiernan and Hatch. Down on the sidewalk, as they headed in different directions, I could see no sign of tails taking after them. It was still snowing, a fine prospect for Christmas and the street cleaners. There were two police cars at the curb, and Purley Stebbins went to one and opened the door and motioned to me to get in.

I objected. "If I'm invited downtown too I'm willing to oblige, but I'm going



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to eat first. I nearly starved to death there once."

"You're not wanted downtown, not right now. Get in out of the snow."

I did so and slid across under the wheel to make room for him. He joined me and pulled the door shut. "If we're going to sit here," I suggested, "we might as well be rolling. Don't bother to cross town, just drop me at Thirty-fifth."

He objected. "I don't like to drive and talk—or listen. What were you doing there today?"

"I've told you: having fun—three kinds of champagne. Miss Dickey invited me."

"I'm giving you another chance. You were the only outsider there. Why? You're nothing special to Miss Dickey. She was going to marry Bottweill. So why did she invite you?"

"Ask her."

"We have asked her. She says there was no particular reason; she knew Bottweill liked you, and they've regarded you as one of them since you found some tapestries for them. She stuttered around about it. But any time I find you anywhere near a murder, I want to know why. I'm giving you another chance."

So Margot hadn't mentioned the marriage license. Good for her. I would rather have eaten all the snow that had fallen since noon than explain that license to Sergeant Stebbins or Inspector Cramer. That was why I had gone through the wastebasket. "Thanks for the chance," I told him, "but I can't use it. I've told you everything I saw and heard there today." That put me in a class with Mrs. Jerome, since I had left out my little talk with Margot. "I've told you all I know about those people. Lay off, and go find your murderer."

"I know you, Goodwin. Do you expect me to believe that guy got out of that room and away without you knowing it?"

"Nuts. I was kneeling on the floor, watching a man die. Anyway, you're just talking to hear yourself. You don't think I was accessory to the murder or to the murderer's escape?"

"I didn't say I did. Even if he was wearing gloves—and what for, if not to leave no prints—I don't say he was the murderer. But if you knew who he was and didn't want him involved in it, and let him get away, and if you let us wear out our ankles looking for him, what about that?"

"That would be bad. If I asked my advice I would be against it."

"Damn it," he barked, "do you know who he is?"

"No."

"Did you or Wolfe have anything to do with getting him there?"

"No."

"All right, pile out. They'll be wanting you downtown."

"I hope not tonight. I'm tired." I opened the door. "You have my address." I stepped out into the snow, and he started the engine and rolled off.

IT SHOULD have been a good hour for an empty taxicab, but in a Christmas season snowstorm it took me ten minutes to find one. When it pulled up in front of the old brownstone on West 35th Street it was eight minutes to eight.

As is usual in my absence, the chain bolt was on, and I had to ring for Fritz to let me in. I asked him if Wolfe was back, and he said yes, he was at dinner. As I put my hat on the shelf and my coat on a hanger I asked if there was any left for me, and he said plenty, and moved aside for me to precede him down the hall to the dining room. Fritz has fine manners.

Wolfe, in his oversized chair at the end of the table, told me good evening, not snapping or barking. I returned it, got seated at my place, picked up my napkin and apologized for being late. Fritz came from the kitchen with a warm plate, a platter of braised boned ducklings and a dish of potatoes baked with mushrooms and cheese. I took enough. Wolfe asked if it was still snowing and I said yes.

After a good mouthful had been disposed of, I spoke: "As you know, I approve of your rule not to discuss business during a meal, but I've got something on my chest and it's not business. It's personal."

He grunted. "The death of Mr. Bottweill was reported on the radio at seven o'clock. You were there."

"Yeah. I was there. I was kneeling by him while he died." Damn the radio. I hadn't intended to mention the murder until I had dealt with the main issue from my standpoint. "I'll report on that in full if you want it," I said, "but I doubt if there's a job in it. Mrs. Perry Porter Jerome is the only suspect with enough jack to pay your fee, and she has already notified Purley Stebbins that she won't be abused. Besides, when they find Santa Claus that may settle it. What I want to report on happened before Bottweill died. That marriage license I showed you is for the birds. Miss Dickey has called it off. I am out two bucks. She told me she had decided to marry Bottweill."

He was sopping a crust in the sauce on his plate. "Indeed," he said.

"Yes, sir. It was a jolt, but I would have recovered in time. Then ten minutes later Bottweill was dead. Where does that leave me? Sitting around up there through the routine, I considered it. Perhaps I could get her back now, but no thank you. That license has been destroyed. I get another one, another two bucks, and then she tells me she has decided to marry Joe Doakes. I'm going to forget her. I'm going to blot her out."

Wolfe was busy chewing. When he could he said, "For me, of course, this is satisfactory."

"I know it is. Do you want to hear about Bottweill?"

"After dinner."

"Okay. How did you make out with Thompson?"

But that didn't appeal to him as a dinner topic either. In fact, nothing did. Usually he likes table talk about anything from refrigerators to Republicans, but apparently the trip to Long Island and back, with all its dangers, had tired him out. It suited me all right, since I had had a noisy afternoon too and could stand a little silence. When we had both done well with the duckling and potatoes and salad and baked pears and cheese and coffee, he pushed back his chair.

"There's a book," he said, "that I want to look at. It's up in your room —Here and Now, by Herbert Block. Will you bring it down, please?"

THOUGH it meant climbing two flights with a full stomach, I was glad to oblige, out of appreciation for his calm acceptance of my announcement of my shattered hopes. He could have been very vocal. So I mounted the stairs cheerfully, went to my room and crossed to the shelves where I keep a few books. There were only about two dozen of them, and I knew where each one was, but Here and Now wasn't there. Where it should have been was a gap. I looked around, saw a book on the dresser, and walked over. The book was Here and Now, and lying on top of it was a pair of white cotton gloves.

I gawked. I would like to say that I caught on immediately, the second I spotted them, but I didn't. I had picked them up and looked them over, and had put one of them on and taken it off again, before I fully realized that there was only one possible explanation. Having realized it, I went to a chair and sat down.

It took me maybe a minute to reach my first clear conclusion: Wolfe had taken this method of telling me he was Santa Claus, instead of just telling me, because he wanted me to think it over on my own before we talked it over together.

Why did he want me to think it over on my own? That took a little longer, but I found my way to the only acceptable answer. He had decided to give up his trip to see Thompson, and instead to arrange with Bottweill to attend the Christmas party disguised as Santa Claus, because the idea of a woman living in his house—or of the only alternative, my leaving—had made him absolutely desperate, and he had to see for himself. He had to see Margot and me together—and to talk with her, if possible. If he found out that the marriage license was a hoax he would have me by the tail; he could tell me he would be delighted to welcome my bride and watch me wriggle out. If he found that I really meant it, he would know what he was up against and go on from there.

The point was this, that he had shown what he really thought of me. He had shown that, rather than lose me, he would do something that he wouldn't have done for any fee anybody could name. He would rather have gone without beer for a week than admit it, but now he was a fugitive from justice in a murder case and needed me. So he had to let me know, but he wanted it understood that that aspect of the matter was not to be mentioned. The assumption would be that he had gone to Bottweill's instead of Long Island because he loved to dress up like Santa Claus and tend bar.

I thought over other aspects of the situation. He had worn the gloves so I couldn't recognize his hands. Where did he get them? What time had he got to Bottweill's, and who had seen him? Did Fritz know where he was going? How had he got back home? But after a little of that I realized that he hadn't sent me up to my room to ask myself questions he could answer, so I went back to considering whether there was anything else he wanted me to think over alone. Deciding there wasn't, I got Here and Now and the gloves from the dresser, went out of the room and down the stairs and entered the office.

FROM behind his desk, he glared at me as I came in. "Here it is," I said, and handed him the book. "And much obliged for the gloves." I held them up, one in each hand, dangling them from thumb and fingertip.

"It is no occasion for clowning," he growled.

"It sure isn't." I dropped the gloves on my desk, whirled my chair, and sat. "Where do we start? Do you want to know what happened after you left?"

"The details can wait. First, where do we stand? Was Mr. Cramer there?"

"Yes. Certainly."

"Did he get anywhere?"

"No. He probably won't until he finds Santa Claus. Until they find Santa Claus they won't dig very hard at the others. The longer it takes to find him the surer they'll be he's it. Three things about him: nobody knows who he was, he beat it and he wore gloves. A thousand men are looking for him. You were right to wear the gloves—I might have recognized your hands—but where did you get them?"

"At a store on Ninth Avenue. Confound it, I didn't know a man was going to be murdered!"

"I know you didn't. May I ask some questions?"

He scowled. I took it for yes. "When did you phone Bottweill to arrange it?"

"At two thirty yesterday afternoon. You had gone to the bank."

"Have you any reason to think he told anyone about it?"

"No. He said he wouldn't."

"I know he got the costume for you, so that's okay. When you left here today at twelve thirty, did you go straight to Bottweill's?"

"No. I left at that hour because you

"Pardon me, but were you by any chance at the Strathmore Club last night?"

COLLIER'S DICK ERICSON



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and Fritz expected me to. I stopped to buy the gloves and then met Bottweill at Rusterman's, and we had lunch. From there we took a cab to his place, arriving shortly after two o'clock, and took his private elevator up to his office. Immediately upon entering his office, he got a bottle of Pernod from a drawer of his desk, said he always had a little after lunch, and invited me to join him. I declined. He poured a liberal portion in a glass, about two ounces, drank it in two gulps, and returned the bottle to the drawer."

I whistled. "The cops would like to know *that*."

"No doubt. The costume was there in a box. There is a dressing room at the rear of his office, and I took the costume there and put it on. He had ordered the largest size, but it was a squeeze and it took a while. I was in there half an hour or more. When I re-entered the office it was empty, but soon Bottweill came upstairs from the workshop and helped me with the mask and wig. They had barely been adjusted when Emil Hatch and Mrs. Jerome and her son appeared, also coming up the stairs from the workshop. I left, going to the studio, and found Miss Quon and Miss Dickey and Mr. Kiernan there."

"And before long I was there. Then no one saw you unmasked. When did you put the gloves on?"

"The last thing. Just before I entered the studio."

"Then you may have left prints. I know, you didn't know there was going to be a murder. You left your clothes in the dressing room? Are you sure you got everything when you left?"

"Yes. I am not a complete fool."

I LET that go by. "Why didn't you leave the gloves in the elevator with the costume?"

"Because they hadn't come with it, and I thought it better to take them."

"That private elevator is at the rear of the hall downstairs. Did anyone see you leaving it or passing through the hall?"

"No. The hall was empty."

"How did you get home? Taxi?"

"No. Fritz didn't expect me until six or later. I walked to the public library, spent some two hours there, and then took a cab."

I pursed my lips and shook my head to indicate sympathy. That was his longest and hardest tramp since Montenegro. Over a mile. Fighting his way through the blizzard, in terror of the law on his tail. But all the return I got for my look of sympathy was a scowl, so I let loose. I laughed. I put my head back and let it come. I had wanted to ever since I had learned he was Santa Claus, but I had been too busy thinking. It was bottled up in me and I let it out, good.

I was about to taper off to a cackle when he exploded. "Confound it," he bellowed, "marry and be damned!"

That was dangerous. That attitude could easily get us onto the point he had sent me up to my room to think over alone, and if we got started on that anything could happen. It called for tact. "I beg your pardon," I said. "Something caught in my throat. Do you want to describe the situation, or do you want me to?"

"I would like to hear you try," he said grimly.

"Yes, sir. I suspect that the only thing to do is to phone Inspector Cramer right now and invite him to come and have a chat and, when he comes, open up the bag. That will—"

"No. I will not do that."

"Then next best, I go to him and *spill it there. Of course*—"

"No." He meant every word of it.

"Okay. I'll describe it. They'll mark time on the others until they find Santa Claus. They've got to find him. If he left any prints, they'll compare them with every file they've got, and sooner or later they'll get to yours. They'll cover all the stores for sales of white cotton gloves to men. They'll trace Bottweill's movements and learn that he lunched with you at Rusterman's, and that you left together, and they'll trace you to Bottweill's place. Of course, your going there won't prove you were Santa Claus—you might talk your way out of that, and it will account for your prints if they find some—but what about the gloves? They'll trace that sale if you give them time, and with a description of the buyer they'll find Santa Claus. You're sunk."

I had never seen his face blacker.

"If you sit tight till they find you," I argued, "it will be quite a nuisance. Cramer has been itching for years to lock you up, and any judge would commit you as a material witness who had run out. Whereas if you call Cramer now—and I mean *now*—and invite him to come and have some beer, the whole business will still be a nuisance but it will be bearable. Of course he'll want to know why you went there and played Santa Claus, but you can tell him anything you please. Tell him you bet me a hundred bucks—or make it a grand—that you could be in a room with me for ten minutes and I wouldn't recognize you. I'll be only too glad to co-operate."

I leaned forward. "Another thing. If you wait till they find you, you won't dare tell them that Bottweill took a drink from that bottle shortly after two o'clock and it didn't hurt him. If you told about that after they dug you up, they could book you for withholding evidence, and they probably would, and make it stick. If you get Cramer here now and tell him, he'll appreciate it, though naturally he won't say so. He's probably at his office. Shall I ring him?"

"No. I will not confess that performance to Mr. Cramer. I will not unfold the morning paper to a disclosure of that outlandish masquerade."

"Then you're going to sit and look at Here and Now until they come with a warrant?"

WOLFE took in air through his mouth, as far down as it would go, and let it out through his nose. "No. That would be fatuous. I'm going to find the murderer and present him to Mr. Cramer. There's nothing else."

"Oh. You are?"

"Yes."

"You might have said so and saved my breath, instead of letting me spout."

"I wanted to see if your appraisal of the situation agreed with mine. It does."

"That's fine. Then you also know that we may have two weeks and we may have two minutes. At this very second some expert may be phoning Homicide to say that he has found fingerprints that match those on the card of Wolfe, Nero . . ."

The phone rang, and I jerked around as if someone had stuck a needle in me. Maybe we wouldn't have even two minutes. My hand wasn't trembling as I lifted the receiver, I hope. Wolfe seldom lifts his until I have found out who it is, but this time he did. "Nero Wolfe's office, Archie Goodwin speaking," I said.

"This is the district attorney's office, Mr. Goodwin. Regarding the murder of Kurt Bottweill. We would like you to be here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning."

"All right. Sure."

"At ten o'clock sharp, please."

"I'll be there."

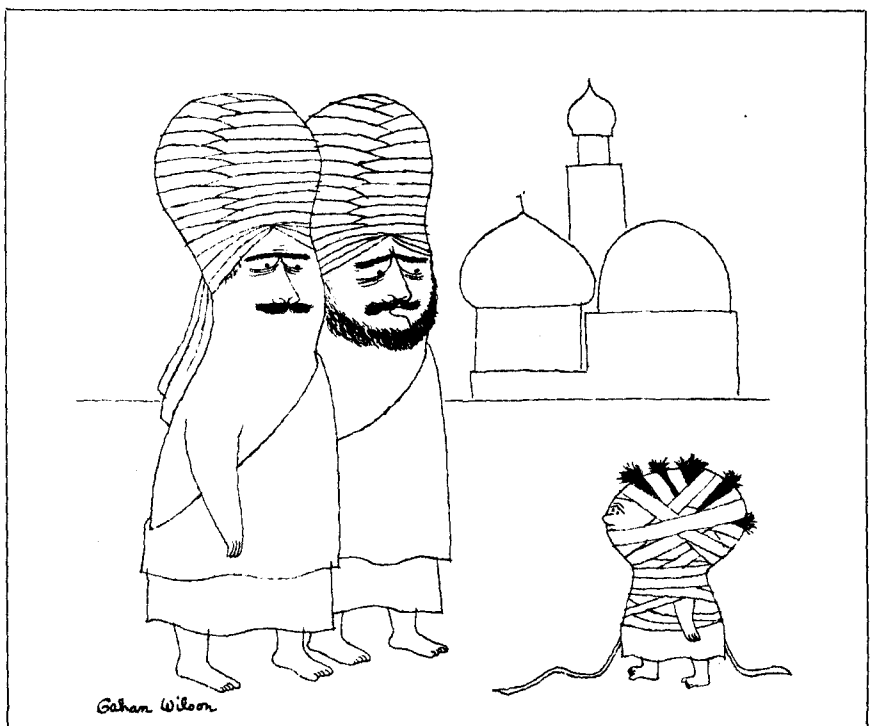
We hung up. Wolfe sighed. I sighed. "Well," I said, "I've already told them six times that I know absolutely nothing about Santa Claus, so they may not ask me again. If they do, it will be interesting to compare my voice when I'm lying with when I'm telling the truth."

He grunted. "Now. I want a complete report of what happened there after I left, but first I want background. In your intimate association with Miss Dickey you must have learned things about those people. What?"

"That's all," I said, "except that I want to make it clear that I had no intention of showing it to you, or making a game out of it. I did that on impulse, when you kept pressing that Long Island trip.

"Also," I said, "no doubt you noticed that today, just before Bottweill and Mrs. Jerome joined the party, Margot and I stepped aside for a little chat. She told me the license did the trick. Her words were, 'Perfect, simply perfect.' She said that last evening, in his office, Bottweill tore the license up and put the pieces in his wastebasket. That's okay, the cops didn't find them. I looked before they came, and the pieces weren't there."

WOLFE'S mouth was working, but he didn't open it. He didn't dare. He would have liked to tear into me, to tell me that my insufferable flummery had got him into this awful mess, but if he did so he would be dragging in




"Sometimes I think the kid'll never get the hang of it!"

COLLIER'S GAHAN WILSON

"Not much." I cleared my throat. "I guess I'll have to explain something. My association with Miss Dickey was not intimate." I stopped. It wasn't easy.

"Choose your own adjective. I meant no innuendo."

"It's not a question of adjectives. Miss Dickey is a good dancer, exceptionally good, and for the past couple of months I have been taking her here and there, some six or eight times altogether. Monday evening at the Flamingo Club she asked me to do her a favor. She said Bottweill was giving her a runaround, that for a year he had been going to marry her but had kept stalling, and now she wanted to do something. She said that Cherry Quon was making a play for him, and she didn't intend to let Cherry take the rail.

"She asked me to get a blank marriage license and fill it out for her and me and give it to her," I went on. "She would show it to Bottweill and tell him now or never. It struck me as a good deed with no risk involved and, as I say, she is a good dancer. Tuesday afternoon I got a blank, no matter how, and filled it in, including a fancy signature."

Wolfe grunted.

something he didn't want mentioned: that he was in trouble and needed my help. He saw that in time, and saw that I saw it.

Finally he spoke: "Then you are not really engaged to Miss Dickey."

"No, sir."

"Even so," he argued, "during your association with her she must have spoken about that establishment and those people."

"Some, yes."

"And one of them killed Bottweill. The poison was put in the bottle between two ten, when I saw him take a drink, and three thirty, when Kiernan went and got the bottle. No one came up in the private elevator during the half hour or more I was in the dressing room. I was getting into that costume and gave no heed to footsteps or other sounds in the office, but the elevator shaft adjoins the dressing room and I would have heard anyone coming up.

"It is a strong probability," he went on, "that the murderer's opportunity was even narrower, that the poison was put in the bottle while I was in the dressing room, since three of the party guests—Mr. Hatch and the Jeromes—were in the office with Bottweill when I left, and the other three—Miss Dickey, Miss Quon and Mr. Kiernan—were in



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the studio when I walked in there. What do you know about these people?"

"Not much. And it's all hearsay, from Margot. Mrs. Jerome has put half a million into Bottweill's business —probably you should divide that by two, at least—and thinks she owns him. Or thought. She was jealous of Margot and Cherry. As for Leo, if his mother was dishing out the dough he expected to inherit to a guy who was trying to corner the world's supply of gold leaf—and who possibly might also marry his mother—and if he knew about the jar of poison in the workshop, he might have been tempted. Kiernan I don't know, but from a remark Margot made, and from the way he looked at Cherry this afternoon, I suspect he would like to mix some Irish with her Chinese and Indian and Dutch; and if he thought Bottweill had him stymied, he might have been tempted too. So much for hearsay."

"Mr. Hatch?"

"Nothing on him from Margot, but from dealing with him during the tapestry job, I wouldn't have been surprised if he had wiped out the whole bunch on general principles. His heart pumps acid instead of blood. He's a creative artist—he told me so. He practically told me that he was responsible for the success of the Bottweill enterprise but got no credit. He didn't tell me that he regarded Bottweill as a phony and a fourflusher, but that was obvious. You may remember that I told you he had a persecution complex, and you told me to stop using other people's jargon."

"That's four of them. Miss Dickey?"

I raised my brows. "I got her a license to marry, not to kill. If she was lying when she said it worked, she's almost as good a liar as she is a dancer. Maybe she is. If it didn't work the way she intended, she might have been tempted too."

"And Miss Quon?"

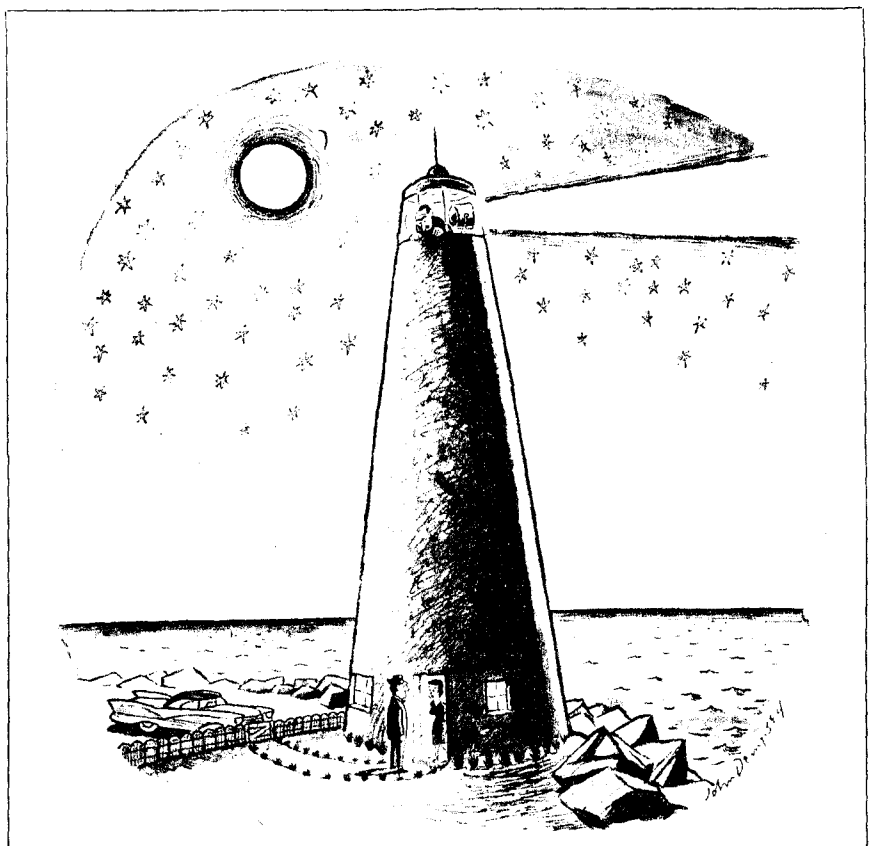
"She's half Oriental. I'm not up on Orientals, but I understand they're inscrutable. Anyway, if I had to be poisoned by one of that bunch I would want it to be her. Except for what Margot told me—"

The doorbell rang. That was worse than the phone. If they had hit on Santa Claus's trail and it led to Nero Wolfe, Cramer was much more apt to come than call. Wolfe and I exchanged glances. Looking at my wrist watch and seeing ten eight, I got up, went to the hall and flipped the switch for the stoop light, and took a look through the one-way glass panel of the front door. I have good eyes, but the figure was muffled in a heavy coat with a hood, so I stepped halfway to the door to make sure. Then I returned to the office and told Wolfe: "Cherry Quon. Alone."

He frowned. "I wanted—" He cut it off. "Very well. Bring her in."

AS I have said, Cherry was highly decorative, and she went fine with the red leather chair at the end of Wolfe's desk. It would have held three of her. When she let me take her coat, I saw that she still had on the neat little woolen number she had worn at the party. It wasn't exactly yellow, but there was yellow in it. I would have called it off-gold, and it and the red chair and the paleness of her smooth little carved face would have made a very nice color print.

She sat on the edge of the chair, her spine straight and her hands together in her lap. "I was afraid to telephone," she said, "because you might tell me not to come. So I just came. Will you forgive me?"



"You idiot! I told you to come when the coast *isn't* clear"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

Wolfe grunted. No commitment. She smiled at him, a friendly smile, or so I thought.

"I must get myself together," she chirped. "I'm nervous because it's so exciting to be here." She turned her head. "There's the globe, and the bookshelves and the safe and the couch, and of course Archie Goodwin. And you. You behind your desk in your enormous chair! Oh, I know this place! I have read about you so much —everything there is, I think. It's exciting to be here, actually here in this chair, and see you. Of course, I saw you this afternoon, but that wasn't the same thing—you could have been anybody in that silly Santa Claus costume. I wanted to pull your whiskers."

She laughed, a friendly little tinkle like a bell.

I think I looked bewildered. That was my idea, after her words had got through my ears to the switchboard inside and been routed. I was too busy worrying about my own expression to look at Wolfe, but he was probably even busier, since she was looking straight at him.

"If I understand you, Miss Quon, I'm at a loss," he said. "If you think you saw me this afternoon in a Santa Claus costume, you're mistaken."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she exclaimed. "Then you haven't told them?"

"My dear madam." His voice sharpened. "If you must talk in riddles, talk to Mr. Goodwin. He enjoys them."

"But I *am* sorry, Mr. Wolfe. I should have explained first how I know. This morning at breakfast Kurt told me you had phoned him and arranged to appear at the party as Santa Claus, and this afternoon I asked him if you had come, and he said you had and you were putting on the costume. That's how I know. But you haven't told the police? Then it's a good thing I haven't told them either, isn't it?"

"This is interesting," Wolfe said coldly. "What do you expect to accomplish by this fantastic folderol?"

She shook her pretty little head. "You, with so much sense! You must see that it's no use. If I tell the police, even if they don't like to believe me they will investigate. I know they can't investigate as well as you can, but surely they will find something."

WOLFE shut his eyes, tightened his lips, and leaned back in his chair. I kept my eyes open, on her. She weighed about 102. I could carry her under one arm, with my other hand clamped on her mouth. Putting her in the spare room upstairs wouldn't do, since she could open a window and scream; but there was a cubbyhole in the basement, next to Fritz's room, with an old couch in it. Or, as an alternative, I could get a gun from my desk drawer and shoot her. Probably no one knew she had come here.

Wolfe opened his eyes and straightened up. "Very well. It is still fantastic, but I concede that you could create an unpleasant situation by taking that yarn to the police. I don't suppose you came here merely to tell me that you intend to. What *do* you intend?"

"I think we understand each other," she chirped.

"I understand only that you want something. What?"

"You are so direct," she complained. "So very abrupt that I must have said something wrong. But I do want something. You see, since the police think the murderer was the man who acted Santa Claus and then ran away, they may not get on the right track until it's too late. And you wouldn't want that, would you?"

No reply.

"I wouldn't want it," she said, and her hands on her lap curled into little fists. "I wouldn't want whoever killed Kurt to get away, no matter who it was —but you see, I know who killed him. I have told the police, but they won't listen until they find Santa Claus, or if they do listen they think I'm just a jealous cat. I was going to *make* them listen by telling them who Santa Claus was, but I know how they feel about you from what I've read, and I was afraid they would try to prove it was you who killed Kurt; and of course it *could* have been you, and you *did* run away, and they still wouldn't listen to me when I told them who really killed him."

She stopped for breath. Wolfe inquired, "Who did?"

SHE nodded. "I'll tell you. Margot Dickey and Kurt were having an affair. A few months ago Kurt began taking me out, and it was hard for me because I—I—" She groped for a word. "I had a feeling for him. I had a strong feeling. But I wouldn't give in to him. I don't know what I would have done if I hadn't known he was having an affair with Margot, but I did know. He said he was willing to give up Margot, but even if he did, he couldn't marry me on account of Mrs. Jerome, because she would stop backing him with her money. I don't know what he was to Mrs. Jerome . . ."

Her fists opened and closed again. "Kurt had a feeling for me too. Last night, late—it was after midnight—he phoned me that he had broken with Margot for good and he wanted to marry me. He wanted to come and see me, but I told him I was in bed and we would see each other in the morning. He said that would be at the studio with other people there, so finally I said I would go to his apartment for breakfast, and I did, this morning.

"It was there, at breakfast, that he told me about you, your arranging to be Santa Claus," she went on. "When I got to the studio I was surprised to see Margot there, and see how friendly she was. That was part of her plan, to be friendly and cheerful with everyone. She has told the police that Kurt was going to marry her, that they decided last night to get married next week."

Wolfe stirred in his chair. "Have we reached the point? Did Miss Dickey kill Kurt Bottweill?"

"Yes. Of course she did."

"Have you told the police that?"

"Yes. I didn't tell them all I have told you, but enough."

"With evidence?"

"No. I have no evidence."

"Then you're vulnerable to an action for slander."

She opened her fists and turned her palms up. "Does that matter? When I know I'm right? When I *know* it? Margot was so clever, the way she did it, that there can't be any evidence. Everybody there today knew about the poison, and they all had a chance to put it in the bottle. They can never prove she did it. They can't even prove she is lying when she says Kurt was going to marry her, because he is dead. She acted today the way she would have acted if that had been true. But it has got to be proved somehow. There has got to be evidence to prove it."

"And you want me to get it?"

Cherry Quon let that pass. "What I was thinking, Mr. Wolfe, is that you are vulnerable too. There will always be the danger that the police will find out who Santa Claus was, and if they find it was you and you didn't tell them—"

"I haven't conceded that," Wolfe snapped.

"Then we'll just say there will always be the danger that I'll tell them what Kurt told me, and you did concede that that would be unpleasant. So it would be better if the evidence



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proved who killed Kurt and *also* who Santa Claus was. Wouldn't it?"

"Go on."

"So I thought how easy it would be for you to get the evidence. You have men who do things for you, who would do anything for you, and one of them can say that you asked him to go there and be Santa Claus, and he did. Of course it couldn't be Mr. Goodwin, since he was at the party, and it would have to be a man they couldn't prove was somewhere else. He can say that while he was in the dressing room putting on the costume, he heard someone in the office and peeked out to see who it was; and then he saw Margot Dickey get the bottle from the desk drawer, put something in it, put the bottle back in the drawer and go out. That must have been when she did it, because Kurt always took a drink of Pernod when he came back from lunch."

Wolfe was rubbing his lips with a fingertip. "I see," he muttered.

She wasn't through. "He can say," she went on, "that he ran away because he was frightened and wanted to tell you about it first. I don't think the police would do anything to him if he went to them tomorrow morning and told them all about it, would they? Just like me. I don't think they would do anything to me if I went to them tomorrow morning and told them I had remembered that Kurt told me you were in the dressing room putting on the costume. That would be the same kind of thing, wouldn't it?"

Her little carved mouth widened with a smile. "That's what I want. Did I say it so you understand it?"

"You did indeed," Wolfe assured her. "You put it admirably."

"Would it be better, instead of your man going to tell them, for you to have Inspector Cramer come here, and you tell him? You could have the man here. You see, I know how you do things, from all I have read."

"That might be better," he allowed. His tone was dry but not hostile. I could see a muscle twitching beneath his right ear, but she couldn't. "I suppose, Miss Quon, it is futile to advance the possibility that one of the others killed him, and if so it would be a pity—"

"Excuse me. I interrupt." Her chirp was still a chirp, but it had hard steel in it. "I know she killed him."

"I don't. And even if I bow to your conviction, before I could undertake the stratagem you propose I would have to make sure there are no facts that would scuttle it. It won't take me long. You'll hear from me tomorrow. I'll want—"

She interrupted again. "I can't wait longer than tomorrow morning to tell them what Kurt told me."

"Pfui. You can and will. The moment you disclose that, you no longer have a whip to dangle at me. You will hear from me tomorrow. Now I want to think. Archie?"

I LEFT my chair. Cherry Quon looked up at me and back at Wolfe. For some seconds she sat, considering. Then she stood up. "It was very exciting to be here," she said, the steel gone from her voice. "To see you here. You must forgive me for not phoning. I hope it will be early tomorrow." She turned and headed for the door.

After I had helped her on with her coat and let her out, I shut the door, put the chain bolt on and returned to the office. I asked Wolfe: "Who do you think will be best for it, Saul or Fred or Orrie or Bill?"

"Sit down," he growled. "You see through women. Well?"

"Not that one. I pass. I wouldn't bet a dime on her one way or the other. Would you?"

"No. She is probably a liar and possibly a murderer. Sit down. I must have everything that happened there today after I left. Every word and gesture."

I sat and gave it to him. Including the question period, it took an hour and thirty-five minutes. It was after one o'clock when he pushed his chair back, levered his bulk upright, told me good night and went up to bed.

AT HALF PAST two the following afternoon, Saturday, I sat in a room in a building on Leonard Street, the room where I had once swiped an assistant district attorney's lunch. There would be no need for me to repeat the performance, since I had just come back from Ost's restaurant, where I had put away a plateful of pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut.

So far as I knew, Wolfe had not only taken no steps to frame Margot for murder, he had taken no steps at all. Since Wolfe is up in his plant rooms every morning from nine to eleven, and since he breakfasts from a tray up in his room, and since I was expected downtown at ten o'clock, I had buzzed him on the house phone a little before nine to ask for instructions. I had been told that he had none.

Downtown, Assistant D.A. Farrell, after letting me wait in the anteroom for an hour, had spent two hours with me, together with a stenographer and a dick who had been on the scene Friday afternoon, going back and forth and zigzag, not only over what I had already reported, but also over my previous association with the Bottweill personnel. He asked me only once if I knew anything about Santa Claus, so I had to lie only once, if you don't count my omitting any mention of the marriage license. Then he called a recess and told me to come back at two thirty. I phoned Wolfe on my way to Ost's for the pigs' knuckles to tell him I didn't know when I would be home; and again he had no instructions. I said I doubted if Cherry Quon would wait until after Christmas to spill the beans. He agreed, and hung up.

When I was ushered back into Farrell's office at two thirty he was alone —no stenographer and no dick. He asked me if I had had a good lunch and even waited for me to answer. Then he handed me some typewritten sheets and leaned back in his chair. "Read it over," he said, "and see if you want to sign it."

His tone seemed to imply that I might not, so I went over it carefully, five full pages. Finding no editorial revisions to object to, I pulled my chair forward to a corner of his desk, put the statement on the desk top and got my pen from my pocket.

"Wait a minute," Farrell said. "You're not a bad guy, even if you are cocky, and why not give you a break? That statement says specifically that you have reported everything you did there yesterday afternoon."

"Yeah, I've read it. So?"

"So who put your fingerprints on some of the pieces of paper in Bottweill's wastebasket?"

"I'll be damned," I said. "I forgot to put gloves on."

"All right, you're cocky. I already know that." His eyes were pinning me. "You must have gone through that wastebasket, every item, when you went to Bottweill's office—ostensibly to look for Santa Claus. And you hadn't just forgotten it; you don't forget things. So you have deliberately left it out. I want to know why, and I want to know what you took from that wastebasket and what you did with it."

"Filstrup! Others are waiting!"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

I grinned at him. "I thought I knew how thorough the cops are, but apparently I don't. I wouldn't have supposed they'd go so far as to dust the contents of a wastebasket. But I see I was wrong, and I hate to be wrong." I shrugged. "Well, we learn something new every day." I pulled the statement around to position, signed it at the bottom of the last page, slid it across to him, and folded the carbon copy and put it in my pocket.

"I'll write in the wastebasket business if you insist," I told him, "but I doubt if it's worth the trouble. Santa Claus had run, Kiernan was calling the police and I guess I was a little rattled. I must have looked around for something that might give me a line on Santa Claus, and my eye lit on the wastebasket, and I went through it. I haven't mentioned it because it wasn't very bright, and I like people to think I'm bright—especially the cops. There's your why. And as for what I took, the answer is nothing. I dumped the wastebasket, put everything back in, and took nothing. Do you want me to write that in?"

"No. I want to discuss it. I know you *are* bright. And you weren't rattled. You don't rattle. I want to know the real reason you went through the wastebasket, what you were after, whether you got it, and what you did with it."

It cost me more than an hour, twenty minutes of which were spent in the office of the district attorney himself, with Farrell and another assistant present. At one point it looked as if they were going to hold me as a material witness, but that takes a warrant, the pre-Christmas weekend had started, and there was nothing to show that I had monkeyed with anything that could be evidence; so finally they shooed me out, after I had handwritten an insert in my statement. It was too bad keeping such important public servants sitting there while I copied the insert on my carbon, but I like to do things right.

BY THE time I got home it was ten minutes past four. Of course Wolfe wasn't in the office, since his afternoon session up in the plant rooms is from four to six. There was no note on my desk from him, so apparently there were still no instructions, but there was information. My desk ash tray, which is mostly for decoration since I seldom smoke, is a jade bowl six inches across—a gift not to Wolfe but to me, from a former client. It was there in its place, and in it were three stubs from Pharaoh cigarettes.

Saul Panzer smokes Pharaohs, Egyptians. I suppose a few other people do too, but the chance that one of them had been sitting at my desk while I was gone was too slim to bother with. And not only had Saul been there, but Wolfe wanted me to know it, since one of the eight million things he will not tolerate in the office is ash trays with remains.

So steps were being taken, after all. What steps? Saul, a free lance and the best operative anywhere around, asks and gets sixty bucks a day, and is worth twice that. Wolfe had not called him in for any routine errand; and of course the idea that Wolfe had undertaken to sell him on doubling for Santa Claus, as Cherry Quon had suggested, never entered my head. Framing someone for murder, even a woman who might be guilty, was not in Wolfe's bag of tricks.

I got at the house phone and buzzed the plant rooms, and after a wait I had Wolfe's voice in my ear: "Yes, Fritz?"

"Not Fritz. Me. I'm back. Nothing urgent to report. They found my prints on stuff in the wastebasket, but I escaped without loss of blood. Is it all right for me to empty my ash tray?"

"Yes. Please do so."

"Then what do I do?"

"I'll tell you at six o'clock. Possibly earlier."

He hung up. I went to the safe and looked in the cash drawer to see if Saul had been supplied with generous funds, but the cash was as I had last seen it and there was no entry in the book. I emptied the ash tray. I went to the kitchen, where I found Fritz pouring



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some mixture into a bowl of fresh pork tenderloin, and I said I hoped Saul had enjoyed his lunch, and Fritz said he hadn't stayed for lunch. So steps must have been begun right after I left in the morning.

I went back to the office, read over the carbon copy of my statement before filing it, and passed the time by thinking up eight different steps that Saul might have been assigned, but none of them struck me as promising.

A LITTLE after five the phone rang and I answered. It was Saul. He said he was glad to know I was back home safe, and I said I was too. "Just a message for Mr. Wolfe," he said. "Tell him everything is set, no snags."

"That's all?"

"Right. I'll be seeing you."

I cradled the receiver, sat a moment to consider whether to go up to the plant rooms or use the house phone, decided the latter would do, and pulled it to me and pushed the button. When Wolfe's voice came it was peevish; he hates to be disturbed up there. "Yes?"

"Saul called and said to tell you everything is set, no snags. Congratulations. Am I in the way?"

"Oddly enough, no. Have chairs in place for visitors; ten should be enough. Four or five will come shortly after six o'clock; I hope not more. Others will come later."

"Refreshments?"

"Liquids, of course. Nothing else."

"Anything else for me?"

"No."

He hung up. Before going to the front room for chairs, and to the kitchen for supplies, I took time out to ask myself whether I had the slightest notion what kind of charade he was cooking up this time. I hadn't.

Four people came. They all arrived between six fifteen and six twenty—first Mrs. Perry Porter Jerome and her son Leo, then Cherry Quon, and last Emil Hatch. Mrs. Jerome copped the red leather chair, but I moved her, mink and all, to one of the yellow ones when Cherry came. I was willing to concede that Cherry might be headed for a very different kind of chair, wired for power, but even so I thought she rated that background and Mrs. Jerome didn't. By six thirty, when I left them to cross the hall to the dining room, not a word had passed among them.

In the dining room Wolfe had just finished a bottle of beer. "Okay," I told him, "it's six thirty-one. Only four are here. Kiernan and Margot Dickey haven't shown."

"Satisfactory." He arose. "Have they demanded information?"

"Two of them have—Hatch and Mrs. Jerome. I told them it will come from you, as instructed. That was easy, since I have none."

He headed for the office, and I followed. Though they didn't know, except Cherry, that he had poured champagne for them the day before, introductions weren't necessary because they had all met him during the tapestry hunt. Circling Cherry in the red leather chair, he stood behind his desk to ask them how they were, and then he sat down.

"I don't thank you for coming," he said, "because you came in your own interest, not mine. I sent—"

"I came," Hatch cut in, sourer than ever, "to find out what you're up to."

"You will." Wolfe assured him. "I sent each of you an identical message, saying that Mr. Goodwin has certain information that he feels he must give the police not later than tonight, but I have persuaded him to let me discuss it with you first. Before I—"

"I didn't know others would be here," Mrs. Jerome blurted, glaring at Cherry.

"Neither did I," Hatch said, glaring at Mrs. Jerome.

Wolfe ignored the interruptions. "The message I sent Miss Quon was somewhat different, but that need not concern you. Before I tell you what Mr. Goodwin's information is, I need a few facts from you. For instance, I understand that any of you—including Miss Dickey and Mr. Kiernan, who will probably join us later—could have found an opportunity to put the poison in the bottle. "Do any of you challenge that?"

Cherry, Mrs. Jerome and Leo all spoke at once. Hatch merely looked sour. Wolfe held up his hands. "If you please," he said. "I point no finger of accusation at any of you. I merely say that none of you, including Miss Dickey and Mr. Kiernan, can prove that you had no opportunity. Can you?"

"Nuts." Leo Jerome was disgusted. "It was that guy playing Santa Claus. Of course it was. I was with Bottweill and my mother all the time, first in the workshop and then in his office. I can prove *that*."

"But Bottweill is dead," Wolfe reminded him, "and your mother is your mother. Did you go up to the office a little before them, or did your mother go up a little before you and Bottweill did? Is there acceptable proof that you didn't? The others have the same problem. Miss Quon?"

THERE was no danger of Cherry spoiling it. Wolfe had told me what he had told her on the phone: that he had made a plan that he thought she would find satisfactory, and if she came at a quarter past six she would see it work. She had kept her eyes fixed on him ever since he entered. Now she chirped: "If you mean I can't prove I wasn't in the office alone yesterday, no, I can't."

"Mr. Hatch?"

"I didn't come here to prove anything. I told you what I came for. What information has Goodwin got?"

"We'll get to that. A few more facts first. Mrs. Jerome, when did you learn that Bottweill had decided to marry Miss Quon?"

Leo shouted "No!" but his mother was too busy staring at Wolfe to hear him.

"What?" she croaked. Then she found her voice: "Kurt marry *her*? That little strumpet?"

Cherry didn't move a muscle, her eyes still on Wolfe.

"This is wonderful!" Leo said. "This is marvelous!"

"Not so damn' wonderful," Emil Hatch declared. "I get the idea, Wolfe. Goodwin hasn't got any information, and neither have you. Why you wanted to get us together and start us clawing at one another, I don't know. I don't know why you're interested, but maybe I'll find out if I give you a hand. This crowd has produced as fine a collection of venom as you could find. Maybe we all put poison in the bottle and that's why it was such a big dose. If it's true that Kurt had decided to marry Cherry, and Al Kiernan knew it, that would have done it. Al would have killed a hundred Kurts if it would get him Cherry. If Mrs. Jerome knew it, I would think she would have gone for Cherry instead of Kurt, but maybe she figured there would soon be another one and she might as well settle it for good. As for Leo, I think he rather liked Kurt, but what can you expect? Kurt was milking Mama of the pile Leo hoped to get someday and I suspect that the pile is not all it's supposed to be. Actually—"

He stopped, and I left my chair. Leo was on his way up, obviously with the intention of plugging the creative artist. I moved to head him off, and at the same instant I gave him a shove and his mother jerked at his coattail. That not only halted him but nearly upset him, and I steered him back onto his chair and then stood beside him.

Hatch inquired, "Shall I go on?"

"By all means," Wolfe said.

"Actually, though, Cherry would seem to be the most likely," Hatch said. "She has the best brain of the lot and by far the strongest will. But I understand that while she says Kurt was going to marry her, Margot claims that he was going to marry *her*. Of course that complicates it, and anyway Margot would be my second choice. Margot has more than her share of the kind of pride that is only skin-deep and therefore can't stand a scratch. If Kurt did decide to marry Cherry, and told Margot so, he was even a bigger imbecile than I thought he was.

"Which brings us to me. I am in a class by myself. I despise all of them. If I had decided to take to poison I would have put it in the champagne as well as the Pernod, and I would have drunk vodka, which I prefer—and by the way, on that table is a bottle with the Korbeloff label. Is it real?"

"It is. Archie?"

Serving liquid refreshment to a group of invited guests can be a pleasant chore, but it wasn't this time. When I asked Mrs. Jerome to name it she only glowered at me, but by the time I had filled Cherry's order for Scotch and soda, and supplied Hatch with a liberal dose of vodka, and Leo had said he would take bourbon and water, his mother muttered that she would have that too.

As I was pouring the drinks I wondered where we would go from there. It looked as if the time had come for Wolfe to pass on this information that I felt I must give the police without delay—which made it difficult because I didn't have any. That had been fine for a bait to get them there, but what now? I suppose Wolfe would have held them somehow, but he didn't have to. He had rung for beer, and Fritz had brought it and was putting the tray on his desk, when the doorbell rang. I handed Leo his bourbon and water and went to the hall. Out on the stoop was Inspector Cramer of Homicide.

WOLFE had told me enough, before the company came, to give me a general idea of the program, so the sight of Cramer, just Cramer, was a letdown. But as I opened the door, other people appeared, none of them strangers, and that looked better. In fact, it looked fine. I swung the door wide and in they came—Cramer, then Saul Panzer, then Margot Dickey, then Alfred Kiernan, and, bringing up the rear, Sergeant Purley Stebbins. By the time I had the door closed and bolted they had their coats off, including Cramer, and it was also fine to see that he expected to stay a while. Ordinarily, once in, he marches down the hall and into the office without ceremony, but this time he waved the others ahead, includ-


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ing me, and he and Stebbins came last, herding us in.

Crossing the sill, I stepped aside for the pleasure of seeing Cramer's face when his eyes lit on those already there and the empty chairs waiting. Undoubtedly he had expected to find Wolfe alone. He came in, glared at Wolfe, and barked: "What's all this?"

"I was expecting you," Wolfe said politely. "Miss Quon, if you don't mind moving, Mr. Cramer likes that chair. Good evening, Miss Dickey, Mr. Kiernan, Mr. Stebbins. If you will all be seated—"

"Panzer!" Cramer barked. Saul, who had started for a chair in the rear, stopped and turned. "I'm running this," Cramer declared. "Panzer, you're under arrest and you'll stay with Stebbins and keep your mouth shut. I don't want—"

"No," Wolfe said sharply. "If he's under arrest, take him out of here. You are not running this, not in my house. If you have warrants for anyone present, or have taken them by lawful police power, take them and leave these premises. Would you bulldoze me, Mr. Cramer? You should know better."

THAT was the point—Cramer did know him. There was the stage, all set. There were Mrs. Jerome and Leo and Cherry and Emil Hatch, and the empty chairs and, above all, there was the fact that Cramer had been expected. He wouldn't have taken Wolfe's word for that; he wouldn't have taken Wolfe's word for anything. But whenever he appeared on our stoop *not* expected, I always left the chain bolt on until he had stated his business and I had reported to Wolfe. And so if he had been expected tonight, there was no telling what Wolfe had ready to spring. So Cramer gave up the bark and merely growled: "I want to talk with you."

"Certainly." Wolfe indicated the red leather chair, which Cherry had vacated. "Be seated."

"Not here. Alone."

Wolfe shook his head. "It would be a waste of time. This way is better and quicker. You knew quite well, sir, it was a mistake to barge in here and roar at me that you are running my house. Either go, with whomever you can lawfully take, or sit down while I tell you who killed Kurt Bottweill." Wolfe wiggled a finger. "Your chair."

Cramer's round red face had been redder than normal from the outside cold, and now it was redder still. He glanced around, compressed his lips, and finally sat down.

Wolfe glanced around as I circled to my desk. Saul had got to a chair in the rear after all, but Stebbins had too and was at his elbow. Margot had passed in front of the Jeromes and Emil Hatch to get to the chair at the end nearest me, and Cherry and Al Kiernan were at the other end, back of the others.

Wolfe's eyes came to rest on Cramer, and he spoke. "I must confess I stretched it a little. I can't tell you, at the moment, who killed Bottweill—I have only a supposition; but soon I can, and will. First, some facts for you. I assume you know that for the past two months Mr. Goodwin's been seeing something of Miss Dickey. He says she dances well."

"Yeah," Cramer said gruffly. "You can save that for later. I want to know if you sent Panzer to meet—"

Wolfe cut him off. "I'm headed for that. But you may prefer this firsthand . . . Archie, if you please. What Miss Dickey asked you to do last Monday evening, and what happened."

I cleared my throat. "We were dancing at the Flamingo Club. She said Bottweill had been telling her for a year that he would marry her next week, but next week never came, and she was going to have a showdown with him. She asked me to get a blank marriage license and fill it out for her and me and give it to her, and she would show it to Bottweill and tell him now or never. I got the blank, filled it in, and Wednesday I gave it to her."

I stopped. Wolfe prompted me: "And yesterday afternoon?"

"She told me that the license trick had worked perfectly. That was about a minute before Bottweill entered the studio. I said in my statement to the district attorney that she told me Bottweill was going to marry her, but I didn't mention the license. It was immaterial."

"Did she tell you what had happened to the license?"

So we were emptying the bag. I nodded. "She said Bottweill had torn it up and put the pieces in the wastebasket by the desk in his office. The night before, Thursday evening."

"What did you do when you went to the office after Bottweill had died?"

"I dumped the wastebasket and put the stuff back in it, piece by piece. No part of the license was there."

"You made sure of that?"

"Yes."

Wolfe left me and asked Cramer, "Any questions?"

"No. He lied in his statement. I'll attend to that later. What I want—"

Margot Dickey blurted, "Then Cherry took it!" She glared at Cherry. "You took it, didn't you?"

"I did not." The steel was in Cherry's voice again. Her eyes didn't leave Wolfe, and she told him, "I'm not going to wait any longer—"

"Miss Quon!" he snapped. "I'm doing this." He returned to Cramer and said, "Now another fact: yesterday I had a luncheon appointment with Mr. Bottweill at Rusterman's restaurant. He had once dined at my table and wished to reciprocate. Shortly before I left to keep the appointment, he phoned to ask me to do him a favor. He said he was extremely busy and might be a few minutes late, and he needed a pair of white cotton gloves, medium size, for a man, and would I stop at some shop on the way and get them. It struck me as a peculiar request, but he was a peculiar man. Since Mr. Goodwin had chores to do, and I will not ride in taxicabs if there is any alternative, I had engaged a car at Baxter's and the chauffeur recommended a shop on Eighth Avenue between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Streets. We stopped there, and I bought the gloves."

Cramer's eyes were such narrow slits that none of the blue-gray showed. He wasn't buying any part of it, which was unjustified, since some of it was true.

Wolfe went on: "At the lunch table I gave the gloves to Mr. Bottweill and he explained, somewhat vaguely, what he wanted them for. I gathered that he had taken pity on some vagabond he had seen on a park bench and had hired the man to serve refreshments at his office party costumed as Santa Claus. He had decided that the only way to make the man's hands presentable was to have him wear gloves . . . You shake your head, Mr. Cramer?"

"You're damn' right I do. You would have reported that. No reason on earth not to. Go ahead and finish."

"I'll finish this first. I didn't report it because I thought you would find the murderer without it. It was practically certain that the vagabond had merely skedaddled out of fright—since he couldn't possibly have known of the jar of poison in the workshop, not to mention other considerations. And as you know, I have a strong aversion to involvement in matters where I have no concern or interest. You can of course check this—with the staff at Rusterman's—regarding my presence there with Mr. Bottweill—and with the chauffeur—regarding my conferring with him about the gloves and our stopping at the shop to buy them."

"You're reporting it now."

"I am indeed." Wolfe was unruffled. "Because I understood from Mr. Goodwin that you were extending and intensifying your search for the man who was there as Santa Claus. And with your army and your resources it probably wouldn't take you long after the holiday to learn where the gloves were bought and get a description of the man who bought them. My physique is not unique, but it is—uncommon, and the only question was how long it would take you to get to me, and then I would be under inquisition. Obviously, I had to report the episode to you and suffer your rebuke for not reporting it earlier, but I wanted to make it as tolerable as possible. I had one big advantage: I knew that the man who acted Santa Claus was almost certainly not the murderer, and I decided to use it. I needed first to have a talk with one of those people at the party, and I did so—with Miss Quon, who came here last evening."

"Why Miss Quon?"

"When I have finished you can decide whether such details are important. With her I discussed her associates at Bottweill's, and their relationships, and I became satisfied that Bottweill had in fact decided to marry her. That was all. You can also decide later whether it is worth while to ask her to corroborate that, and I have no doubt she will."

Wolfe was looking at Cherry, of course, for any sign of danger. She had started to blurt it out once, and might again. But she met his gaze calmly, and Wolfe returned to Cramer.

"This morning I acted," he said. "Mr. Goodwin was absent, at the district attorney's office, so I called in Mr. Panzer. After spending an hour with me here, he went to do some errands. The first one was to learn whether Bottweill's wastebasket had been emptied since his conversation with Miss Dickey in his office Thursday evening. As you know, Mr. Panzer is highly competent. Through Miss Quon he got the name and address of the cleaning woman, found her and talked with her, and was told that the wastebasket had last been emptied at about five thirty Thursday afternoon. Meanwhile, I—"

"Cherry took it—the pieces," Margot said.

WOLFE ignored her. "Meanwhile I phoned everyone concerned—Mrs. Jerome and her son, Miss Dickey, Miss Quon, Mr. Hatch and Mr. Kiernan—and invited them to come here for a conference at six fifteen. I told them that Mr. Goodwin had information that he intended to give the police, which was not true, and that I thought it best to discuss it first with them."

"I told you so," Hatch muttered.

Wolfe ignored him too. "Mr. Panzer's second errand, or series of errands, was the delivery of some messages. He had written them in longhand, at my dictation here this morning, on plain sheets of paper, and had addressed plain envelopes. They were identical and ran as follows:

*When I was there yesterday putting on my costume, I saw you through a crack in the door and I saw what you did. Do you want me to tell the cops? Be at Grand Central information booth upper level at 6:30 today. I'll come up to you and say "Saint Nick."*

"So!" Cramer said. "You admit it."

Wolfe nodded. "I proclaim it. The messages were signed *Santa Claus*. Mr. Panzer accompanied the messenger who took them to the persons I have named, and made sure they were delivered. They were not so much shots at random as they may appear. If one of those people had killed Bottweill, it was extremely likely that the poison had been put in the bottle while the vagabond was donning the Santa Claus costume. Miss Quon had told me, as no doubt she has told you, that Bottweill invariably took a drink of Pernod when he returned from lunch; and, since the appearance of Santa Claus at the party had been a surprise to all of


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hem, and none of them knew who he /as, it was highly probable that the nurderer would believe he had been bserved and would be impelled to neet the writer of the message. So it /as a reasonable assumption that one f the shots would hit home. The uestion was: Which one?"

WOLFE stopped to pour beer. He did pour it, but I suspected that /hat he really stopped for was to offer n opening for comments or protests. Jo one had any, not even Cramer. 'hey all just sat and gazed at him. I /as thinking that he had neatly skipped ne detail: that the message from Santa 'laus had not gone to Cherry Quon. he knew too much about him.

Wolfe put the bottle down and urned to Cramer again. "There was ie possibility, of course, that more han one of them would go to you with he message; but even if you decided, ecause it had been sent to more than ne, that it was some hoax, you would /ant to know who perpetrated it, and ou would send one of them to the endezvous under surveillance. Any ne or more, excepting the murderer, ight go to you, or none might; but surely *only* the murderer would go to the rendezvous without first consulting you. So if one of those six people was guilty, and if it had been possible for Santa Claus to observe him, disclosure seemed next to certain . . . Saul, you may now report. What happened? You were in the vicinity of the information booth shortly before six thirty?"

Necks were twisted for a view of Saul Panzer. He nodded. "Yes, sir. At six twenty. Within three minutes I had recognized three Homicide men scattered around in different spots. I don't know if they recognized me or not. At six twenty-eight I saw Alfred Kiernan walk up near the booth and stand there, about ten feet away from it. I was just about to go and speak to him when I saw Margot Dickey coming up from the Forty-second Street side. She went to within thirty feet of the booth and stood looking around. Following your instructions, in case more than one of them appeared and Miss Dickey was one of them, I went to her and said, 'Saint Nick.' She said, 'Who are you and what do you want?' I said, 'Excuse me, I'll be right back,' and went over to Alfred Kiernan and said to him, 'Saint Nick.' As soon as I said that, he raised a hand to his ear and then here they came—the three Homicide men I had recognized, and two more, and then Inspector Cramer and Sergeant Stebbins. I was afraid Miss Dickey would run, and she did start to, but they had seen me speak to her and two of them stopped her."

Saul halted because of an interruption. Purley Stebbins, seated next to him, got up and stepped over to Margot Dickey and stood there behind her chair. To me it seemed unnecessary, since I was sitting not much more than arm's length from her and might have been trusted to grab her if she tried to start anything, but Purley is never very considerate of other people's feelings, specially mine.

Saul resumed. "Naturally it was Miss Dickey I was interested in," he said, "since the Homicide men had moved in on a signal from Kiernan. But they had her, so that was okay. They took us to a room back of the parcel room and started in on me, and I followed your instructions. I told them I would answer no questions, would say nothing whatever, except in the presence of Nero Wolfe, because I was acting under your orders. When they saw I meant it they took us out to two police cars and brought us here. Anything else?"

"No," Wolfe told him. "Satisfactory." He turned to Cramer. "I assume Mr. Panzer is quite correct in concluding that Mr. Kiernan gave your men a signal. So Mr. Kiernan had gone to you with the message?"

"Yes." Cramer had taken a cigar from his pocket and was squeezing it in his hand. He does that sometimes when he would like to squeeze Wolfe's throat instead. "So had three of the others—the Jeromes and Hatch."

"But Miss Dickey hadn't?"

"No. Neither had Miss Quon."

"Miss Quon was probably reluctant," Wolfe said, again skipping over the fact that Cherry Quon had not been sent one of the messages. "As for Miss Dickey, I am not surprised she did not come to you. For a reason that does not concern you, I am even a little gratified. I have told you that she told Mr. Goodwin that Bottweill had torn up the marriage license and put the pieces in his wastebasket, and they weren't there when Mr. Goodwin looked for them, and the wastebasket hadn't been emptied since Thursday afternoon. It was difficult to conceive a reason for anyone to fish around in the wastebasket to remove those pieces, so presumably Miss Dickey lied; and if she lied about the license, the rest of what she told Mr. Goodwin was under suspicion."

Wolfe went on: "Why would she tell Mr. Goodwin that Bottweill was going to marry her if it wasn't true? Surely a stupid thing to do, since he would inevitably learn the truth. But it wasn't so stupid if she knew that Bottweill would soon die; indeed, it was far from stupid if she had already put the poison in the bottle; it would purge her of motive, or at least help to. It was a fair surmise that, at their meeting in his office Thursday evening, Bottweill had told her not that he would marry her, but that he had decided to marry Miss Quon, and she decided to kill him and proceeded to do so. And it must be admitted that she would probably never have been exposed but for the complications injected by Santa Claus and by my resulting intervention . . . Have you any comment, Miss Dickey?"

Cramer said sharply to Margot, "Don't answer! I'm running this now."

But Margot said: "Cherry took those pieces from the wastebasket! She did it! She killed him!" She started up, but Purley had her arm.

Cramer said, moving toward Margot: "She didn't go to Grand Central tonight to meet a blackmailer, and you did. Look in her bag, Purley, I'll watch her."

CHERRY QUON was back in the red leather chair. The others had gone, and she and Wolfe and I were alone. They hadn't put cuffs on Margot Dickey, but Purley had kept hold of her arm, with Cramer right behind. Saul Panzer, no longer in custody, had gone along by request.

Mrs. Jerome and Leo had been the next to leave. Kiernan had asked Cherry if he could take her home, but Wolfe had said no, he wanted to speak with her privately; and so Kiernan and Hatch had left together, which showed a fine Christmas spirit, since Hatch had made no exceptions when he said he despised all of them.

Cherry was on the edge of the chair, spine straight, hands together in her lap. "You didn't do it the way I said," she chirped.

"No," Wolfe agreed, "but I did it." He was curt. "You ignored one complication, the possibility that you had killed Bottweill yourself. I didn't, I assure you. I couldn't very well send you one of the notes from Santa Claus, under the circumstances; but if those notes had flushed no prey, if none of those people had gone to the rendezvous without first notifying the police, I would have assumed that you were guilty and would have proceeded to expose you. How, I don't know—I let that wait on the event; and now that Miss Dickey has taken the bait and betrayed herself, it doesn't matter."

Cherry's eyes had widened. "You really thought I might have killed Kurt?"

"Certainly. A woman capable of trying to blackmail me to manufacture evidence of murder would be capable of anything. And speaking of evidence, while there can be no certainty about a jury's decision when a personable young woman is on trial for murder, now that Miss Dickey is manifestly guilty, you may be sure that Mr. Cramer will dig up all he can get, and there should be enough. That brings me to the point I wanted to speak about. In the quest for evidence you will all be questioned exhaustively, and—"

CHERRY put in, "We wouldn't if you had done it the way I said. That would have been proof."

"I preferred my way." Wolfe, having a point to make, was controlling himself. "It will be an ordeal for you. They will question you at length about your talk with Bottweill yesterday morning at breakfast, wanting to know all that he said about his meeting with Miss Dickey in his office Thursday evening; and under the pressure of inquisition you might inadvertently let something slip regarding what he told you about Santa Claus. If you do, they will certainly follow it up. I strongly advise you to avoid making such a slip. Even if they believe you, the identity of Santa Claus is no longer important, since they have the murderer, and if they come to me with such a tale I'll have no great difficulty dealing with it.

"And in the end they probably won't believe you. They'll think you invented it for some cunning and obscure purpose, and all you would get for it would be more questions. They *might* even suspect that you were somehow involved in the murder itself. They are quite capable of unreasonable suspicions. So I suggest these considerations as much on your behalf as on mine. I think you will be wise to forget about Santa Claus."

She was eying him, straight and steady. "I like to be wise," she said. "I still think you should have done it my way, but it's done now. Is that all?"

He nodded. "That's all."

She looked at me, and it took a second for me to realize that she was smiling at me. I thought it wouldn't hurt to smile back, and I did. She left the chair and came to me extending a hand, and I arose and took it.

She looked up at me. "I would like to shake hands with Mr. Wolfe, but I know he doesn't like to shake hands. You know, Mr. Goodwin, it must be a very great pleasure to work for a man as clever as Mr. Wolfe. So extremely clever. It has been very exciting to be here. Now I say good-by."

She turned and went, and that was the last I saw of her. —REX STOUT


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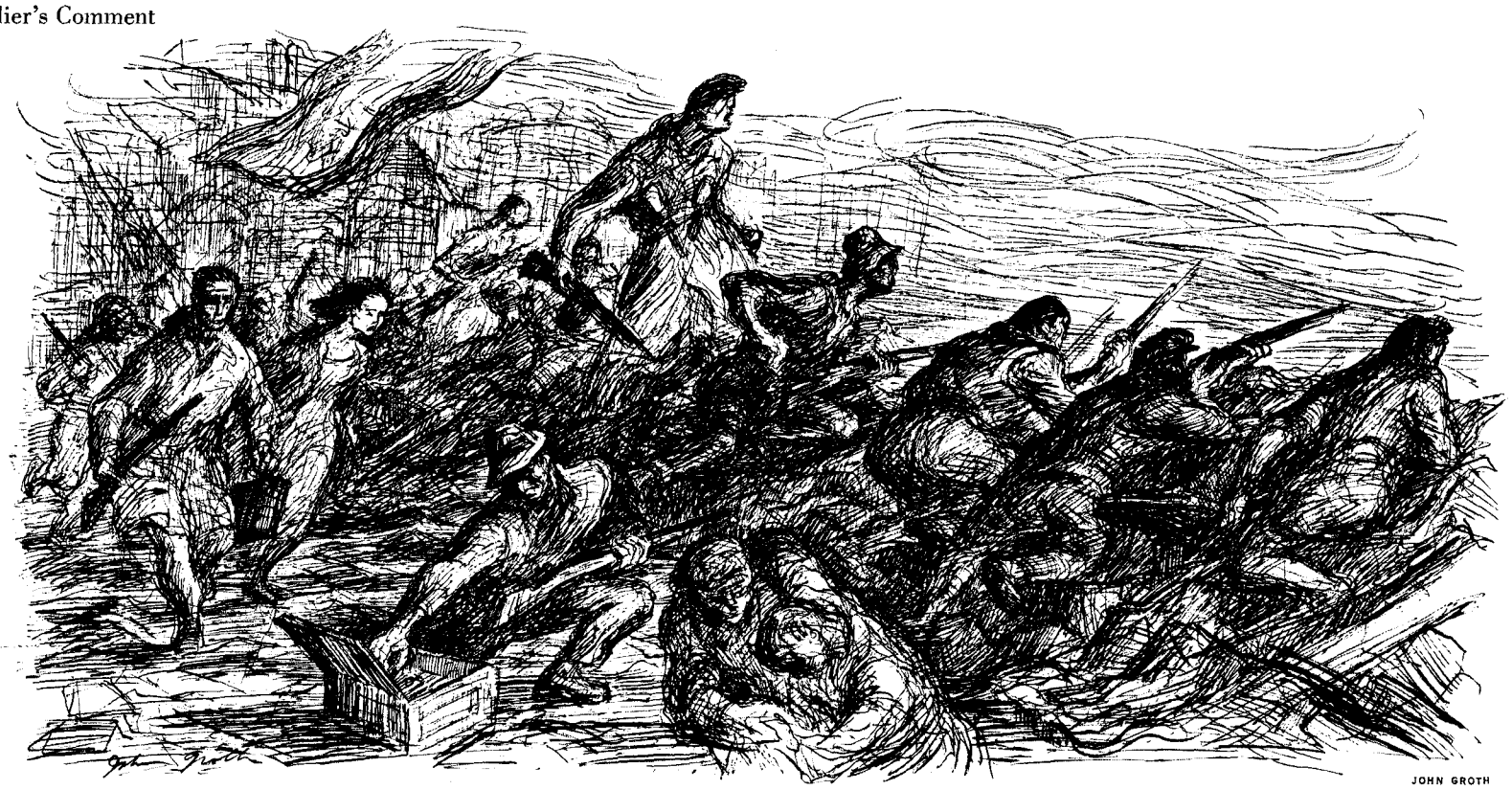

JOHN GROTH

# Hungary: The Hope and the Challenge

FOR THE KREMLIN LEADERS, the decision to send their armies storming back into Hungary on November 4th must have been a hard one. Perhaps it was a measure of their desperation that they thus boldly, with all the world watching, gave the lie to their protestations of international good will and respect for the sovereignty of smaller nations.

This desperation—for such it seems to have been—must now be heightened by the Hungarians' heroic stand against the Soviet armies. No barrage of lies, no stratagem of diplomacy, could cloak the Russian moves with any semblance of legitimacy in the face of so firmly united and so long sustained a resistance, eloquent even in its silence.

The bold exposure of Soviet brutality shocked the world, and brought denunciations of Russia even from her Communist allies and her neutralist friends. But beyond this, the Hungarians' bitter struggle must have given serious pause to the Kremlin; for it proved, without doubt and in defiance of all Marxian ratiocinations, the total failure of Communism in its attempt to conquer the human spirit.

For a decade the Russians used every device they knew to tranform an already battered Hungarian people into the living machines that Marx and Lenin and Stalin envisioned. Their secret police brought terror to the night. The Reds rewrote history. They burned books, and sought at whatever cost to stamp out truth and to crush the hope of freedom wherever it might yet live. Those who stood in the way were liquidated. Hungary's national voice was stilled. A whole new generation came along who had never known anything but the Nazi masters and the Russian "deliverers," who had had no experience of freedom and no training except in the Communist idiom.

And yet it was this very generation, the pride and the custom-made product of Communism, who made the ultimate sacrifice to rid their country of Communist rule. It was they who led the marchers, who manned the barricades, who defied the tanks—and whose bodies bear mute witness, even today, to the strength of their defiance. A whole people has risen as one against the Russian army, attacking tanks with stones and fighting with bare fists. And an admiring, incredulous world has found the urge to liberty imprinted so indelibly on the human soul that no brutality can erase it. From this, both we and the Kremlin can learn.

Through all the years of Soviet repression, through the blackout of truth and the Pavlovian indoctrination of the young, the spirit of liberty not only survived in Hungary but grew stronger. Against it, the Russians are like men flailing at a ghost: they can see it, but they can't touch it; they can feel its strength, but their weapons are powerless against it. The longer man's yearning for freedom is repressed, the sharper it becomes.

There are other important lessons in the story of Hungary.

One is that Soviet power is not nearly so great as everyone—including, presumably, the Russians—had supposed. The seventy-five satellite divisions that had been counted as part of Russia's strength have changed suddenly from a net asset to a net liability. To what extent the turmoil in Eastern Europe can be laid to the shattering of the Stalin myth is hard to say, but the Hungarian patriots were goaded by a far stronger force than mere disillusionment. As long as the hearts and will of the satellite peoples remain free they remain a threat to the whole structure of Kremlin power. The weight of Soviet arms could crush the Hungarian uprising. It could not alter the basic mathematics that have inverted a substantial segment of supposed Soviet strength and poised it against her.

Another lesson from the Hungary story is far less reassuring to the West, far less a source of pride and encouragement.

As the Hungarian patriots stood barehanded before the oncoming Soviet tanks they cried, "Give us help!"—and the world turned away in embarrassed silence.

The United States was accused of encouraging the patriots to strike for their freedom and then of standing idly by while the Russians struck back; the American reply was a denial that any more than a passive, spiritual sort of resistance had been meant. This may be technically true. But it still is an empty echo to the pleas of dying men that we keep aloft the banner they have raised.

When an imprisoned people with the courage to die for freedom calls out to the free world for help, is there nothing to be done beyond appointing three minutes of silence to honor their courage—and their memory?

Something beyond the wringing of hands was called for; nothing came.

When the Reds of North Korea swarmed across the 38th parallel, a way was found to help, and the onslaught was repulsed under the flag of the United Nations. Whatever the technical differences of time, place and circumstance, the moral issue raised when Soviet troops crashed into Hungary was the same. But because the outrage was committed by mighty Russia rather than by little North Korea not a finger was raised in all the free world. While Budapest burned, the UN debated—three thousand miles away.

This is not said in reproach, or in recrimination. Any action might have incurred desperate risks to the peace of the world, and in a nuclear age the price of peace comes high. But we should bear in mind that the present threat to the survival of the United Nations does not come alone from the Middle East. Freedom is still indivisible; an assault on freedom and human dignity anywhere is an assault on freedom and human dignity everywhere. Unless the United Nations finds a way to defend the principles on which it is founded—to say "What ye do even unto the least of these my brethren, ye do also unto me"—those principles will become a mockery and the United Nations a forum for idle debate, without respect or purpose.



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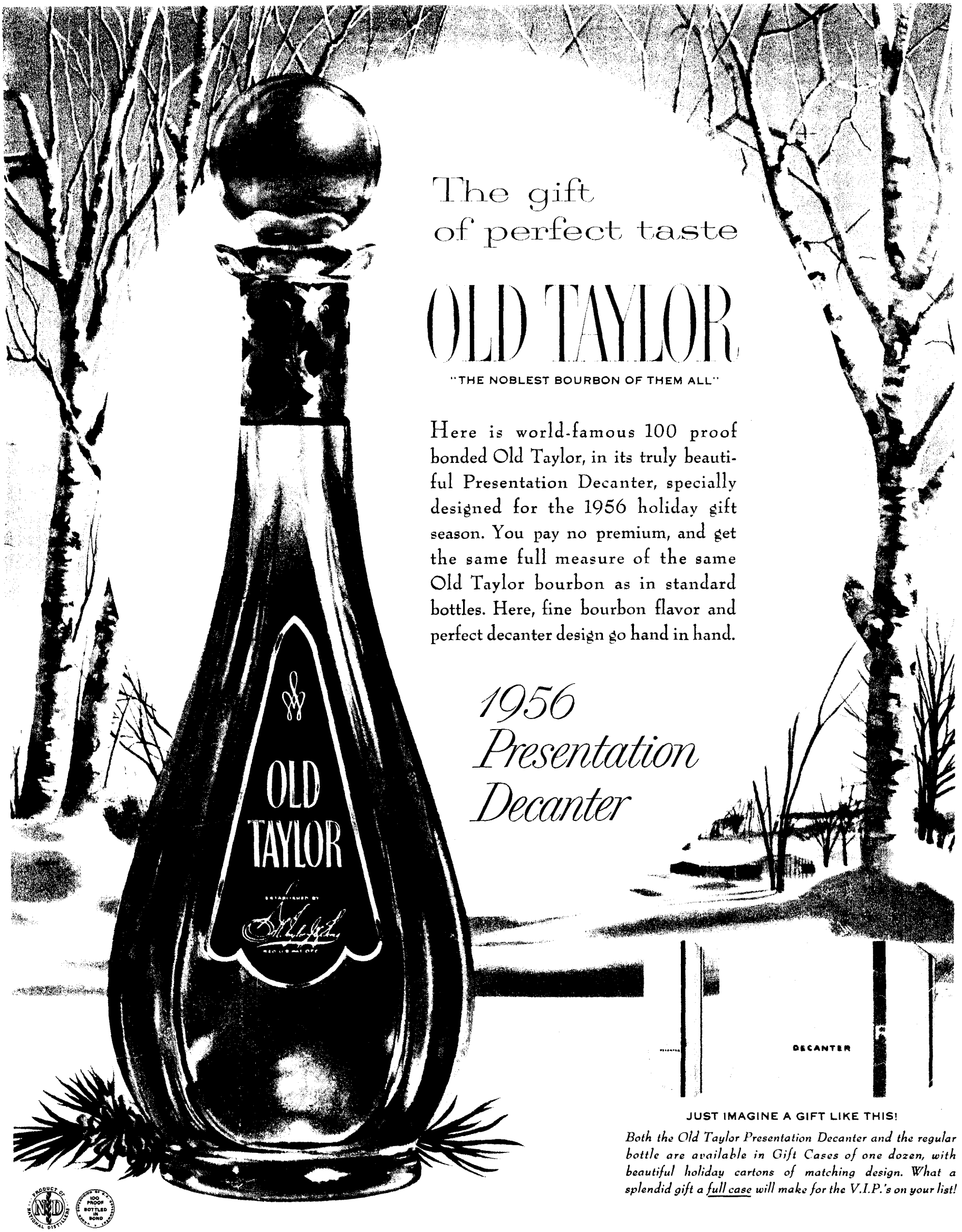


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